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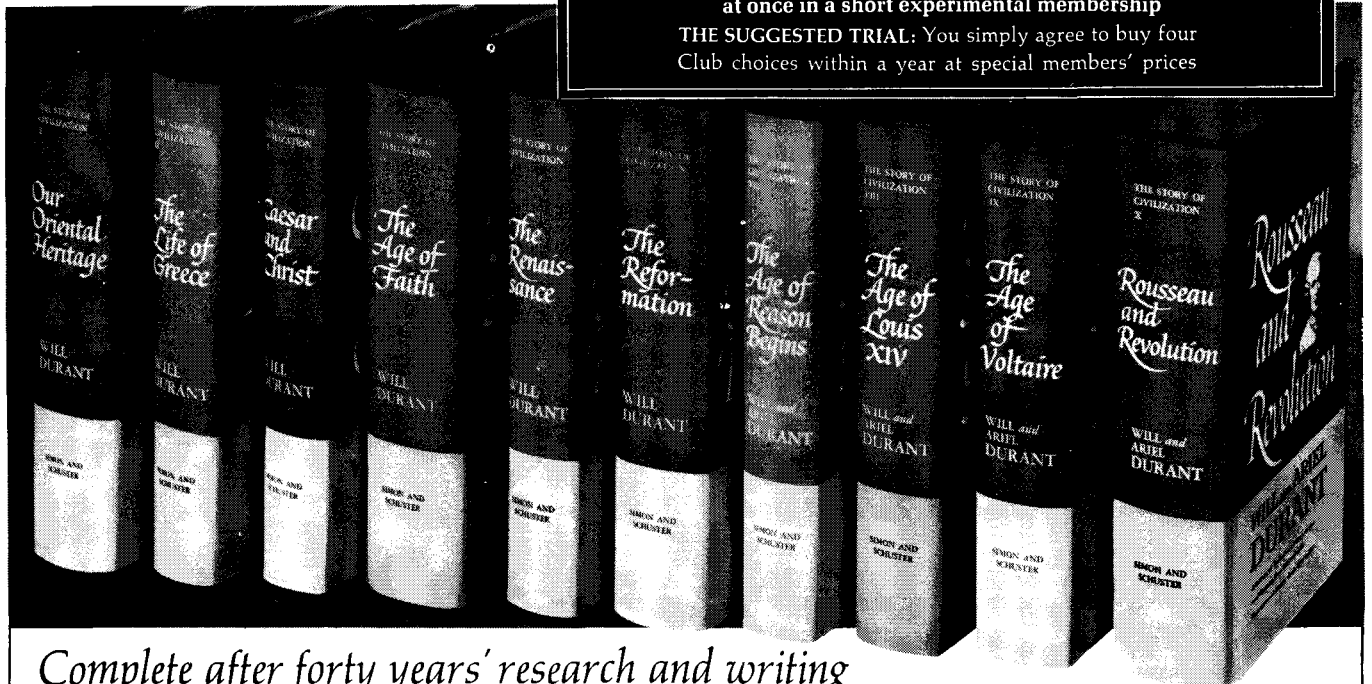
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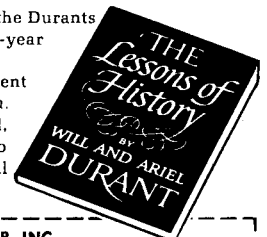
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NORTH VIETNAM

Americans who support our Vietnam venture have envisaged the North Vietnamese as small, yellow Communist devils, expert at knocking down rows of dominoes labeled Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia, and so on. Those hostile to our policies have tended, contrariwise, to idealize the North Vietnamese as latter-day Davids braving the American Goliath. Too little attention, perhaps, has been paid to the intrinsic qualities and characteristics of these remote people with whom we have become so deeply embroiled—an ignorance the more lamentable considering the number of lives and limbs, to say nothing of tax dollars, that we have invested in their defeat. An untutored observer's two weeks in bomb-beleaguered Hanoi is hardly a broad enough base for analysis in depth, but even superficial impressions may be useful, given the dearth of information from inside North Vietnam.

Inside Hanoi

Of the other countries I have visited, North Vietnam reminded me most strongly of Israel and Yugoslavia, a comparison which would probably be unwelcome to all three nations.

The resemblance to Israel arises out of the circumstance that both are small countries confronting major and perennial military threats. Just as Israel sees her existence as menaced by Arab hordes with Russian backing, so the North Vietnam-

ese see their country as struggling for independence against, successively, Chinese, French, and now American invaders. The bombing of North Vietnam, of course, made the American presence much more immediate than was the case when all the fighting was south of the 17th parallel. The result in both Israel and North Vietnam has been an intensified nationalism, an emphasis on military affairs, and a militant, intransigent pride in the ability to hold out and triumph against heavy odds.

The comparison with Yugoslavia, on the other hand, relates to the Communist factor: in both countries the grip of Communist ideology on the individual, and on the national life-style, appears considerably looser than in China, the Soviet Union, or most of the Eastern European countries. The contrast is especially sharp after the short air hops from Hanoi to Nanning and Canton expose one suddenly to the crushing impact of Maoism: in every room a photograph and in every public place a huge statue of the Chairman, the constant blare of the government radio, the ubiquitous booths with identical displays of Maoist literature, the deadening uniformity of attire, male and female. In Hanoi there are a few pictures and statues of Ho Chi Minh, but not many more than one would have found here of Roosevelt or Kennedy in the heyday of their popularity, and there is no discernible tendency to deify any of the current North Vietnamese leaders. To much the same degree as in Yugoslavia, one senses a more re-

laxed and less regimented atmosphere than in other Communist countries.

Despite years of revolution and war, the French influence in Hanoi is still strong. With their broad, treelined avenues and substantial villas, the governmental and diplomatic districts of the city could have been lifted out of any provincial capital of southern France. Indigenous Oriental music is rarely heard, and the marches and patriotic songs which are a major ingredient of the public radio service (there is no television) have an unmistakable French music-hall swing.

To be sure, the French are remembered and condemned as colonial oppressors, and officials will profess a dislike for speaking their language. But speak it they nearly all do, and while English and Russian are slowly coming into use for communication with foreigners, French is still dominant, and business can be adequately conducted in French in virtually all the government offices.

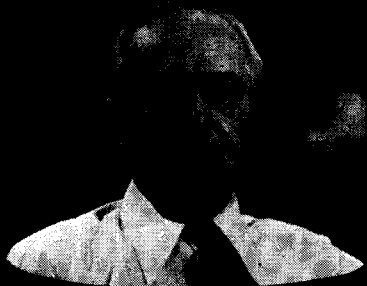
Persistence of the French overlay is well illustrated in the person of the Minister of Higher Education, Da Quang Buu, who spent six years (1928-1934) in Paris as a graduate student of mathematics. Administration of the educational system is divided between him and the Minister of General Education, and together they guide the academic destinies of some six million students.

The curricular pattern reflects North Vietnam's agrarian economy, the pressures of the war, and the usual determinants of Communist ideology. The country is officially

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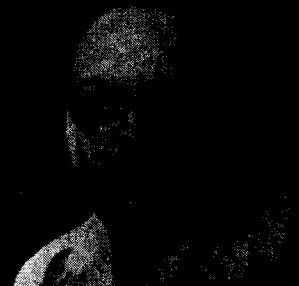
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NORTH VIETNAM

atheist, and there is no chair of theology; religious education is conducted by the Catholic and Buddhist church organizations. Nor is there any faculty of law, which the Minister described as not a "fundamental subject" nor a "very essential thing."

There are three agricultural colleges, but the system of higher education is primarily devoted to engineering and the physical sciences. Curricular questions in the University of Hanoi are determined largely by a "scientific council" of the faculty. Of eighty thousand college graduates, no fewer than fifty thousand are engineers. Three medical colleges have a student population of four thousand, and I was told that there is no shortage of doctors, despite the greatly increased wartime needs for medical services.

After much debate, the universities have remained the focal point for high-level scientific research. The Russian practice of establishing scientific "institutes" outside the standard educational system was considered for adoption in North Vietnam, but finally rejected as unsuitable for small countries.

Despite the official atheism of the government, the churches appear to have retained a considerable following in North Vietnam, though the Christian faiths were greatly depleted by migration to South Vietnam at the time of "regrouping" in 1954. Under the leadership of D. C. Jeffrey of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, I was told, more than three-quarters of the Evangelical Protestants had gone south, leaving fewer than ten thousand in the North today. There was an even larger migration of Roman Catholics, but, according to a church spokesman, there are still about one million Catholic "believers" in the North.

On December 22, 1972, Dean Michael Allen of the Yale Divinity School and I met with representatives of the three major Vietnamese faiths (Buddhist, Roman Catholic, and Evangelical), in a conference unfortunately cut short by an air-raid alert. Later that day we visited the lovely Quan Su pagoda, headquarters of the Buddhist church,

which had been slightly damaged by a bomb blast. The church dignitaries all denied that the government put any difficulties in their way, but of course they may well not have felt free to say otherwise. On the other hand, I saw nothing indicating that public worship is frowned upon. On December 17, I attended an ordinary Sunday evening Mass in the cathedral, which was comfortably filled with worshippers of all ages, who joined unselfconsciously and enthusiastically in the responses, and gave every evidence of sincere devotion.

The legal profession, I fear, has not fared too well, at least by American standards. On December 18, I met with a group representing the Association of Lawyers, under the chairmanship of Phan Anh, who is also Minister of Foreign Trade. They were sober and cultured gentlemen who explained the legal system to me with frankness and lucidity, but there was a faint but unmistakable *passé* atmosphere about the occasion, which went far to explain the Minister of Higher Education's remark that legal studies are not considered to be "very essential."

As in other Communist countries, law is not regarded as an independent source of individual rights, but rather as an arm of state policy. The basic statute (1960) establishing "people's tribunals" declares that: "The aim of justice is to safeguard the people's democracy, the social order, the public welfare, and the legal interests of citizens, so as to contribute to victory in the building of socialism in North Vietnam and in the battle for national unification." It is the legislature, the National Assembly, through which the Party prescribes national policies, and both the President of the Supreme Court and the Chief Prosecutor are appointed by the Assembly and can be removed at its pleasure.

"Message"

Ideologies apart, the Vietnamese impression on the foreign visitor is one of both charm and ability. Discussions are conducted with courtesy and grace, apart from the fact that, as in China, almost every man is a cigarette chain-smoker, and there is

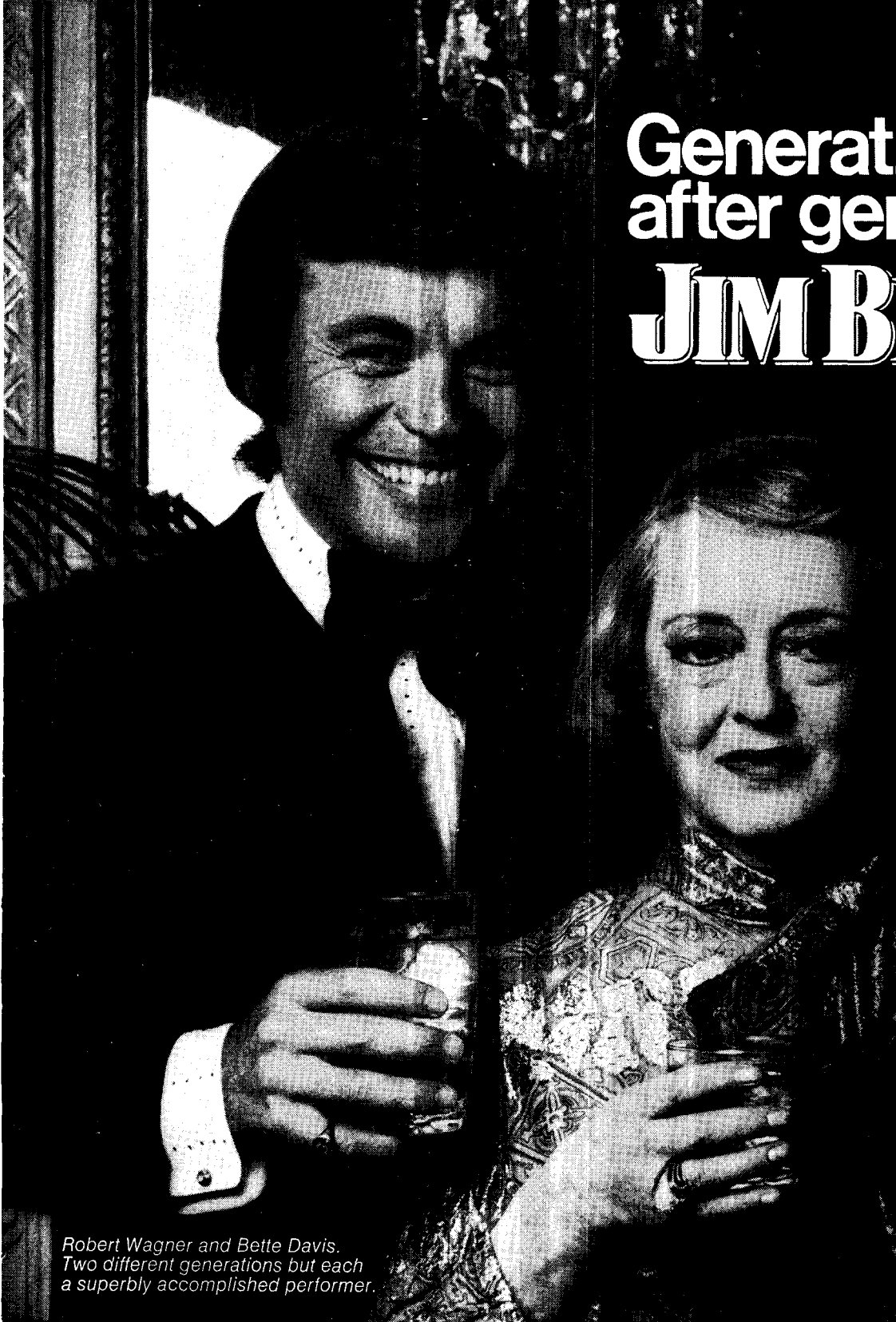
a great deal of coughing; if our Surgeon-General is right, the actuarial prospects of the yellow race are poor. Hospitality is unfailing, and in general, despite the strain of aerial interruptions during my visit, commitments were punctually and efficiently fulfilled.

But the charm overlies a toughness and secretiveness which emerge whenever inquiries or requests reach beyond the areas that they are prepared to reveal. It is probable, of course, that but for the resumption of bombing, the permissible scope of interviews and inspections would have been considerably wider. But even allowing for the physical limitations which the bombing imposed on one's movements, and the preoccupation of officials with problems more pressing than our entertainment, a number of requests which seemed entirely reasonable were deflected by transparently fictitious excuses or simply not answered.

The prudent visitor to North Vietnam must constantly keep in mind the question: Why was I invited? In my case the invitation came during the bombing halt that accompanied the Paris talks, and accordingly it is clear enough that there was no plan to bring me there to view and report on the consequences of the new raids, which began two days after arrival. During these first two days, and again just before my originally scheduled departure, long "briefings" were given by Luu Quy Ky of the Journalists' Association, and it was in these presentations, I believe, that the North Vietnamese conveyed what they most wanted visitors to believe and repeat, the truth of which must be gauged in the light of that purpose.

On the first occasion, Ky made two main points: that the Viet Cong's 1972 offensive had been far more successful than Washington had admitted, and that the prime purpose of North Vietnam and the Viet Cong (which he of course referred to as the Provisional Revolutionary Government) was the complete elimination of the American presence in Vietnam. On the first point, he declared that the aim of the 1972 offensive had been misinterpreted in the American press; it was not the purpose to capture large cities, and the fact that Saigon's forces had held on to them

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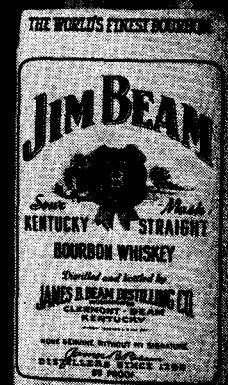
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was not indicative of Viet Cong failure. On the contrary, the purpose had been to draw Saigon's forces, both regular and militia, into a few major battle areas, thus leaving the villages undefended and enabling the Viet Cong to expel the village officials sympathetic to Saigon and to replace them with PRG members.

On the second point, he acknowledged quite frankly that the Paris cease-fire, if it materialized, would be not the end of the struggle but only the beginning of a new phase. The trouble with the Saigon regime, he said, was not that it was capitalist and corrupt but that it was a "puppet" (the North Vietnamese constantly use the French word *fantoché* to describe the Saigon government) of the United States, and there could be no stable peace until the United States learned the lesson that the Chinese and French had been taught, and left Vietnam to its own devices.

The second "briefing" took place after four nights of bombing, and the "message" was loud and clear: Hanoi wanted peace on the basis originally accepted by Henry Kissinger, but would not be bombed into accepting less. Human dignity forbade negotiating "under the whip," and there would be no further discussions until the bombing north of the 20th parallel was stopped. Ky's own wife and children had now been evacuated to the country, and he and his countrymen were quite prepared to sacrifice Hanoi itself, should that be the city's fate.

It is this last remark which is most worth pondering today. If the cease-fire should fail, will the President again resort to bombing? Despite the weight of the December bombing, Hanoi has not been leveled; indeed, most of it remains intact. But there is no doubt that we could easily obliterate the city. A few nights of B-52 carpet-bombing focused on the city itself, with a judicious mixture of incendiaries, would leave Hanoi a heap of smoldering ruins.

Are the North Vietnamese prepared to pay that price? Rather than abandon goals they deem essential to independence as they conceive it, I believe, the answer is "yes"; for while the destruction of

Hanoi would be a grievous blow, I do not believe that it would be mortal, given the essentially agrarian and decentralized nature of the country's economy and administration.

To me, the most astonishing feature of the Vietnamese outlook is the lack of animus against individual Americans. The controlled press is full of denunciation of the "imperialist war criminals," but there was no effort to inflame the public against the captured fliers. Their enemy is highly personalized; there was a "Johnson War" and then there was a "Nixon War," and the villains of the propaganda posters are the Presidents and the B-52's, not the Americans as a nation. Through hours of clambering over bomb debris among hordes of Vietnamese, easily identifiable as an English-speaking foreigner, I heard no word of reproach, and encountered only smiles and sorrow.

—TELFORD TAYLOR

TANZANIA

In darkness that smelled of tar and curry, I arrived at Dar es Salaam, and the first sight my eyes were carried to by a flight of swallows outside my window next morning was a beautiful celadon-green liner at rest in the harbor. It could have been a cruise ship; among the pretty, childish insignia such vessels are decked out with was the Red Star. The Chinese have always known the way to Africa. Their maps first charted the route in A.D. 1200; but it is only in the second half of our century that there has been any suggestion that, belatedly following the example of half the world, China might come again, and hope to stay.

President Julius Nyerere's acceptance of China's money and manpower for Tanzania, in particular to build a railroad the West refused to build, is seen by most Westerners as evidence that his nonalignment is alignment with the Communist world. He sees Chinese or other Communist cooperation as part of the means of redressing the imbalanced legacy of colonial times—political, economic, and cultural ties all weighted entirely toward the West. So far, and so far as main-

land Tanzania is concerned, he has made it no less clear to China than any other country that Tanzania is not for sale, not even to those with whom she may share a broad ideology.

It is difficult to feel out that velvety diplomatic concept slipped over all sorts of sinister ironmongery, from gunboats to atomic missile stations: a foreign "presence." There are about 20,000 Chinese in Tanzania now; 16,000 are at work with 36,000 Tanzanians and Zambians on the Tanzam railway, the biggest engineering project in Black Africa after the Volta dams in Ghana. "Why should the number of Chinese alarm anyone? The proportion is exactly that of Italians when they came to build the oil pipeline from Dar to the Zambian copper belt," one of the dedicated but sometimes priggishly defensive whites who work with the Tanzanian government said to me. Americans, Scandinavians, and other Europeans as well as Italians have been or are engaged in development projects, but none, since the pipeline, involves much imported manpower.

The \$400-million, 1058-mile railway is being constructed to link Zambia and Tanzania. It will provide Zambia with an outlet to the sea that will end her need of routes through the hostile "white" southern alliance—South Africa, Rhodesia, Mozambique—for export of her copper, and Tanzania with infrastructure for the development of one of her most important agricultural areas, Kilombero. With the track already a year ahead of schedule, many railway workers are far from Dar es Salaam, the capital, where it begins. But there are two hundred Chinese at the huge railway workshop there, and others round about involved in curiously Gandhi-ish self-reliance training programs, such as shoemaking, for young Tanzanians, while scattered through the 365,000 square miles where Tanzania once had only one doctor to every 30,000 people are some hundreds of Chinese barefoot doctors.

Yet to a visitor of inquiring mind in Dar es Salaam, the Chinese presence scarcely became either more pervasive or more approachable than that ship anchored out across some yards of deep water. The rail-

ology and good sense can stretch through can bring back cheap fuel

VIEWPOINT

Energy crisis grows as fuels diminish

The energy crisis in the U.S. is a complex mixture of insufficient electric generating capacity and insufficient fossil fuels. The seeds for the present energy crisis were sown many years ago and it is only now that, almost by coincidence, the fruits of the crisis are maturing and the twin shortages of generating capacity and fossil fuels are peaking at the same time.

The public is demanding a cleanup of the environment, more jobs, and health care. This is going to require a lot of electricity. But we're producing less of it.

1980-85 we will be able to supply our total energy requirements. The only way to be obtained through imports or to import this much oil and gas, we out it. Without sufficient energy and a dismal future in a world.

The federal government is responsible for the current energy crisis and breakdown. The agencies that are responsible for the energy crisis in the

Energy to Waste

Energy Crisis: Are We Running Out?

The U.S. demand for energy is growing at such a rate—doubling every 15 years—that some officials already call it the nation's most basic economic problem. "A crisis," says Interior Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton. "Endemic and incurable," says John A. Cawver Jr., chairman of the Federal Power Commission. "Sabotage power and you sabotage the future," warns M. Frederic Smith, a business consultant to the Rockefeller family.

Americans want more gasoline to turn the wheels of their 83 million cars. faster, more coal to fire the boilers of factories, more natural gas to heat their homes in winter, more electricity to cool them in summer. The U.S. now burns up all fuel every year (30% of the world's consumption) but produces only 17 billion tons—and the gap is widening. It must import the rest. Says S. David Friedman, former energy expert for President Johnson and Nixon: "Our rates of consumption are so large that we can see the bottom of the barrel. The figure is reliable, but experts view it this way."

In 1970 the U.S. consumed 10 million tons (30% of the world's total). Other countries have or better out more. In a di- nomic tions- Iraq I it is d for, ha

Newsweek

The Energy Crisis

The Energy Shortage Worsens

INCREDIBLE as it seems in the continuing U.S. summer drought, electric power subducks are likely to be only a prelude to more pervasive difficulties. Part of the main sources of energy—total fuel of the U.S. is running short of it. More may be necessary if winter brings a severe weather strike in crucial spots. The East, though less if it rains, we use of fuel or power, there is why it already changes. In the industry across wide com- nance. Lumber, for example, is normal steady state. It is to four weeks' more. Recently for oil to be brought in from other sources. Though there are shortages, one source is all new. Cleveland has local fuel. It has local fuel. It has local fuel.

AS THE U.S. RUNS LOW ON OIL AND GAS—

construction start on a pipeline across the 40th State. Outlook for this project is on page 37.

higher prices and to become part owners of the facilities of Western firms operating in their countries. Arabian American is jointly owned by Standard Oil (New Jersey), Texaco, Mobil and Standard Oil of California. The firm agreed in principle to grant Saudi Arabia 20 per cent ownership in its operations.

"ENERGY CRISIS"

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TANZANIA

waymen are, after all, soldiers, from the engineering and signal corps of the Chinese People's Liberation Army, whom one might expect to find seeking traditional soldiers' pleasures. But the sociable bars were empty of Chinese faces; and nobody knows what they do about women. (Perhaps—how could it occur to us, Europeans and Africans!—they practice continence?) They were not to be seen in the Indian shops that sell handsome cotton cloth made by the Friendship Textile Mill, which their compatriots built and set up in successful production, and scented toilet soap that was one of the few signs of the "flood" of Chinese consumer goods the West says will be dumped along with the railway's interest-free loan.*

Just once, walking at sunset under the coarse-leaved flowering trees and palms of the waterfront, I met two middle-aged, comfortable-looking men in serge pants and white shirts, on which their Chairman Mao badges might, from the polite distance at which they stepped aside for me, have passed as those I've seen worn by convention delegates in the Holiday Inns of Chicago or Atlanta. The Friendship Bookshop, opened in a building owned by Formosan Chinese, had only the voice of the muezzin in the mosque across the street to disturb the solitary peace in which I contemplated mounds of the Little Red Book curling at the edges—remaindered? In the ordinary bookshops of the town, it is the writings of Nkrumah and not Mao, Marx, or Lenin that are on display beside those of Julius Nyerere.

The Chinese not only bring from China all equipment and material for the railway that Tanzania cannot herself supply; they requisition supplies for their personal needs. It is not apocryphal that the Minister

*In 1967, Chinese imports were 3.1 million Tanzanian shillings (the Tanzanian shilling is worth 14 U.S. cents); exports to China were 2.8 million. In 1971, imports were 601 million—of which the vast proportion can be accounted for by the railway. The rise in exports to 84 million is therefore impressive by any measure. Repayment of the railway loan is to be shared equally by Tanzania and Zambia over thirty years starting from 1983, and may be in convertible currency or export goods.

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of Agriculture recently queried an item: "Birds' nests? But surely we've got plenty in Tanzania?"

Birds' nests from home must be the only luxury at the wood-and-iron village where the Chinese of the railway workshops in Dar es Salaam live. The workshops themselves, not yet completed, supply material and are training about three hundred Tanzanians plus some Zambians. A Vulcan's palace of vast sheds skinned by track houses cranes, repair pits, and forges; all machine tools have inscriptions in Chinese, and locomotives and coaches are inscribed in Chinese and English. One of the sheds was doubling as a classroom the day I was there; an elderly Chinese speaking fluent if gap-toothed Swahili was teaching elementary geometry to about fifty alert trainees.

It is strange for Europeans or Americans, who are pulling up their tracks, to think of a railway as a symbol of great progress to any people. But in Africa a railway may still mean what it did when the Great Northern or Canadian Pacific was built. The Tanzanians refer to theirs as the Great Uhuru (Freedom) Railway, and it excites public imagination in a way that a world already bored with moon landings cannot conceive. For it does mean very real freedoms to them: in the national sense, freedom to open up uncultivated land, and in the pan-African sense, which is important to Tanzanian thinking, the beginning of freedom for southern central Africa from white South Africans, Rhodesians, and Portuguese. This was dramatically demonstrated by Ian Smith's closure of Rhodesia's borders to Zambia in January, 1973.

The Great Uhuru Railway is within a hundred and fifty miles of the Zambian border with a railhead only a hundred yards from the main Zambia-Dar es Salaam road. This steely lifeline, coming nearer every day, is what has made it possible for President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia to vow that, whatever his present difficulties, his country will never again resort to the Rhodesian trade route, although Smith has reopened it. While MPLA and FRE-LIMO (the increasingly successful

What is the federal highway program doing to the country?

Questions are being raised about the nation's highway program. Here are some of the answers —based on fact, not opinion.

Q. Whose idea was this anyway?

A. A master plan for a national highway system was proposed in 1954 by President Eisenhower. Two years later, Congress authorized the present program, with emphasis on the national system of Interstate and defense highways.

Q. Why did we need a new highway program?

A. After World War II, the nation's highway system was totally inadequate to handle the rapidly growing volume of traffic. From 1956 alone, the United States has gone from 65 million motor vehicles to more than 117 million today. The new system was conceived to, and *does* in fact, reduce the cost of transporting goods, make travel faster and easier for both business and pleasure drivers, save lives, and provide a vital transportation network for our national defense.

Q. Are these new modern highways safe?

A. Yes. The Interstate System saves over 6,600 lives every year, with conservative estimates projecting over 8,400 saved when the system is completed.

Q. Are highways paving over the country?

A. No. A full 80 percent of the present road system was *already there* as early as 1916. Less than 1% of land area is used for roads and streets. Much of the effort has been to improve and rebuild existing roads to modern standards, along with devising new traffic corridors.

Q. What do highways do to the ecology?

A. Ecological disruption is avoided by careful planning and careful building. Actually, more trees and shrubs and flowers have been planted than removed.

Q. Why should everybody pay for these roads?

A. Unless you drive a car, bus, or truck, you don't. But if you do, you pay your share. The Federal Government's share of the Interstate —90%—and other federal highway aid is funded entirely by special taxes on gas, oil, tires, new trucks and trailers and buses, and "use" taxes on large trucks. The user pays, nobody else.

Q. Why shouldn't some of this money be used for mass transit?

A. As a matter of simple justice, we do not believe that car, bus and truck owners should have to pay for another transportation system out of special taxes they alone have paid... taxes dedicated in *trust* to a highway system. Such funds should come from general revenues paid by us all.

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Angolan and Mozambique liberation movements) had to consider Zambia's dependence on the Beira (Rhodesia-Mozambique) and Benguela (Angola) railways, they had to hold back from more than token attacks on these prize targets. Now that the Beira railway is not being used by Zambia, restraint in respect to this line will no longer be necessary; and it is vulnerable to the Rhodesian freedom fighters as well as FRELIMO. When the Great Uhuru Railway is finished in 1975 (or sooner, with the drive of Zambia's economic needs behind it), and Zambia no longer depends on the Benguela railway, a real assault on the white South could begin.

Two freedoms

Liberation knocks twice in Africa. First, for release from white man's rule; again, for the creation of a new life in which the peasants may eat, and look up from the hoe.

The first summons has proved comparatively easy to answer, outside Algeria and the white South. Peasants and educated elite have risen to it in one accord. The second goes unanswered in most states.

Black elite replaces white; through industry financed and owned by foreign investors, a small section of the population becomes urban middle-class, for industrial workers are privileged people rather than proletarians in the African context. The majority continues to scratch the soil for the scrawny returns of the inevitable raw material crop.

Tanganyika won independence of the last of her foreign masters—Arab, German, British—in 1961, and became the Republic of Tanzania after union with Zanzibar in 1964, and a one-party state in 1965. Tanzania is led by a man who has been aware from the beginning that the second summons is one that must go on battering through history until an answer equal to it is found. In this sense, Julius Nyerere has always been radical, and those who once approved him as a “moderate” and now deplore him as having gone Chinese Red have been mistaken once and may be so again. With the Arusha Declaration in 1967, he committed one of the poorest countries in Africa to trudge up to the door at the second knock in the only way he believes it can be done: with a form of socialism homogenized on African soil.

This socialism, unlike the European prototype—he has written in an early pamphlet—is neither born of the agrarian and industrial revolutions nor based upon class conflict, since Africa has had neither the “benefit” of the two revolutions nor the problem of conflicting classes. Its basis is the traditional African social system of the extended family, visualized as extended to the wider society of the nation. “‘Ujamaa’—familyhood [in Swahili, the official language of Tanzania]—then, describes our socialism,” Nyerere says. “It is opposed to capitalism, which seeks to build a happy society on the basis of the exploitation of man by man; and it is equally opposed to doctrinaire socialism which seeks to build its happy society on a philosophy of inevitable conflict between man and man.”

Public ownership of the means of production under state control would, of course, be one of its methods. As a country where paucity of minerals means that more than 90 percent of the population is,

and has no choice but to remain, rural, agriculture was to be accepted as the base of development, with industry taking second place.

Within six days of the Declaration, words became deeds. Ujamaa started out, anyway, with the conventional socialist move of nationalizing (with compensation) foreign banks, food mills, insurance corporations, and import firms. In the six years since then, the government has acquired controlling interest in breweries, tobacco, shoe, and cement companies, and the sisal industry, formed a State Trading Corporation which controls all external and wholesale trade, nationalized rented property, opened retail stores, and taken over hotels. Its National Development Corporation is the third largest in the world, after Britain's and Pakistan's.

Public take-over is a popular move with a poor people; and the established entrepreneurial group among Tanzania's 12.3 millions is not African but the European and Asian minority. But Nyerere was quick to remind the jubilant citizenry that public ownership of a bank doesn't mean the country suddenly finds itself rich. In fact, the most revolutionary aspect of the Declaration was its hammered insistence on the practical acceptance, for Tanzania, that “people, not money, are development.” Nyerere said bluntly: “We have made a mistake in choosing money—something we do not have—to be the instrument of our development. We are making a mistake to think that we shall get the money from other countries; because even if we could get all we need, such dependence upon others would endanger our independence and our ability to choose our own political policies.”

The noose of incongruity between economic independence and political nonalignment had already shown itself ready to be tightened round the country's neck at a jerk from its benefactors. Tanzania had sacrificed vast sums in British aid because of Nyerere's decision to break diplomatic relations with Britain when Britain seemed prepared to betray the principle of no independence before majority rule in Rhodesia (diplomatic relations were reestablished nearly two and a half years later), and in aid from West Ger-



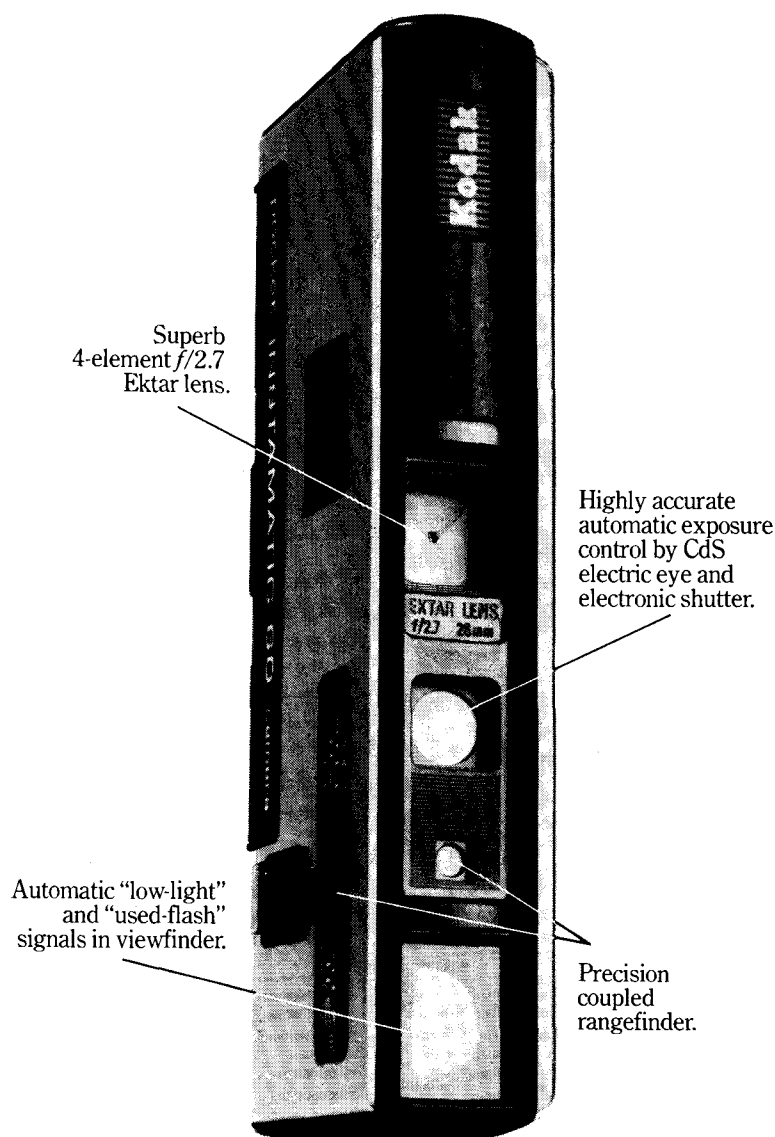
many because of the opening of an East German Embassy in Zanzibar. This does not mean that Tanzania forgoes *all* foreign aid. She takes it from both East and West, but only for vital projects (the railway loan, for example) and only in line with the kind of development she wants.

The most outstanding eclectic political and economic program to have grown out of the realities of a poor country in tropical Africa (the famous Western agronomist, René Dumont, has claimed that its concepts of education by self-reliance and its agricultural policy are inspired by his book *False Start in Africa*), the Arusha Declaration was also an ethical code for international relations and—bolder to enforce, harder to take—at home. There it introduced “leadership qualifications” that forbade cabinet ministers, members of parliament, and all officials, civil servants, and TANU office-bearers (Tanganyika African National Union, the single political party) to hold directorships or shares, own houses for rent, or receive two or more salaries. The measure’s overt purpose was to cauterize corruption; it was also socialist obstetrics—to abort the growth of a class of company directors and businessmen, a dream of most black independent states. What Nyerere envisaged through the Arusha Declaration was not a take-over but a make-over, even of such dreams.

Up from the past

Known deposits of coal, copper, and iron in Tanzania’s southwestern regions may become exploitable through the new railway; but the policy of agricultural development, not by means of private farms or even state-run “factory” farms but in the form of village collectives involved also in cottage industry, is planned all along the line. In the end, it is on this type of development that the validity of the Arusha Declaration stands or falls. Although a third of Tanzania receives sufficient rain for intensive agriculture, only a tenth is under cultivation, and no legal titles to the country’s farming land have ever been granted. Land tenure should not be a basic problem for Ujamaa collectivization. Yet it is.

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Two million peasants in more than four thousand Ujamaa villages already in existence represent the country's greatest effort—on its own, in accordance with the most severe of Nyerere's principles of self-reliance—to toil its way up from the past. Their success or failure so far has followed predictably out of the varying circumstances of their foundation. Where poor and landless people with nothing to lose are given land on which to live and work collectively, their shared benefits in terms of material welfare and dignity are greater than anything they experienced individually. Where social misfits are banded together to form such a community, it founders. Where, as among the Sukuma—a tribe of over a million who grow most of the country's cotton—the Chagga, big coffee producers, and the Hehe, cultivators of much of its exportable maize, individual farmers are successful on their own land (owned in the traditional African sense: tribally allotted or inher-

ited), they stand to experience much smaller benefits living collectively than they are accustomed to as individuals. They are employers of landless laborers, a perpetuation of the white colonial system the Arusha Declaration wants to wipe out. Their opposition to sharing their land with these people on a basis of common ownership is strong.

Can Nyerere succeed by moral persuasion whereas Lenin failed by force, the Chinese have succeeded only by force, and the Israelis seem in danger of seeing the collective become a museum piece? Again and again he urges that people must seek to "live Ujamaa" out of the realization that it is the most fully human way, in terms of a poor people seeking ultimate personal fulfillment through social responsibility, and that forced resettlement cannot achieve this.

Apart from the psychological factor, the success of Ujamaa villages depends heavily upon other cooperative or state-run enterprises. While I was there, the cashew nut crop of a number of villages threatened to rot in bags in the rain because the marketing cooperative, in turn dependent on the transport corporation, was short of trucks.

It is not easy to get to visit an Ujamaa village. There's nothing sinister about this. Africa is no longer a spectacle. These are not those "model" tribal villages offered in colonial times as a glimpse of "primitive" life to coin-scattering tourists. The one I saw was off the road to Bagamoyo, once the slave export center from which Livingstone ventured into Africa. The same road led past a beach where, looked back upon across the sea from a coral reef, a beautiful building shimmered like a mirage from the coast's past—a hotel built in the style of the thirteenth-century palace of Sultan al-Hasam ibn Sulaiman.

The Ujamaa village was not altogether typical, since it was founded on an existing plantation, while most start on virgin land. The villagers have built themselves iron-roofed houses instead of the traditional palm-leaf ones of the area. An improvement? They looked sturdy but hot. Each family has a one- or two-acre *shamba* for grow-

ing its own food; Nyerere has urged, again, that collectivization should not proceed roughshod and this anachronism should be tolerated when, as here, villagers prefer it. They cultivate their cash crops together—pineapples, bananas, 525 acres of cashew trees, and 350 acres of coconut palms—and the profits go into the village's bank account.

There was a solid new school building financed by it, far better than anything country children could hope for in ordinary villages. There is an annual cash share-out; in even the most prosperous Ujamaa village it does not amount to more than about \$45, but the per capita income in Tanzania is only \$97, and the village has its own humble shop and dispensary operated on a nonprofit system. Under a big shed, women and children (school hours are flexible when there's a crop to be dealt with) squatted, chatting while they peeled cashew nuts. In a factory consisting of half a dozen small buildings, there were simple installations for washing, decorticating, and toasting, and this was being done with the full complement of male village labor. It was odd to recognize the familiar taste of the finished product so far from any cocktail party. (Tanzanians also distill from cashews a delicious "brandy," if one is to respect the ambitious derivation of its Swahili name, *konyagi*.)

The barefoot chairman of the council of fifteen which runs village affairs left his work in the factory to show me around. The council, centered on the TANU ten-house cell, is responsible for housing, water supply, education and adult education (day's-end literacy classes are usual in Ujamaa villages), health, defense, and the settlement of disputes, including—this said with a smile that didn't need the interpreter's translation—husband-and-wife quarrels.

Host

Tanzania is host to nearly every liberation movement in sub-Saharan Africa. Up rotting stairways and in tiny shops in the oldest part of Dar es Salaam are the offices where many of Africa's political exiles are based. Most represent organizations dedicated to ousting white regimes:



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the ANC and PAC from South Africa, ZANU, ZAPU, and FROLIZI from Rhodesia, FRELIMO and MPLA from Mozambique and Angola. Quietly sheltered somewhere less public, there is also Milton Obote, ousted President of Uganda. And he represents opposition to a black regime, that of General Idi Amin, President of neighboring Uganda, one of the two countries (Kenya is the other) to which Tanzania is bound in the East African Community (EAC), sharing with them services such as mail and telecommunications.

These "guests" represent problems to President Nyerere, who abandons the ultimate working ideal of African unity as little as he abandons his friends. They affect and even endanger the country itself. In 1972 Amin's army dropped bombs on Tanzania, and the two countries almost went to war. There was an abortive attempt to fly Obote back into Uganda to topple Amin. That this was done with Nyerere's blessing is clear; the fact that the aircraft used belonged to the airline owned jointly by the EAC countries led to an embarrassing EAC Council inquiry, which the Ugandans were somehow persuaded to drop. As one Tanzanian blandly put it: "We must contrive to stay friendly with the Ugandans until they get rid of *him*." In the meantime, *his* expulsion of Ugandan Asians has made Tanzania's Asians, still shopkeepers to the nation although the wholesale trade has been taken out of their hands, extremely nervous. Emotional letters to the newspapers show the extent of the average African's anti-Asian feeling, roused from the oblivion to which Nyerere has vociferously consigned racism.

FRELIMO (Front for the Liberation of Mozambique) has its headquarters in Tanzania, and all arms for its guerrillas pass through the country. FRELIMO's successes against the Portuguese in Mozambique which threaten the great Cabora Bassa dam (a Portuguese-South African enterprise) and rail routes from Smith's Rhodesia to Beira, plus a recent resurgence of guerrilla attacks in Rhodesia in which FRELIMO and ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union), as well as ZAPU, are believed to have acted together for the first time,

mean that Tanzania has very real reason to expect "search and destroy" raids from the Portuguese, backed by Rhodesia and South Africa. The economic warfare enjoined originally by Rhodesia's closure of her borders to the passage of Zambian trade in retaliation for Zambia-based guerrilla raids does not make this less likely.

Tanzanians' sense of unease is complicated by constant rumors of some strange but not impossible alliances among their enemies. Oscar Kambona, Nyerere's former Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, who went into exile after trying unsuccessfully to make political capital through opposition to the Arusha Declaration, has appeared lately in Lisbon and traveled on a Portuguese passport. He was said to have been offered £50,000 sterling for a coup against Nyerere—by South Africa. It seems unlikely, if for no other reason than that his success would be unlikely; but then one has to remember that he has also been a guest of Uganda since Amin took over. And that brings full circle the list of people who would like to see Julius Nyerere go.

President Nyerere would also seem to have, if not a Cain, a Caliban in the national "family." To one who has lived in Tanzania for even a short time, the idea that Zanzibar should be one with it becomes daily more bizarre. The historical logic is there: under the Imams of Muscat in the Persian Gulf, Zanzibar was sovereign over the East African littoral from Mogadisho to Mozambique. Why should not the tail that once wagged the dog still be part of it? But Zanzibar's savage interpretation of that "doctrinaire socialism which seeks to build . . . on inevitable conflict between man and man," which Nyerere has condemned, is so far from the humanity, decency, and self-critical tolerance that Ujamaa is struggling for. As a young Irish girl working there said to me of Tanzania: "This is a sane place."

The difference between mainland and island was for me best summed up by the most popular resolution at Zanzibar's first Afro-Shirazi Party Congress to be held since the 1964 revolution: individuals proved to have been "implicated" in the assassination of Sheikh Abeid Karume,



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TANZANIA

the island's President, in April, 1972, should be "executed in public by firing squad." This refers to—along with others detained on Zanzibar itself—the twenty-three people including the former Tanzanian Minister of Economic Affairs, Abdul Babu, and Mrs. Kessi Salim, Commissioner of the Girl Guides, who have been held in custody on the mainland since Karume's death. So far, Nyerere has refused to hand them over to Zanzibari "justice." By contrast, four of Kambona's followers given a life sentence in an open treason trial in Tanzania a few years ago have already been quietly released.

Complex motives for Karume's murder conjecturally include the revenge of the Arabs against the Africans who made the 1964 revolution. The murder, anyway, did not bring the Arabs back to domination. Under Aboud Jumbe—Karume's associate and the new President—I was told, the clove island is marginally better off than under Karume. Going to see for myself whatever can be seen in a one-day visit, I found it as sinister, if in a different way, as when I visited it in the last months of colonial times. Then its dreadful, languid beauty lay indifferently over the wretched living conditions of the blacks and the beautiful Arab houses which parasitical American and English lotus-eaters were renting for twelve dollars a month. Now there is some decent housing for workers built by East Germans, the Chinese are building two ugly hotels, and those romantic streets of the old town are at many turns blocked by the decay of silent, empty houses where thousands of Arabs and Indians were murdered.

Now, as it was then, the tourist showpieces are the sultan's palace, built with the profits of the slave trade, and the iron rings in the slave market itself. Zanzibari metalwork used to be famous. I bought a small brass snuffbox. It has turned out to be made of a hammered bullet-shell, and the neatly chased design is the manufacturer's half-obliterated lettering; country of origin unknown. An appropriate memento, after all, of an island whose history

has been that of suffering sweetened with the scent of cloves.

How does Nyerere tolerate this appendage (population 355,000)? It can be only as a peculiar token of the pan-African unity which, although shelved by events of contemporary African history, he believes to be the continent's one hope of emancipation from have-not status.

"Trusting people"

Tanzania, like Chile, has a special significance for the world because both, in their different ways, represent an attempt to create what in Europe in the 1960s was ridden over with armored cars: socialism with a human face.

Whether, within the economic resources of the Third World, this is possible at all is in question. Whether the fortitude and patience of the Tanzanians will be equal to a noble try is another matter. Are they going to give Nyerere time to do it? Recently the two English-language newspapers in Dar es Salaam were merged under government ownership. In them the debate on the theory and practice of TANU's Arusha Declaration policies often falls into the stalest rhetoric of doctrinaire socialism. I even read, presented as statement rather than opinion, that there is "no such thing as African socialism," but only one true socialist path, and so on. (It was almost—not quite—as discouraging as opening the *East African Standard* that comes in from Kenya every day, and seeing social-page pictures of white amateurs in Nairobi performing *Hello, Dolly!*, just as if the British had never left.)

Can Nyerere go fast enough, in his own way, the way of Ujamaa, to carry with him the young doctrinaire socialists? And slowly enough for the man who complains, through "Readers' Views," that *khanga* cloth, which clothes both his wife and her baby, is more expensive in nationalized shops than it used to be in Indian-owned ones?

"A man who has inherited a tumbledown cottage has to live in even worse conditions while he is rebuilding it," President Nyerere has said with his headmasterish candor. During the past two years, the depth and acceleration of social change

have brought inevitable hardships and a growing trade deficit. Fourteen of the twenty-one companies operating as subsidiaries of the National Development Corporation did not show a profit in the early 1970s. There have been sporadic food shortages caused by mismanagement in government or cooperative take-overs. And there has been a certain stagnation in the economy caused by poorly planned industrial projects and the occasional conflict of those projects with consumer conditions brought about by political policy. For example, the government invested in a tire factory shortly before the austerity ban on the import of new cars. These are problems of inexperience; and they are not concealed. On the credit side, the public sector increased its overall surpluses considerably in 1971, and an increase of 40 percent for the lowest wage earners has been approved.

The big task for 1973 is going to be decentralization of government, with the existing TANU party structure in mind—according to a plan made by McKinseys, the American management consultants. (Are they shaking their heads in the East and saying Nyerere's going capitalist?) The struggle against bureaucracy in a socialist system makes decentralization essential, and this is complicated by underdevelopment and backwardness. Yet "decentralization means trusting people," Nyerere says. He himself has already delegated some of his important responsibilities, including (and some think unwisely) foreign affairs. It is said in Dar es Salaam that he may even do again what he did in 1961: resign the presidency temporarily and go into the savanna, the highlands, and under the coconut palms live among the real Tanzanians and make flesh of the words of TANU and the Arusha Declaration where it really matters most—at the level of the hoe.

—NADINE GORDIMER

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Telford Taylor, professor of law at Columbia University and author of *Nuremberg and Vietnam*, traveled to North Vietnam this winter.

Nadine Gordimer, South African novelist and author of short stories, was recently in Tanzania.



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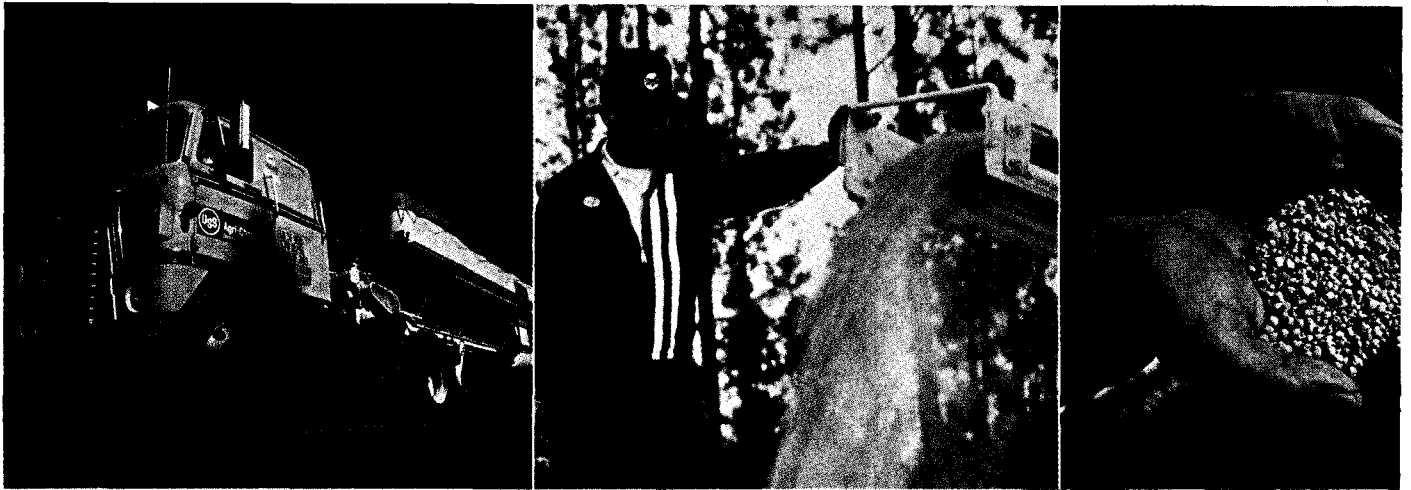
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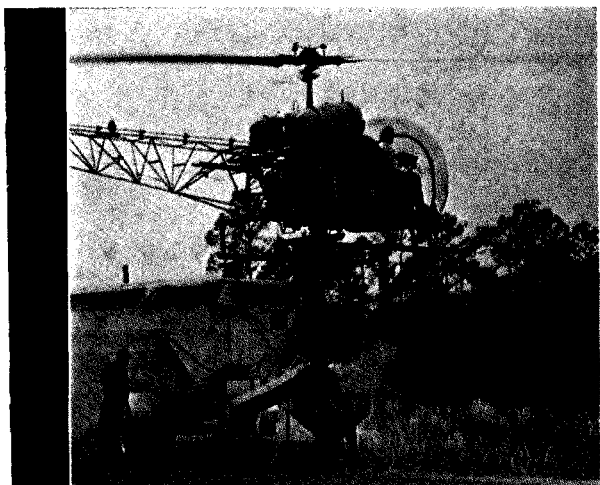
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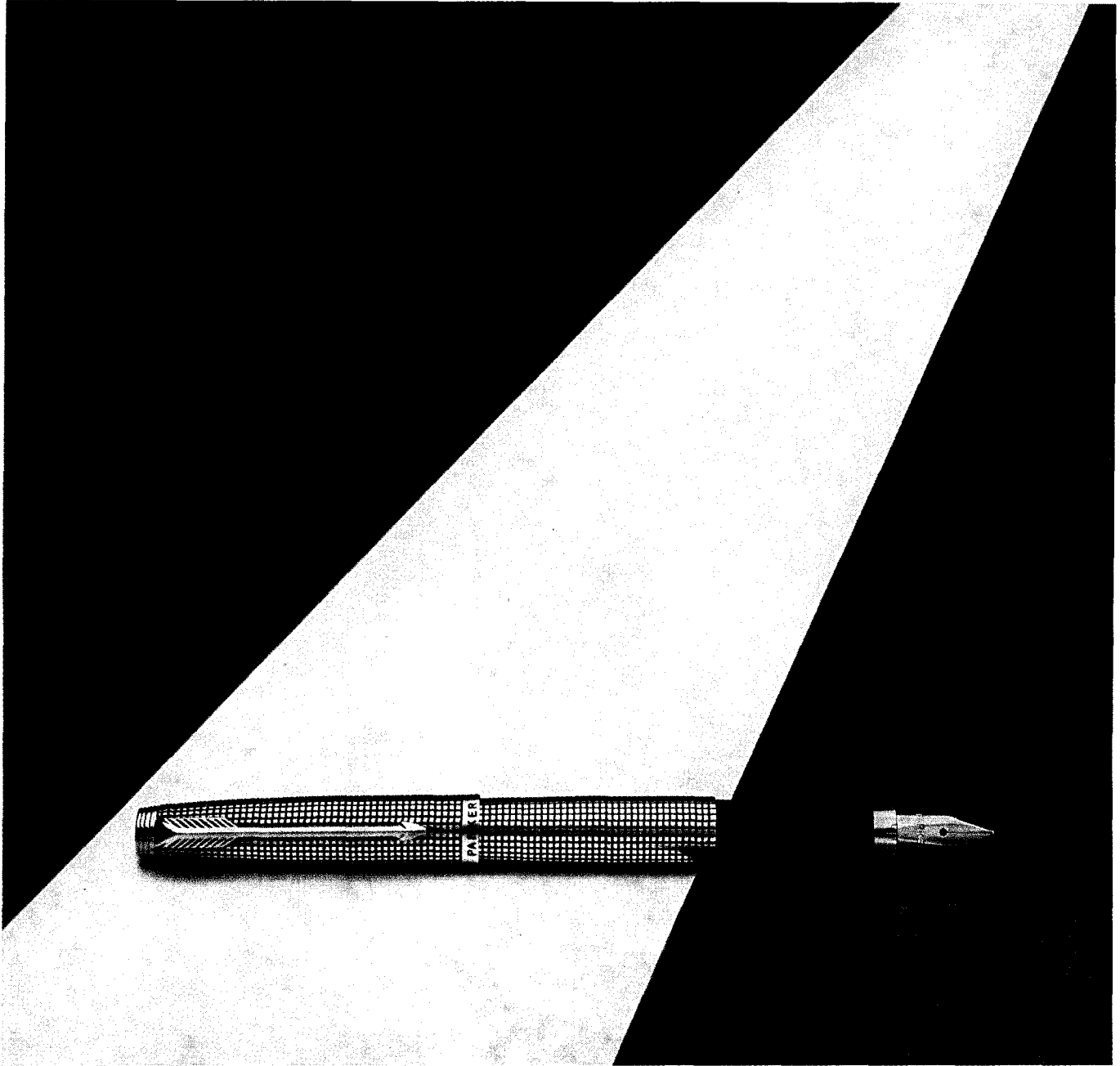
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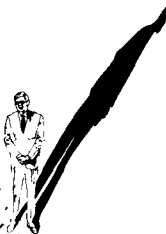


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Innocent Bystander

M'aidez

by L. E. Sissman

May comes and stands in my window in a blur, a jiggle, a dazzle of dappled green and yellow light, and I get weak in the knees with the annual visitation of paradise and my increasing distance from it. "M'aidez," or "Mayday," is the modern SOS that pilots use, and I'm increasingly moved to say it silently when May Day comes.

Probably only a child is perfectly gaited to the lenitive blandishments of May, its intimations of perfectibility, its grasshopper suggestion that winter can never come. An adult is too damaged, too knowing, to eat of the forbidden fruit of its insinuations: he has seen too many Decembers. This doesn't prevent him, though, from greeting May each spring with a cautious renewal of hope and an increasing degree of objective observation.

And, even if we beat back our ancient instinctual impulse to go a-Maying, there is much to observe in the perfection of the month, as there is in any natural creation at the height of its sway. After the slow, erratic recession of the winter, the fits and starts of warmth and cold of early spring, May represents a unified, concerted movement toward a goal in view, like the last movement of a symphony.

Consider how May begins. First, there is the light: the clear, strong light of a rejuvenated sun, striking down powerfully even in the early hours, irradiating the new grass with its diamond yellow-white, paling the blue sky, turning white house sides to solid glare, falling into the cups of daffodils to recharge and redouble their goldenness, casting

sharp-edged shadows, seemingly enlarging textures—of tree trunks, roadsides, stone walls—as it illuminates them in a brightness that compels our attention.

Next, there is the sound: at sunup on an early-May morning, the almost alarming sound of hundreds of newly returned birds in atonal chorus, shattering sleep and scaring the waker, momentarily, into believing the animals have usurped the world. There is joy in all those unorchestrated calls, but also fierceness; the birds, the gay but somehow menacing sound says, will brook no interference with their plans to nest and mate and guard their territories. But that noisy, archaic carol, almost as old as the world, is also a not so subtle call to us to be up and Maying: to accede to the animal in our natures, to sport and mate, to set rationality and routine aside. Later in the day, when the chorus has subsided to impromptu solos, there are other sounds of May: a tiny, quiet crackle as the old grass dries and curls still further under the unremitting sun, a whispering hint of wind through still bare branches, the sounds—bicycle chains, axes, footsteps, voices—of men venturing out in shirt sleeves to repossess the world they forsook last autumn.

Finally, there is the color. A whole second fall takes place in reverse in the treetops. Leaf buds and flower buds, tinted to match their parent trees, transform the uppermost twigs to a fine haze of green, red, russet, saffron. In the slant sun late in the afternoon, these treetops glow like growth, the opposite of fire, prefiguring the gravid foliage of summer. On the ground, in the new grass, flowers answer with a flash of color: paper narcissi, as delicate as antique valentines, tough tulips, butter-colored daffodils, and the small, wild bluets, springing in violet-edged white nosegays from the tussocks of a stony field. Redwing blackbirds sport vermilion epaulets; tree swallows perch in an aura of iridescent greeny blue; bluebirds, rare and transient, flaunt azure backs at us. Color is ruler for a day.

As May goes on, unfurling leaves, springing new grasses, loosing bees to worry the glistening flowers, the human incumbents begin to feel

both upstaged by all this primal action and invited to partake. We develop that slightly woozy defense mechanism called spring fever, walking hatless and unsteadily under the gentle weight of all that sun, grinning idiotically, fantasizing about everything coming right again, conjuring youth and love out of the hummingbird-wing of breeze, feeling our age and no age at all. The month wears on, grows serious. Now the lawn settles down into a tall and ragged chore, needing to be mowed each week; leaves come out in earnest, providing shade from coming summer; the first hot day in the dried and cloddy garden sends us, weak and sweating, back indoors for a cold glass of water. We are rescued from the impertinence of spring—the rising pulse, the flush upon the cheeks, the dizzy onset of desire—by the assurance of predictable, sometimes unpleasant summer drawing near.

We were not, either by temperament or experience, meant to live in paradise. A little Eden goes a year-long way. May is welcome to come, more welcome to be gone. Unlike children, who can make Edens out of the unlikely raw materials of any season, we are rather resentful of a month that seduces us away from our pursuits and troubles and back into our childish selves.

Yet May—the singular spell in the annual round that really gets through to us with a different and disturbing message—deserves, somehow, to be commemorated, just as our childhood deserves to be commemorated. I, for one, can't let a May go by without an itch to write a poem, just as, I suspect, others feel the need to seize a camera (which I've done, too) or a paint box or maybe simply play a pickup game of sandlot ball. In my case, the poem-writing urge is usually prompted by a single observation of some detail of May. This goes into some back corner of the mind where it gestates quietly for hours or days. Then it springs back to consciousness, quite unexpectedly and forcibly, prompting a frisson at the back of the neck and a prickle behind the eyes, and I know there is nothing for it but to sit down

L. E. Sissman's most recent book of poetry is *Pursuit of Honor*.

BYSTANDER

with a piece of paper and a clipboard and four long, sharp No. 2 pencils and try to put it down on paper.

It is different, though, from writing poems at other times of year. The swaddling haze of May warms the bones (and, sometimes in a perverse way, the heart), but it also, as I've suggested, addles the brain into a state unlike any other state of consciousness. Now, seated with clipboard and yellow pad in, and inspired by, May, I don't think or write as I usually do. I'm a bit drugged, a bit under the influence of the tides, the moon, and the coming solstice. Instead of the usual, literally formal, beginning of the poem, wherein I quite coldly conceive the opening lines and then wait for a wave from the unconscious to lift me up and sweep me into the body of the poem, in spring I am carried irresistibly from the start into a kind of rhythmic equating of writing with feeling. There is no calculating pump-priming; instead, I am caught up from word one on paper in the movement of the earth—and the answering tremor of the heart. The poem is so internal to me, so rooted in obscure, instinctive ritual origins, that I'm not even fully conscious of my role as transmitter of sentience into language. The poem rolls on and over me, the twelfth wave that comes just once a year, leaving a residue of pencil tracks on the lined paper. A residue for me to puzzle over afterward, wondering if it's any good or not, this *donnée* from the season, wondering if my usual stan-

dards of content, form, and diction can or should apply.

Sometimes this business of taking dictation from my ur-self works—at least by those usual standards—sometimes it doesn't. Some years, I wake up in June to reread the May poem and find that it's banal or platitudinous or, on the other hand, arcane gibberish; some years, though, it all seems to come right, and I hold in my hand, that day in June, one of the rare magic poems, composed of earth, air, and fire, that poets are very occasionally blessed with. Sometimes they take the form of dreams, real dreams set down on paper, a form that somehow seems to suit the shifting evanescence of the time of year. And sometimes they are simple, straight, and literal, merely (but more than merely, when they work) the recording of an observation of color, light, or sound. It's not a way I'd like to write all year—too uncontrolled, too chancy—but it is a surprise, sometimes a revelation, on the fifth page of the calendar.

As you read this, another May will be upon us. The tentative beginnings of growth and greening, leafing and nesting, will rise to a climax in the later weeks, and summer, in green bunting, christened by thundershowers, will slip ponderously down the ways. In between those seasons, one year in three, there comes another, miniature season: the perfect week of spring. Usually it is the last week in May if it comes at all, and, when it happens, it is the apotheosis of perfection in the world. Nights go cool and dry and starry; dawns come up in a fire storm of antique gold and pale, celestial blue; days burn softly, like a twelve-hour taper of white-gold light; sunsets layer the sky into a softly graded *pousse-café*, reading upward, of yellow, orange, red, aquamarine, pale blue, mid-blue, dark blue, indigo, midnight. And the May moon, when it is waning into newness in that last week, casts the subtlest of silver lights on lawn and garden, deckling the edges with marine fluorescence, coloring the intervening stretches the faintest, blackest shade of forest green. The days are warm with fair-weather cumulus and a mild breeze; hazes on distant mountains dissipate, leaving a clear view of their green tree lines

all day long till afternoon, when clear ink-blue creeps up their slopes. It is a week, when it comes, to make the rest of the year and the rest of life seem dingy, trivial, unfulfilled. It is also, of course, a fitting finale to May.

What will I do, this week or next or the one after, when wild violets bloom half-hidden in the grass and wrens build their scraggly nests with maximum ferocity and noise, like jabbering straw bosses? Well, I'll walk around in a pleasant daze, gathering, like the wrens, odd bits of scrap for a poem. Then, *un bel di di maggio*, I'll sit down and write it, giving myself up to the primal scream like a surfer borne on a monstrous wave. Then, and last, I'll look out on that perfect week (if it comes) and think ruefully of the chances missed, the failed attempts, the throat of the human thirst for perfection forever destined to be dry. And forever destined to be soothed and exacerbated at once by the merry, scary month of May.

M'aidez!

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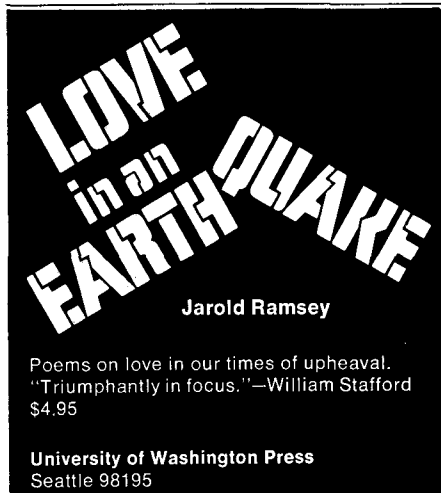
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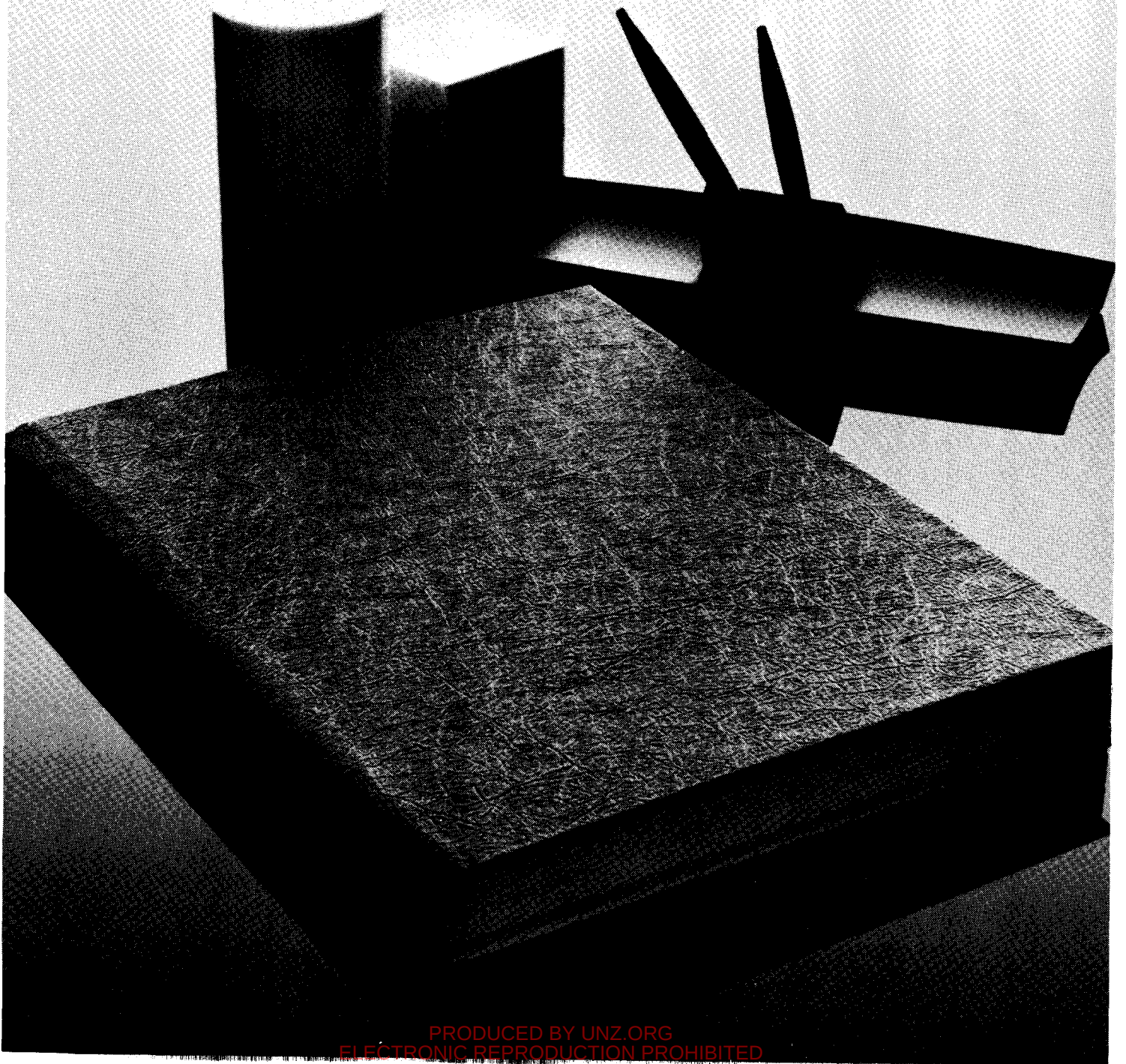
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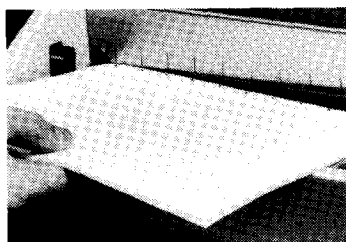
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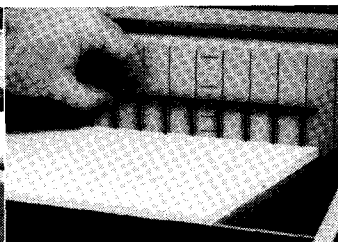


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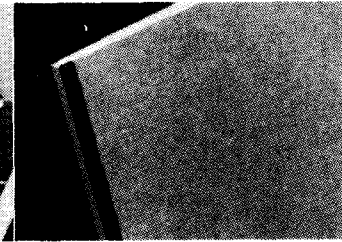
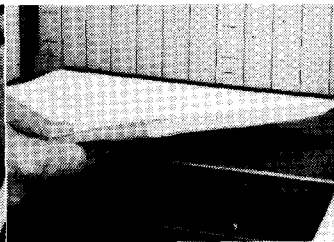
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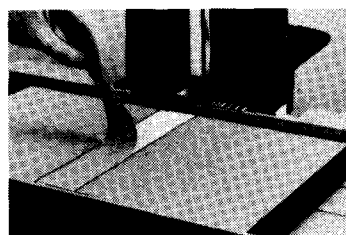
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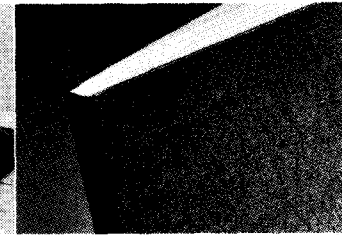
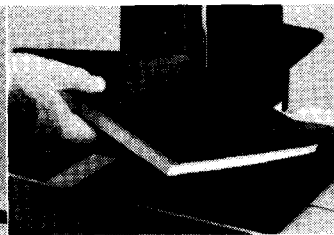
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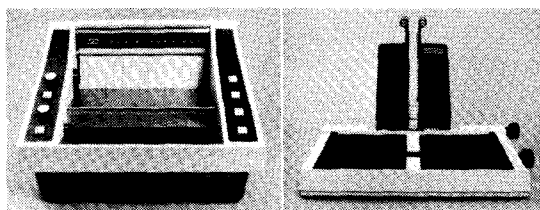
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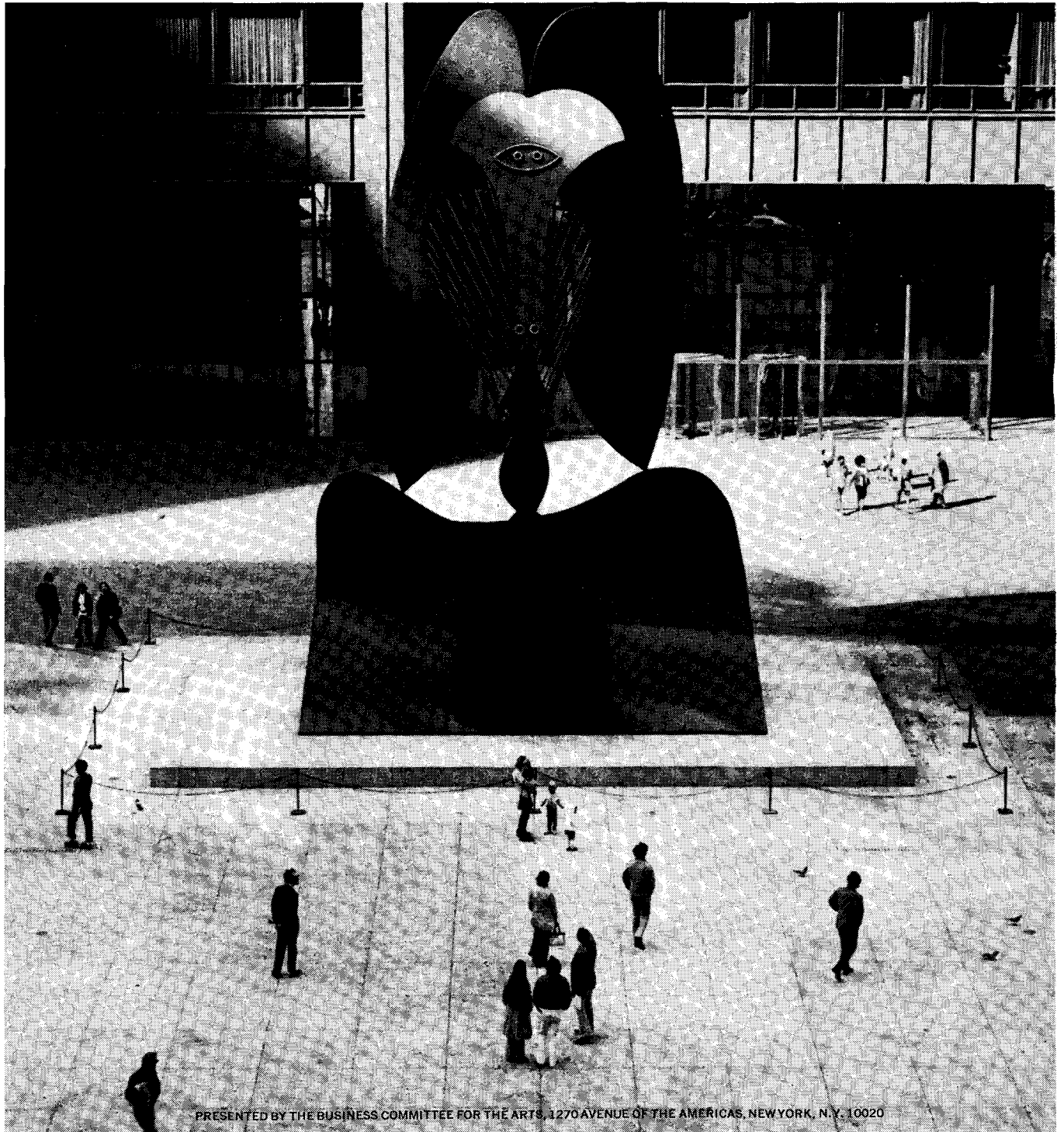
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THE MAIL

SCHOOLS

SIR: An important omission in Godfrey Hodgson's finely crafted essay, "Do Schools Make a Difference?" (March *Atlantic*), is any mention of how crude and limited are the data over which this controversy rages. There were whole cities that refused to cooperate with Coleman, and the code numbers by which answers from teachers, administrators, and students could be coordinated got botched up. These and other problems account for a large proportion of the variance in the analysis.

But even if all these mishaps had been avoided, one would want to approach the data with great humility; for they hardly measure the full range of what education can do. First, the data on schools are crude; most were gathered for school *districts*. Second, the dimensions of schooling examined were limited to externals such as physical plant, class size, and formal qualifications of the teachers. Yet we all know that schools like Harlem Prep turn educational disasters into successes, not through changing these dimensions, but by teaching in an entirely different way. It's pedagogy that counts and always has. In short, all the Coleman data show about schools is that public schools in America do not vary much and are not effective institutions. The controversy in no way demonstrates that *significantly different* approaches to education make no difference, because they were not measured.

If the thoughtful reader asks himself what kind of study would analyze how effective schooling can be, he would probably recommend that someone test and interview a di-

verse group of students in a full range of educational programs over a number of years to see what differences emerged. That is exactly what we need and exactly what the Coleman-Pettigrew-Moynihan-Jencks survey does not provide. The newly formed National Institute on Education should be encouraged to sponsor such a long-term project. It would be expensive, but the stakes are obviously high.

DONALD W. LIGHT, JR.
Assistant Professor of Sociology
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

SIR: Perhaps it is easy to misspeak, or to be misunderstood, during the kind of fairly lengthy, wide-ranging discussion that Godfrey Hodgson and I had during his preparation of "Do Schools Make a Difference?"

In either event, it is not my view that the Supreme Court "will almost certainly be looking for distinctions to draw that will narrow the scope of *Brown*." Some litigants have been pursuing that quest for almost twenty years, and the Court's view of the latest efforts is always a matter of concern to many of us who work on these issues. But that institution has been uniquely steadfast in rejecting such efforts, and I am not so pessimistic as Mr. Hodgson's statement of my views implied.

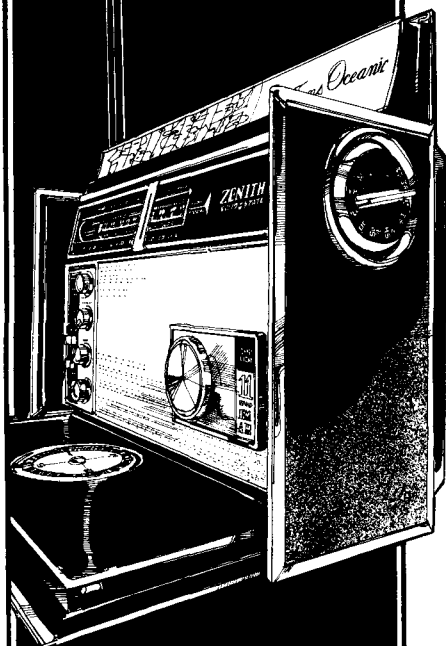
J. HAROLD FLANNERY
Center for Law and Education
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SIR: I was the bureaucrat (Assistant Commissioner for Educational Statistics) in whose shop the Coleman equality of educational opportunity study was done and always feel called upon to adjust the misconceptions I read about it in maga-

zines and newspapers. Actually, Godfrey Hodgson's article was very accurate and I will be mostly adding to it rather than quarreling with it.

It is true that the primary intent of Congress in requesting the Office of Education to do the survey was to document the extent to which minority children attended inferior schools. Of course, we in the Office were bound to do that, but the survey also provided an opportunity to do other important things and I was particularly concerned at the time with another congressional mandate: that the Office evaluate Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. This is the title that has been pouring some one billion dollars per year into low-income school districts. That mandate was specifically inserted in the act by Senator Robert Kennedy and we were assured that he was going to be diligent about following it up. In order to measure the effect of Title I funds on children's educational achievement, it would obviously be well to have some base-line data gathered immediately before the title went into effect: the impending equality of educational opportunity survey was perfectly timed for that purpose. Another very important aim of the survey, related to both its objectives and to the objectives of Title I, was to explore the connection between various kinds of school deficiencies and educational attainment. That is, it would be useful not only to document the various school deficiencies but also to try to appraise the extent to which each one contributed to educational deficiencies in the student. Hopefully, that would give useful guidance to educational administrators in those districts about to receive

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Title I funds as well as to superintendents generally.

When I put forward these arguments for including achievement tests in the survey to my boss, Francis Keppel, he immediately agreed to their merits, but he also doubted that the educational establishment could be persuaded. Educators are eternally zealous about guarding the concept of local control of schools; the idea of the federal government coming into schools to give achievement tests to individual students was certain to be regarded as unwarranted meddling in purely local affairs. However, Dr. Keppel agreed to give it a try. He or his deputy, Henry Loomis, personally spoke with every chief state school officer in the nation about the necessity to include achievement tests in the survey, and that heroic effort made it possible. Those chiefs who were not convinced of the need for such data at least agreed not to oppose our getting the data in their states. The fact that this was to be such a penetrating investigation also made it easy for me to recruit such an outstanding scientist as James Coleman to direct the study. He pitched into it with unbelievable energy and vigor; I doubt if anyone ever gave up as many nights of sleep on a one-year project as he did on this one. We were terribly rushed because the survey had languished for one year in another bailiwick of the Office and that left us only one year to complete a survey for which Congress had given the Office two years.

The congressional deadline was July 1, 1966, and we worked right up to the last day, giving rise to the canard, first voiced by Senator Abraham Ribicoff, that we released the report the day before the July 4 weekend to hide its results from the public. Senator Ribicoff later withdrew the accusation when he understood our deadline problem, but of course the canard is repeated endlessly and the withdrawal seldom. There was never the slightest suppression of the study; Coleman and I were proud of it; it had turned out rather well despite the coolness toward the whole venture on the part of the educational establishment; its success was attributable to the hard work of all who worked

on it and to the unqualified support of Francis Keppel and of Harold Howe II, who succeeded him as Commissioner of Education during the course of the study. We would not have tolerated its suppression; we printed and distributed several thousand copies of the massive final report; we freely made the data available to scholars everywhere; as a result, quantities of articles, books, and theses have been written about it.

To my mind, the study is not terribly relevant to the issues of integration and busing. It shows some evidence of improvement in educational attainment of minority and low-income children when they go to school with children somewhat higher up the socio-economic ladder. The measured improvement was far from spectacular. So what? The reasons we must integrate the schools have to do with simple justice and the long-run survival of the nation and the world. If integration did nothing for educational achievement, that would subtract nothing from the necessity to integrate.

ALEXANDER M. MOOD
Director, Public Policy Research
Organization
University of California
Irvine, Calif.

SIR: I find it most discouraging that one of the most important findings of the Coleman report continues to remain hidden away in its back pages.

This finding was particularly important in determining success in school for minority pupils. This was the attitude: "sense of control of the environment." Three questions measured this attitude. They were:

(1) Agree or disagree: Good luck is more important than hard work for success.

(2) Agree or disagree: Every time I try to get ahead, something or somebody stops me.

(3) Agree or disagree: People like me don't have much of a chance to be successful in life.

The results show that Negroes and other minority group children have a much lower sense of control over their environment than whites. The differences are quite large. To the "good luck" question twice as many Negroes as whites in metropolitan areas gave low responses.

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Outside metropolitan areas the proportion rises to 3 to 1. Low control responses are similarly high for other minority groups. The measure, sense of control of environment, was recorded at the sixth, ninth, and twelfth grades. Coleman reports, "Of all the variables measured in the survey, including all measures of family background and school variables, these attitudes showed the strongest relation to achievement at all three grade levels."

In grades nine and twelve, disadvantaged minority group children will achieve more if their sense of control of their environment is high. This relationship is not very important for whites. There was only one school factor which was consistently related to control of the environment and self-concept for minority group children. As the proportion of whites in the school increases, the sense of control of environment increases, and self-concept decreases. This suggests the rather conflicting conclusion that "... school integration has conflicting effects on attitudes of minority group children: It increases their sense of control over the environment or their sense of opportunity, but decreases their self-concept."

This finding, always omitted in the popular press and frequently ignored by professionals, has the profoundest implications, the most important being the necessity of a genuine integration of our schools as a direct way of fostering school achievement among minority pupils.

HARVEY LESSER
Child Psychologist
Rutgers University
Camden, N.J.

MORE ON GWTW

SIR: A correction: The dates of the printing of *Gone With the Wind* given in the February *Atlantic* ("The Making of *Gone With the Wind*") are not correct. The publishers originally planned to publish the book in May, 1936, and printed the first copies with that date. After only a few were printed, it was decided to postpone publication until June. The first printing (May) was then sent out to reviewers to be used for publicity purposes. Therefore the book was *not* available to the public until June 30, 1936.

Consequently, the May printing has become one of the great rarities and is commanding extraordinary high prices in the rare book trade. A mint copy in the original dust jacket is easily worth five hundred dollars.

J. A. MATAKOVICH
Trenton, N.J.

SIR: I delighted in Gavin Lambert's story of the making of *Gone With the Wind*; it brought back many memories of the six months I served at Culver City as technical adviser on the film.

Those "memos" of Mr. Selznick's came to me by the score, bringing me, often, laughter that eased the anguish of eighteen hours a day listening to more-or-less Southern accents. My special funny one was when David wrote to tell me of the upcoming scene with Gable in jail playing poker with his Yankee guards. "It will not be necessary to teach the guards a Southern accent," he wrote me.

I claim the distinction of winning one fight with David over *GWTW*—a claim few can make. In February, 1939, he asked me about chopping cotton on the O'Hara plantation, the scene to be set the afternoon before the barbecue at Twelve Oaks. I told him he couldn't chop cotton in mid-April, as that was planting time, and since the barbecue date was established by reason of the message that came saying Mr. Lincoln had declared war, he just couldn't chop cotton then. David said he had hired the Hall-Johnson Choir to sing as they chopped and he *had* to go ahead with the scene. I continued to protest. Our argument went on (through a dozen memos) until late May, when he gave up.

SUSAN MYRICK
Macon, Ga.

SIR: In "The Making of *Gone With the Wind*," Gavin Lambert writes: "They agreed to exclude from the film all members of the O'Hara family not living at Tara (in the book, neighboring plantations are thick with them)." There were no members of the O'Hara family nearby. Mr. Lambert should have read the book.

MAX BUCK
Hialeah, Fla.

My cover was blown!
And one cloudless night, I knew I was trapped!

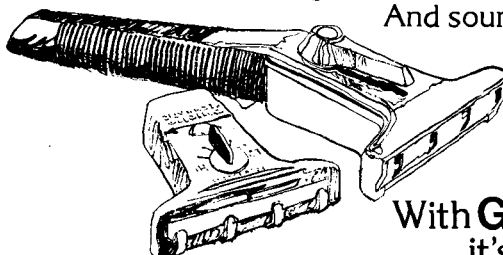
"GOOD-BYE NICK"

I had never wanted to be a spy in the first place. I was just an ordinary Rhodes Scholar with a black belt in karate. But one day "X," the man with no last name, called on me. "This is your chance to serve Boston. You are the only man alive who is the exact double of Yong Yong Yong, a wealthy Chinese junk owner. You must assume his identity, and recover The Small Black Box."

But they had forgotten one thing. The shaving cuts and nicks on my face. Soon everyone in Hong Kong was laughing and saying "Herro, Nick." My cover was blown! And one cloudless night in a dark alley, I knew I was trapped! Unarmed, I watched in fascination as the sinister Oriental approached me, holding a small black box. It's curtains now. "Good-bye Nick," I thought. But no! It was "X" in disguise.

Smiling wryly, he handed me a Gillette Techmatic® razor and said, "The Techmatic has a continuous razor band. No blades with sharp corners to cut and nick your face. It's all safely enclosed in a cartridge so you'll never have to touch another razor blade again. And it's adjustable."

I outwitted my Oriental enemies. Victory was sweet.
And sour.



With Gillette TECHMATIC
it's good-bye Nick

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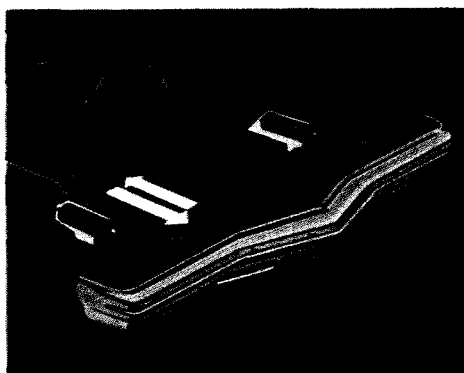
"In its class, Impala has the least mechanical problems and is the easiest to service."



Impala Sport Sedan in the mountains of Southwest Texas.

In a recent survey of independent service stations and repair shops, conducted by *Motor Service* and *Service Station Management* magazines, Impala was voted "the car with the least mechanical problems and the easiest to service" in its class.

Which are two good, sound reasons why Impala has been America's most popular car over the past 13 years, with



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And why Impalas have traditionally been worth more (up to hundreds of dollars more) when it comes time to trade them in.

Impala. The great American value. When you buy it. While you own it. And, finally, when you sell it.

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Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.

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SIR: Thank you for Gavin Lambert's highly entertaining "The Making of *Gone With the Wind*," Part II. A nit, however, with an academic error in his statement: "*Gone With the Wind* won ten awards, more than any other picture before or since." *Ben Hur* is the all-time Oscar hoarder; the film won eleven in 1959. *Gone With the Wind* even has to share second place—*West Side Story* also won ten in 1961.

PAUL GUTHRIE
Oradell, N.J.

SIR: On the front cover of the February *Atlantic Monthly*, there are not enough legs on the Scarletts O'Hara.

MICHAEL ARMBRUSTER (age 6)
Santa Fe, N.Mex.

SIR: Your account of the epic burning of Atlanta in *Gone With the Wind* doesn't quite do justice to Lee Zavitz, the special effects man who engineered the burning and went on to such later triumphs as the locomotive crashes in *The Train*. I interviewed Zavitz several years ago, and when he got to the burning of Atlanta, he recalled:

"I was pumping a thousand gallons of gasoline a minute onto those sets. Actually, I used 20 percent gasoline and 80 percent diesel fuel. I also had another tank with water in it and a valve set up so that when the gasoline was all pumped out, the valve would switch to water and put the fire out. We burned the set three times. The Los Angeles Fire Department and the Culver City Fire Department were both there. Burning boards would sail overhead, and the firemen would shoot them down with their hoses, like ducks."

DANIEL JACK CHASAN
Vashon, Wash.

SIR: Stanley Kauffmann shouldn't kid himself that he remembers "Hattie McDaniel talking herself down the long stairway." She talked herself *up* the long stairway, in one of the screen's longest monologues. Susan Myrick, a technical adviser on the picture, once told me that particular scene took three straight days to film because Hattie McDaniel kept blowing her lines. By the time of the final take, the

actress was exhausted, and the tears were real. So that's what it takes to win an Oscar . . .

HARRY HAUN
New York City

MITFORD ON PRISONS

SIR: Re: Jessica Mitford's "Experiments Behind Bars" (January *Atlantic*).

Vermont State Prison is listed as one of the institutions where medical experiments are conducted. The last such study, which dealt with the relationship between obesity and diabetes, terminated in June, 1971. As a matter of policy, medical experimentation in Vermont correctional institutions has been prohibited since that time.

KENT STONEMAN
Commissioner of Corrections
Montpelier, Vt.

SIR: I wish to address myself to those charges made by Jessica Mitford in "Experiments Behind Bars" which deal with the series of researches reported by Dr. Robert Hodges, which were done under my general jurisdiction as head of the Department of Medicine at the University of Iowa and as the organizer of the Metabolism Unit in our hospital, where the studies were made.

The thorny problem of informed consent is one which I do not have "the answers for." In the studies which Jessica Mitford cites, however, and in the other studies done with prisoners as subjects of the University of Iowa, informed consent was realized as follows:

(1) The entire plan with exact details of what was proposed was explained. Questions were answered. Procedures were demonstrated. Many more volunteered than we could handle.

(2) At any time a subject could opt out, quit the experiment. A few did.

(3) There was no guard and no constraint, so that a subject could abscond or go AWOL if it occurred to him to do so. Some did but all afterward gave themselves up or were captured.

(4) The most telling point is that a substantial number of subjects, the exact figures I do not know, volunteered to repeat the long studies over again. A few were subjects for

several long experiments. Here is the clearest evidence of informed consent. What lesson might Miss Mitford draw from the fact that many prisoners preferred to be out of the prison and in the care of doctors interested in them, their problems, and what they might learn from this participation in the study? Being a subject was clearly more attractive than staying behind prison bars.

The money factor was of little or no consequence, since the prisoners could make more by work in the prison than they could under the conditions of our experiments.

For a great many of the subjects, the concern, sympathy, and true care they received while experimental subjects was a new experience for them. I know it helped in the rehabilitation of some.

Indeed, some were reclaimed and have worked in laboratories and under other circumstances in this hospital. They profited from the opportunities they had during the experiments.

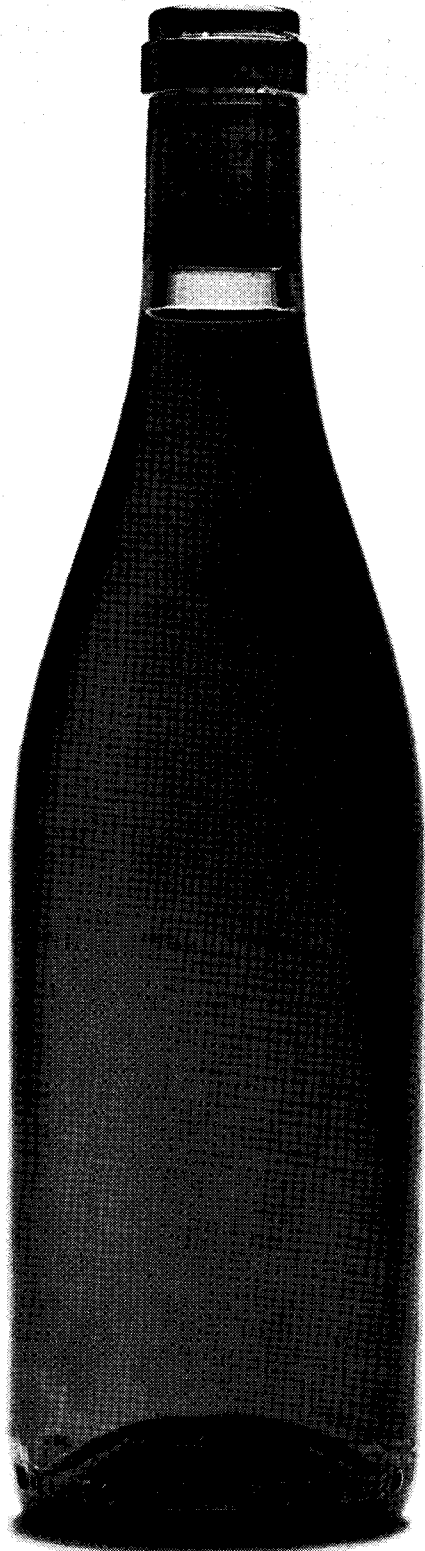
The degree of compliance by prisoners with the rules and regulations we set for our research studies has been surprisingly high. They have eaten strange foods, swallowed tubes, sometimes thin soft stomach tubes, submitted to repeated venipuncture for blood samples, carefully saved urine and stool specimens, and participated in a wide variety of physiological tests with good humor and cheerfulness.

It was our conclusion that, as we conducted them, the experiments using human subjects were done humanely, with scrupulous attention to strict moral responsibility and within the broad rubrics but with very much more detailed information and instruction to the subjects than is needed for "informed consent." The experiments were not conducted, contrary to the implication of Miss Mitford's title, "behind bars."

WILLIAM B. BEAN, M.D.
Iowa City, Iowa

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

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UGLY IS BEAUTIFUL

The Main Street School of Architecture

Contemporary architects are willing to learn lessons from primitive or industrial architecture, but most of them shy away from the lessons that can be drawn from the commercial architecture of Main Street, of Howard Johnson's and McDonald's hamburger stand modern, of the neon glow of the Las Vegas strip. "For the artists, creating the new may mean choosing the old or the existing. Pop artists have relearned this. Our acknowledgement of existing, commercial architecture at the scale of the highway is within this tradition."

The author of this controversial manifesto is Robert Venturi, a bluntly iconoclastic architect and apostle of "ugly art, and ordinary." Author of two recent books, *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* and *Learning from Las Vegas*, he has designed, among other things, fire stations, libraries, university classrooms, and private homes. Venturi, 47, and his wife, Denise Scott Brown, 41, also a writer and architect, are full partners in a calculated challenge to many of the cherished assumptions in their profession.

The interview that follows was conducted in New Haven, in the offices of Yale University's Art History Department. The interviewers are John W. Cook of the Yale Divinity School and Heinrich Klotz, Director of the Marburg Institute, Marburg, Germany, and, for a time, visiting professor at Yale. Their talk with Venturi and Brown, along

with interviews with several other prominent architects, will appear in *Conversations with Architects*, to be published later this spring. —The Editors

JOHN COOK: Mr. Venturi, the very few buildings your firm has built have had a major impact on American avant-garde architecture. There has been a great deal of comment on their formal aspects. What would interest us is more information about the preliminary stages of planning and the process through which your buildings evolve.

ROBERT VENTURI: If you are referring to the theories of process that architects are talking about a lot now, that is, the methods for designing and then solving complex program problems, we do not do much of that. We don't for two reasons: we have not been given very big jobs with very complex programs, and we have been more interested in content and image in architecture than in process in architecture. We have not been concentrating on the theories of process and program. We haven't had much incentive because of the rather small jobs we get. I have a reputation for being theoretical because I write and lecture. It's rather funny, because I'm not very good at talking or writing, and I don't like to do them. I've been in a situation where I've *had* to do a lot of thinking and theorizing because I haven't had much opportunity to work. My ideas have been my op-

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portunities. That's the reason I have talked a lot. I don't really want to; I'm not by nature a theorist. I'm very much a pragmatist and a craftsman.

HEINRICH KLOTZ: Your book *Complexity and Contradiction* is possibly the book most discussed among American architects and critics, but, at the same time, you are one of those architects who doesn't have enough commissions. There is a contradiction in the situation itself. Commissioners apparently want something other than what you are interested in, but the language you developed to talk about architecture is imitated extensively. The architectural awards given by the magazine *Progressive Architecture* [January, 1970] directly reflect your value system by giving awards to architects whose projects take up your ideas, and yet you yourself are sitting around waiting for commissions.

RV: I agree, generally, and I get a little bitter about it. We're asked to lecture all over the country, all over the world. We are now saying to the universities that invite us: "If you can get us a commission for a building at your university, we'll lecture for nothing; otherwise, please ask your campus architects to lecture to your students."

What happens is that, usually, the man who does a new thing the second time does it better, in a way. I mean he builds on it, he does it cleaner, he really sees the situation more clearly than the man who sweated and struggled to slug it out the first time. The other reason is that our architecture

is, evidently, hard to take, especially for many other architects. I don't understand why, but we irritate architects.

JC: What would be a position of yours which irritates architects?

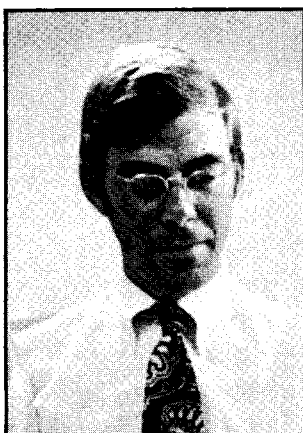
RV: For instance, we like to look at the existing landscape and go on from there, looking at it non-judgmentally at first. This horrifies architects very much, because they've been saying all along that *everything* is all wrong. Their whole reformist attitude is . . .

JC: Paul Rudolph, for instance, has said that Venturi's architecture is already built, it's already there. If Venturi accepts the existing cityscape, then he doesn't need to build anymore.

RV: Yes.

JC: If "everything is almost all right," using your famous phrase, then why continue?

RV: But, of course, I never said that. My statement was, "Main Street is almost all right," with a careful stress on the "almost." Besides, it is rhetorical. It is not to be taken too literally. We say our buildings are "ordinary"—other people have said they are ugly and ordinary. But, of course, our buildings in another sense are extraordinary, *extraordinary*. Although they look ordinary, they are not ordinary at all, but are, we hope, very sophisticated architecture designed very carefully, from each square inch to the total proportions of the building. Literary critics have known about this all along, that is, about the use of clichés, the use of common, everyday language which makes the literature of Eliot and Joyce, for instance, *extra-ordi-*



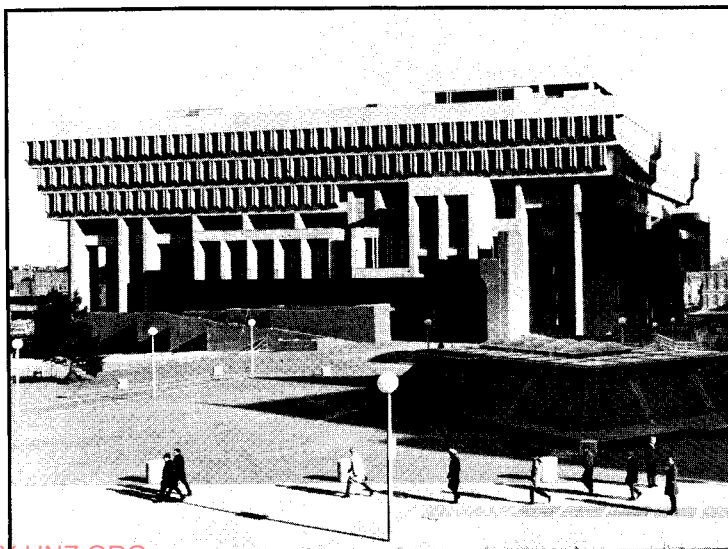
Photos, from left to right:

Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown (top row), John Rauch and Gerod Clark (bottom row).

Boston City Hall.

Signs and buildings on the Las Vegas Strip.

A map of the Las Vegas Strip, which in Venturi and Brown's words, suggests "how the quality of space between road and building or sign is intensified at night."



Ugly Is Beautiful

nary. This is a widely used method in all art, and it is well known, except, apparently, to architects.

JC: Why use the term "ordinary" at all?

RV: It was partly a polemic, but also because on one level it *is* ordinary in the present context. It is a reaction to the heroic stance of architects like Paul Rudolph, for example.

JC: Would you prefer to use some other term now that there has been so much reaction to "ordinariness?"

RV: The primary meaning of the word doesn't matter too much. Not to sound pretentious, "Gothic" and "baroque" were originally derogatory terms.

HK: You don't want to destroy the existing environment; you want to adjust yourself to the existing environment and still build a building which is not the same, not identical with the environment.

RV: Yes, but I don't think this is the answer for all time. We're people working in the context of now. The original source of our feelings about the ordinary, about starting with the existing landscape, looking at it without a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, was an artistic, intuitive one. It did not develop out of a rational process. We just didn't *like* what architects were doing to the landscape

when they engaged in total design. We don't like the megastructural, heroic, pseudoprogressive stance of Establishment architecture now. We think it has neither validity nor vitality, and this was an emotional, artist's response.

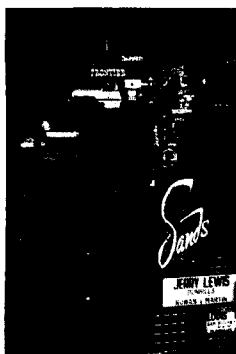
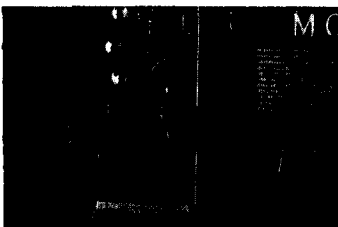
And then we went and looked at architecture that's not *trying* so hard, architecture of the everyday landscape, and we felt there was a vitality and a viability there. Then we rationalized our original reactions and tested them against a social and technical critique based on real needs and feasibilities in this country today. I think another point is that much of this attitude comes from our own experience as architects; we get commissions for very small jobs with very modest budgets, and it hurts to make a pseudoheroic building when you don't have a heroic situation. In a way, we're making a virtue of necessity. OK, if society is giving us little jobs with crummy budgets, that is the state of architecture for us. (In fact, it is the true state, relatively, for almost everyone.) Let's not fight it. Let's joyfully make something out of it.

HK: What if you had gotten the commission for the Boston City Hall?

RV: Boston City Hall is, to me, a very good example of what's wrong. It's bombastic, I think. Boston City Hall is trying to do something through architecture that architecture can no longer do. In the past, architecture *could* be monumental. It could denote civic monumentality in the city.

HK: Just by form?

RV: Just by form—by pure architecture. Siena could have a *palazzo pubblico*, but not Boston. Philadelphia could do it rather well in the nineteenth century with its lovely monstrosity of a city hall. The urban renewal people, with their urban



revival of traditional urban spaces, are trying to return to Italian monumental urbanism. Urban renewal has tried to bring the center city back via pure architecture, and it has not succeeded, because this is not the era for grand architecture. Every age has its medium. The medium for now is not pure architecture. The Boston City Hall employs the formal vocabulary of late Le Corbusier. These pure, heroic forms were great as the tense manifestation of late genius in a Burgundian field for monks. Not so for bureaucrats and citizens in a Bostonian piazza.

What the building should be is an ordinary loft building, or a shed that will shelter and accommodate the bureaucratic processes that go on in city hall. Then you cover that shed with a great big sign that blinks "I am a Civic Monument," if that is what you want. In other words, for us the main impact must come from media other than architecture. What I have just described for the city hall is what we have called the decorated shed. Modern architects have maintained essentially that the impact comes from the expression of the process of designing and building: the image of the building is a resultant of structure and space and program, and these all work harmoniously. We don't agree with that.

We think that these architectural elements can be contradictory to each other—that the outside might want to be different from the inside, for instance—and that the impact cannot come only from pure architecture. The history of architecture can tell us that architecture always incorporated iconographic and symbolic meanings. The Gothic cathedral is a decorated shed, to some extent, teeming with mixed-media messages. The image is not just architecture. In fact, there are contradictions resulting from the complex image: the facade of Amiens is not "organically" related to the building behind it. Or, rather, a disunity exists if you look at the building as pure architecture. But this is not only a building. It's also a billboard facing a *place* which broadcasts a message. The billboard functions more in front, the architecture more in back; up front, architecture alone wouldn't have had enough impact.

JC: What is the medium for today?

RV: Well, I'm not sure, but I think the medium is less abstract and more symbolic in nature, less architectural and more graphic in nature. We came around to this through the commercial strip. In our landscape, the architecture which makes a unique impact is the strip. The idea of the symbol in space over the form in space applies not only for the commercial strip in our landscape, but also for the residential suburbs, as our learning from the Levittown study at Yale showed. The iconography of housing developments is rich in symbolism. But, for civic architecture, the commercial strip applies very directly, because that is what makes an im-

pact over big spaces at high speed. The car is here to stay for a while, and our buildings in the auto landscape of parking lots are relatively insignificant pimples on the surface of the land, and they cannot "read" without the reinforcement of signs and symbolism. Orthodox architecture, pure architecture, has to be savored as you *walk* through it. It cannot stand the distractions of our hostile environment. But, today, the real environment is where you can mix symbolism and architecture. And it is here that you get back to the symbolic architecture which history abounds in.

Everyone has his own methods of learning. I'm someone who refers to historical architecture; looking at past building can be stimulating as a method; it helps me see in new ways. And, now, I am enjoying looking at the iconography of historical architecture.

In the recent past, architects of my generation went to Europe to look at space and piazzas and spaces between buildings. What we saw was the equivalent of abstract expressionism. The buildings around the piazza, for us, were merely abstract forms making space with textures, patterns, and colors. The symbolism we did not see. Only the art historians remembered the symbolism in that architecture.

HK: The idea of symbolism might not be clear for everybody.

RV: There are different kinds of symbolism, and that can get you into the intricacies of semeiology. But I'm being very simpleminded here: I refer to the shape of the building itself, like a hamburger-shaped building where hamburgers are sold by the side of the highway, mixing the media of painting and sculpture and architecture. Or the symbolism might be *on* the building, in the form of a sign. Today's architectural iconography connects with advertising art, which is another stimulus. We like looking at ads. Suddenly, they are interesting.

HK: Most of your buildings are dwellings. There is little opportunity to introduce a kind of symbolism, because there is not much need for public messages.

RV: Actually, we have built only two houses. But one's thinking is always ahead of one's architecture, because architecture takes a while to materialize. You can get an idea in a fraction of a second, but it can take five years to become architecture. So our architecture is tame compared to what we are saying. Also, we try not to make our architecture a vehicle for our ideas, so there is purposely not too literal a correspondence between the two.

What we are trying to do is to make an impure architecture—bringing sculptural, graphic, pictorial, and other associational qualities to bear on architecture. As we have said, all this existed before in eclecticism and most other architecture. Our method, generally, is to do what roadside archi-

ecture does, which is to make architecture the sheltering aspect, separating the meaning—expressive—artistic aspect from the building aspect. This is anti-architecture, if you will, and it is defining architecture, to some extent, as the decoration of structure. This is an admitted dichotomy. Even the Italian *palazzo* is essentially a decorated shed in this view. For three hundred years, the structural-spatial configuration did not change much. It was the outside which was given changing symbolic and ornamental surfaces.

HK: The problem, of course, is that the American society wants to have an architecture of strong images in a traditional way. There is still a predilection to build impressive public buildings which demonstrate power. This predilection leads architects in the direction opposite from yours. Architecture as pure architecture still seems to be the best vehicle for demonstrating power, as in Beaux Arts times. The value system of American society has not changed very much.

DENISE SCOTT BROWN: You find the same thing in advertising. Think of the many products which are sold “just like grandma used to make,” or “finger-licking good,” which are reminders of days back on the farm. Now, Madison Avenue can handle that need very well. Why shouldn’t architects be able to?

HK: But you do just the opposite. You take the existing subculture of the strip and pull it up to the level which traditional architecture has considered to be *its* domain. Our environment is, as a matter of fact, strip architecture, but we haven’t been able to accept it. There is an antagonism between the strip and Boston City Hall. What you are doing now, actually, is to bring the strip up to the level of Boston City Hall, but in doing so you are alienating the existing society by saying what it really is.

DSB: I would put it a little differently. I would say that we are taking a very broadly based thing, which is the popular culture—and I wouldn’t exactly call it a subculture, because it is so broad—and we’re trying to make it acceptable to an elitist subculture, namely, the architects and the corporate and governmental decision makers who hire architects.

RV: The thing gets very mixed. I agree with you that the current, orthodox, Establishment architecture is Beaux Arts, but, on the other hand, the image of modern architecture is avant-garde because originally modern architecture was revolutionary and progressive, or claimed to be.

JC: When you begin to translate the strip into architecture, it becomes a self-conscious strip.

DSB: Yes, it becomes high culture rather than low culture.

JC: In addition to the conscious use of the strip vocabulary, you bring a sociological awareness into your architecture. We haven’t found many architects who care for sociology. But, in your studio,

there is an enormous amount of energy going into the sociological questions before the design stage. Does this mean that the architect needs to become a sociologist at this point? Can he afford the time it takes to evaluate a society before he starts building?

DSB: Most architects scorn the notion of sociology. You’ll find that Louis Kahn [his most recent architectural design was for the new library at Phillips Exeter Academy] says that sociologists deal with families with 2.5 members. He is criticizing the social *physics* side of sociology, the side which involves measure, and he calls it the whole of sociology. When I first came to America, I had a course with Herbert Gans at the University of Pennsylvania and thereafter worked with several social planners. I don’t believe the architect becomes a sociologist, but he certainly has to look at the information of sociology from an architectural viewpoint. I like the fact that the influences upon us are the pop artist on one side and the sociologist on the other. There are very few good links between them, but we in the middle can learn from both. In a sense, on one side we’re fighting the architects who say there’s nothing we can learn from the sociologist, and on the other side the sociologists are telling us that we architects will have to extend our conceptual framework before we can learn from them. I say we will have to extend their framework as well, since they have neither the tools nor the outlook to take it into our field themselves.

JC: From what we have discussed so far, two of the major components of your architecture are the discovery of the strip and sociological awareness. What else?

RV: Also, the symbolic content of architecture which the strip shows us.

DSB: Also, interest in popular culture as it is able to influence and inspire high culture. I’m sure that there has to be a relationship. If we’re to get another kind of architecture different from urban renewal architecture, which we believe is not really relevant, there must be an acceptance of this other kind of architecture at the decision-making level. Taking popular culture and interpreting it in the light of high culture is the only way you will get changes of attitudes in people who judge competitions, people who award contracts to architects. However, it’s no use just criticizing urban renewal, and it’s no use just reading sociology. You never move directly from a sociological idea to an architectural idea. There has to be an analysis of form, a change of formal vocabulary, and a working with a new, more relevant grammar of form; and this we think we get from looking at the strip and urban sprawl.

HK: That makes the difference between the existing “ordinariness” and the conscious use of an “ordinary” vocabulary.

RV: Representational art in painting and sculp-

ture has a long tradition of depicting ordinary things and scenes. Another aspect of this subject involves meaning and iconography, but the subtleties of these subjects I know little about; they were not part of our education. We studied space. Some English architects are now considering meaning and the whole subject of semeiology in a way that is relevant to architecture now. In my day, you studied imagery from a Gestalt standpoint of perception; it was a game in abstraction, without the elements of association and past experience and their effects on perception.

JC: Then it would not be fair to criticize your use of ordinariness as an invitation to blandness?

RV: Andy Warhol said, "I like boring things," and we consciously make our buildings boring. On the other hand, we want to make them tense. We work hard to give them tension, and architecture with tension is not boring. Again, "boring" is a rhetorical exaggeration, as a reaction against the building up the street which is theatrical.

JC: One thing we haven't mentioned is humor and irony in your list of priorities.

RV: Right.

DSB: I was going to say that when everybody was posturing and being extraordinary, being quiet and ordinary was very unusual. It has shock value.

RV: Modern architecture has taken into its theory what is called indigenous architecture, archi-

tecture without architects. You know Le Corbusier went to the plastic architecture of the Mediterranean, and others went to huts in the Pacific. He went there and, like the others, appreciated it presumably for its structural honesty and its directness. But never for its symbolism. The anthropologists tell us that this architecture is extremely complex. It is not simple. It is teeming with symbolic and iconic values, as well as inherent structural values which appear straightforward, and maybe they are. But these other qualities are not. So when we are talking about "ordinary," we are talking about the symbolism of the ordinary as well as the substance of the ordinary.

DSB: Nevertheless, we get accused of being "slaves to the mediocre."

RV: We have also been called "Nixonites" and "Reaganites."

HK: That, of course, is because you affirm the existing landscape.

DSB: And people's right to have their own architectural values.

HK: The traditionalists look to the past in order to escape the present. The utopians look into the future in order to overcome the present. You point at the reality of the present. As long as there is a desire to build a Boston City Hall, there is no desire to accept the strip, the present.

RV: But the strip is full of fancy—more than the

Photos and drawings from left to right:

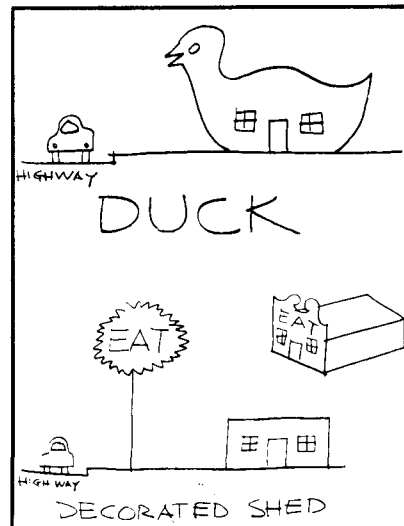
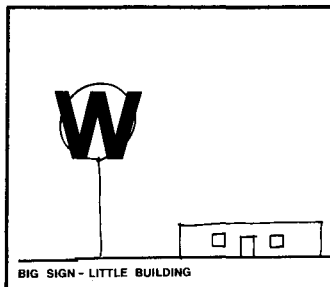
Three drawings by Robert Venturi: (1) a sign-to-building size relationship; (2) the Long Island Duckling building; and (3) a decorated shed.

Two photos of buildings on South Street, Philadelphia.

A hamburger stand in Dallas, Texas.

The Long Island Duckling building.

Signs and buildings on the Las Vegas Strip.



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theatrical pomposity of current architecture. I really think that our culture *is* supporting the strip.

HK: In other words, the Boston City Hall is already a dead monument.

JC: When you consider the strip, and those forces which produced the strip, then you have to be selective and decide which forms can be relevant. There are architects who have reflected the mentality of popular culture, yet have come out another way. For example, Morris Lapidus is an architect who consciously or unconsciously . . .

DSB: That's highly conscious in his case. He has a whole rationale.

JC: At any rate, he comes out with a very definite solution which, at the same time, is very different from yours.

DSB: We really haven't worked out what the difference is. We agree there's a difference. We perhaps were surprised to find how much his rationale and ours went together. He has his reasons for what he does. It was a very conscious decision to make a kind of 1930s movie Valhalla in Miami, based on his analysis of its users. [Lapidus was the architect of the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach.] I think his training as an actor helped him, as well as his old-fashioned architectural training, which developed his skillful ability to draw beautiful things.

JC: When Lapidus says, "I want to build what a man wants," something is imposed upon Lapidus. But your approach is to determine what man wants in order to help establish it for him. In a way, *society* defines Lapidus' architecture, but *you* define what is society's architecture. There is the contrast.

HK: Morris Lapidus is affirmative. He takes what exists and does what is wanted. You take what exists and change it, thereby actually negating it.

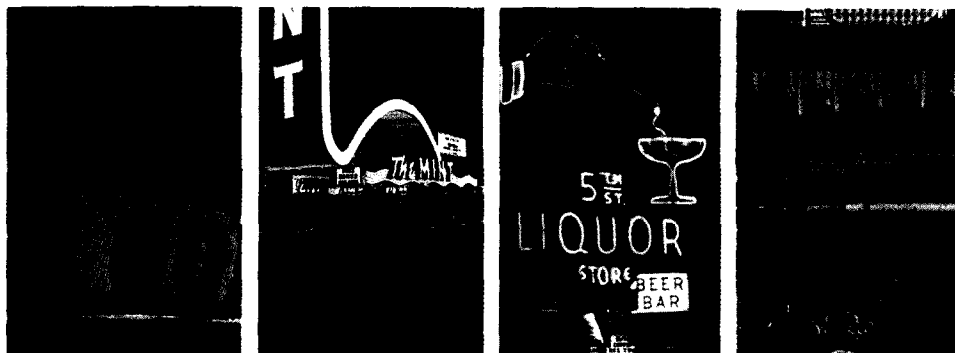
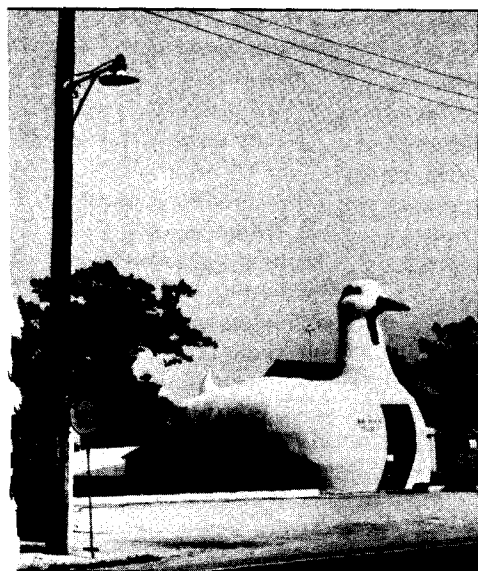
RV: Perhaps, on one level. That's what the pop artist has done. But I feel we both negate and af-

firm. And I'm not too happy with the thought that we define what society's architecture is. Isn't that what architects have been arrogantly doing for society all along?

DSB: We parody and use irony to some extent, as a way of expressing judgment. I think it's a loving irony, not a cruel one. The problem of judgment and permissiveness didn't start with architecture, by any means. Psychiatry was already concerned with it at the turn of the century. Being nonjudgmental has very respectable antecedents; the people who called us "Nixonites" should call Freud a "Nixonite" too. But we don't say we don't judge. We just say we *defer* judgment. In deferring it, we let more data into the judgment, we make the judgment more sensitive. Why do we accept certain aspects of the strip and not other aspects? The basis of that judgment is partly social, partly aesthetic.

JC: The mathematics building at Yale is a very different set of demands. It is interesting to us that what is perhaps your first major building will be built in a stronghold of contemporary "pure" architecture. Will you alienate the campus or affirm its existing values?

RV: We have tried to make the Yale Mathematics Building in the tradition of ordinary architecture. Ordinary in the way the eighteenth-century Connecticut Hall at Yale was ordinary—in its construction, program, and appearance: ordinary in



the sense that it *is* conventional and it *looks* conventional.

HK: Then you relate it to the oldest architecture on that campus, rather than to the most modern.

RV: Modern architectural theory has acknowledged ordinary architecture—calling it anonymous architecture—but mainly for its “straightforward,” traditional techniques of construction, indigenous to the place, and for its supposedly simple form as a background for more heroic architecture. Never for its symbolism of the ordinary or for its style, because symbolism and ornament are scorned in architecture now. Yet symbolism and explicit association are essential and unavoidable in architecture, in the creation of it and the perception of it.

JC: In relating to the old “ordinary,” you introduce a new model as well. This is much the same way you use the architecture of the Las Vegas Strip.

DSB: Perhaps ordinary architecture with some decoration is a good model for university architecture. University buildings combine low budgets and high aspirations. Although they must provide down-to-earth, generous, kickable accommodations for some of society’s toughest users, they must also express the values society places on education. Campus architecture of the turn of the century—not only the Sever Halls or Cope and Stewardson’s Washington University and Princeton complexes, but the early college halls of many American state colleges—accomplished just this combination of tough generosity and rhetoric. Ordinary architecture, with superficial, openly acknowledged, symbolic, and associative ornament, harking back to the traditional campus, seems particularly suited to the changing values of the campus. The students and faculty will admit of a little rhetoric if it is skin-deep and witty, while their aspirations will, we hope, be suited by the tough-abundant quality of the rest of the building, which gracefully allows them to make it their own.

RV: Architecture for a time of questioning cannot be monumental. It cannot be a barracks, either. But it must be more than a loft. To the extent that it is successfully more, in the spirit of the protest, it will help express the aspirations of that protest.

HK: When Philip Johnson designed the Kline Biology Tower, he created a monumental symbol for science at Yale. Do you create an image for mathematics at Yale?

RV: The *image* is ordinary: a working building, enhancing rather than upstaging the buildings around it. The rhetoric lies in Leet Oliver Hall, which has enough for both, and in the relationship between the two. The Gothic porch in concrete and the quatrefoil paving pattern in back are small stylistic appliques on the loftlike bulk, making explicit the relation to Leet Oliver through sym-

bolism, as well as through compositional form and scale.

Not only the image but the *substance* is ordinary: conventional windows and brick curtain walls on steel frame for economical construction and maintenance. More rhetoric, but of a “second glance” order, will come, we hope, from the generosity and careful proportions and detailing of the conventional elements.

JC: How does one understand the architectural results of the Venturis? What role does each of you play in planning and design?

RV: It’s very complex. Certainly, there is a distinction. Denise’s training is in architecture and planning. In teaching, she is very much the leader. In design, she is mostly the critic, but in the very creative sense; the critic that T. S. Eliot meant when he said creation is nine-tenths criticism. John Rauch is also very important in understanding the way we work. On one hand, he is the businessman and technical partner; on the other hand, he is a crucial critic, at home in thinking abstractly; he is ten times more intellectual than I am.

DSB: John Rauch started off as a painter. When it comes to questions of presentation in the office, John, Bob, and Gerod Clark are a very close-knit team. I remember one competition when Bob debated an overly long time about a small point—on what trees to put on a drawing—till John came and said, after a few minutes of experiment, “Here, Bob, do this.”

RV: We call John our Rauch of Gibraltar. He knows what I’m doing more than I do. That could really be said of Denise, too.

DSB: Bob and I were faculty members at the University of Pennsylvania. We were sort of underground, in that most of our architectural colleagues were not interested in our ideas. In the office, I am the one who pushes functions of a social sort. I emphasize these early in the design stage, as we decide what the determining problems are in the project. In *making* the form, Bob is by far the most important person in our office.

Then there is Gerod Clark. He is probably the one with his ear most sensitively to the ground about pop art and new forms. In this aspect of our work, he is the expert. We depend on him for sophisticated aesthetic criticism.

JC: I think these answers are covering another important aspect of your work. They mean that, in your office, you not only include these other areas which inform your architecture, but you do not have the kind of prima donna master who determines the design with a rigid hand. You are describing a team action.

RV: I don’t like putting it that way because it sounds too much like a Walter Gropius architectural collaborative. But I like the fact that we work together.

JC: Would you accept being called "the Venturis"?

DSB: I use Scott Brown when I write, since that is the name by which I am known (and to perpetuate the name of my first husband, who died before he could make his own), and to maintain my own career identity against rather strong pressures for submergence. For example, Bob was accused of bringing the Nixon regime into architecture because of an article I wrote. It is always "Venturi's article" and "Venturi's architecture" (rather than the architecture of Venturi and Rauch), because architects are male chauvinists, and they go by the prima donna—or should we say primo uomo—system.

RV: Our major problem is that we haven't got much work and haven't built much. And I also, to repeat, don't like my reputation as a verbal type, a theorist for whom architecture is secondary.

JC: That is because you first wrote an architectural treatise.

RV: Yes, it's because I've written. I *am* a critical architect, because I think anybody who is an architect is a critic, and I subscribe to T. S. Eliot's emphasis on criticism as a part of creativity. I think some architects who talk build to prove what they are saying. I know our buildings are buildings first. We really don't think too much about our philosophy while designing. When we sit down to design, we really think of our buildings as solutions to the problems given. And then, almost later, I begin to realize that something I've thought about earlier has connected. That is why the Guild House [in Philadelphia] does not have as much decoration, or as much explicit symbolism, as one might expect.

DSB: A building is not merely a physical explanation of a theory.

RV: It's not a vehicle.

JC: Sometimes it works the other way around. You take the theory from the building.

RV: Certainly. I do that, too. I think that's all right, because you get to it intuitively, and then you realize what you've done.

HK: When we visited the Guild House, the "famous" gilded television antenna had been removed.

RV: That was taken down because it was not a real television antenna, very cheap, and it was falling apart. We could not afford a lasting sculptural one. The clients will not replace it, perhaps because they are Quakers. We had quite a battle, in the first place, convincing them to spend six hundred dollars on imagery.

HK: Could you explain the gilded antenna to us?

RV: The bulk of the building is conventional and ordinary, but the narrow front facade is monumental by contrast. That is why we have a curved window at the top which terminates the stack of balcony openings on this facade, so that

this configuration becomes one whole—a kind of giant order in contrast to the six-story scale of the rest of the building. We wanted the building to be ordinary and monumental at the same time. We like the idea of putting a piece of sculpture on top of a building in a Renaissance way (although they never placed a piece of sculpture in the *center* of the roof line). Ideally, we would have liked to have a plaster madonna with her arms outstretched in the pop art manner, but that would have been inappropriate for a Quaker building, so we used a television antenna—a commonplace element, but enlarged and gilded, giving it a new meaning as well as the old common meaning. Then, there is the symbolism of old people who look at television.

HK: Critics took it as a derogatory symbol for elderly people's way of life.

RV: We didn't mean it that way. It's not for us to tell people that television is bad and they should read books. That horrifies us—the implication, that is, that art should be explicitly for the betterment of people. What a real bore.

JC: The antenna wasn't functional?

RV: Originally, it was going to be functional. Then, we found it wouldn't look good if it were a working device, so we made it not be.

DSB: When Andy Warhol looks at a Campbell's Soup can, I don't know whether he hates it or loves it, and I'm not sure that he knows, either. This ambivalence gives the tension. The same thing is true of our television antenna up there. Is it hate or love? It's a bit of both, which is a very real human emotion. Again, it's a question of judgment. The ambivalence, the mixture of both emotions, is not going to be resolved. That's our world. Why shouldn't we express that? We think we use parody not hatefully, but lovingly; with tears, maybe.

HK: Accepting what exists, in order to show what is meaningful, can make you end up affirming something like Co-op City, which, as a matter of fact, you have done. Co-op City is "almost all right." At what point do you become critical of that which exists?

DSB: There are certain things which we criticize very strongly. I don't think the expressway through the ghetto can ever be done well. I don't think water pollution can ever be done well. I don't think war in Vietnam, to put it mildly, can ever be done well. But we felt slight changes might make Co-op City good; that's where the "almost" comes in. We haven't said that we should be totally nonjudgmental about *all* aspects of life. We just want to suggest that changes for the better don't have to be catastrophic, and that when they are, they are sometimes for the worse; think of urban renewal, for example.

RV: If someone says everything is all wrong, he is usually coping out. Usually, the visionary is

somebody who walks away in disgust, saying, "It's just impossible," and nothing happens. Many architects imply, "We want Utopia, and we are superior because we can envision it." Meanwhile, the world is going to pot and needs some good, expedient, immediate action. I think the artist is seldom an explicit visionary, and when he claims to be, I get suspicious.

DSB: "The artist is the dreamer who consents to dream about reality" [Santayana].

RV: I think the artist really wants to deal with reality, to get his fingers dirty in the "how." In the end, he may be a visionary as a by-product, but he is not trying to be a visionary from the beginning. So, in a way, we pride ourselves in getting into the fray. I think that's really the artist's method.

HK: In distrusting the visionary, you might go too far in the other direction. Architecture like Co-op City doesn't need to be defended. It is taking over, anyway.

RV: You accept it only at the very beginning of the process of thinking about what to do next.

DSB: Co-op City is giving people just about the lowest-cost rentals in New York. We cannot ignore it, because we know there are 800,000 people living in substandard housing in New York, and hardly anyone is doing anything about it. We think Co-op City, and the form it has taken, should be examined as the product of certain forces—social, economic, political, and technical—

Photos and drawings of Venturi architecture from left to right:

Design for the National Football Hall of Fame Competition, 1967 (with the assistance of Gerod Clark).

Fire Station No. 4, Columbus, Indiana, 1965-1967, Venturi and Rauch.

The Wislocki house (top) and the Trubeck house, both on Nantucket (with the assistance of Terry Vaughan).

Guild House, Friends' Housing for the Elderly, 1960-1963, Philadelphia, Venturi and Rauch, Cope and Lippincott Associates.

The Yale Mathematics Building, New Haven, Conn. (with the assistance of W. G. Clark, Steven Izenour, and Denise Scott Brown).

which architects will have to understand before they can do better, or even as well. We are *not* saying it is the only solution for housing in New York, far from it, but it is one of a set of possible solutions which relates to location, land values, and the needs of the people in a certain way. It obviously has strength, because it's been done, and it seems to be needed and used. So we cannot afford to ignore it. Then we ask, "Can we positively like it?" We started looking at it, and we noticed that it is very direct in certain respects, particularly in the use of brick, and in its fenestration. Then we began to make criticisms, for example, of the skins around the parking structures. We also questioned the siting. We thought some small changes in the siting could make views of and from buildings more pleasant. We also looked for something frankly pretty and couldn't find it. The housing foundation was not prepared to commercialize their riverside and use the money to provide the pretty objects that they wanted people to see from their windows. So we began to criticize Co-op City on its own terms. On the other hand, we felt critics should not say that there is or will be social pathology in the housing without proving it. We should not say that Co-op City is an environmental failure and will therefore cause social failure. There is no proof for this claim in the sociological literature. Nevertheless, Co-op City can be human as well as superhuman.

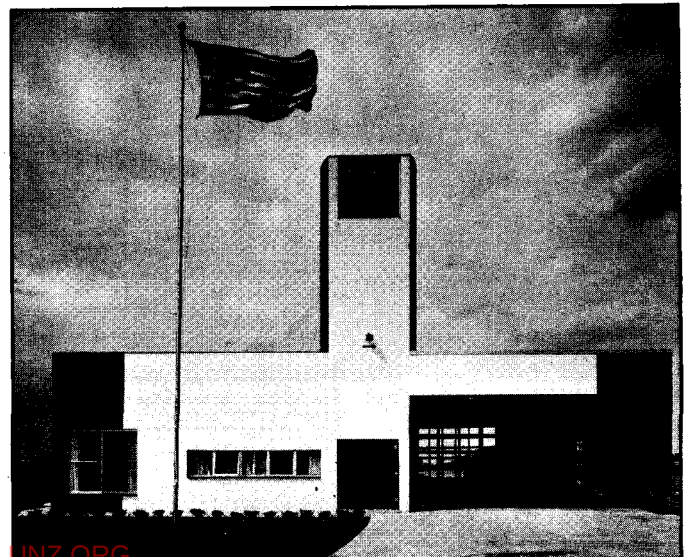
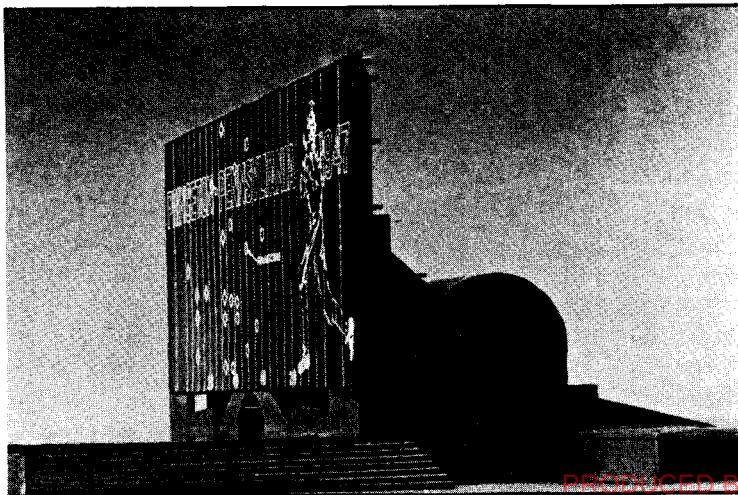
HK: What would have made it human?

DSB: It hasn't made too bad a start, as we suggested, but alterations in the siting to improve the view, and the use of frankly pretty, imageful, and symbolic objects at ground level, would help.

HK: These things are normally skipped in the budget. They are considered to be superfluous.

RV: Modern architects don't approve of them, either. They're adornment, if not immorality.

DSB: They wanted to do something, but they had no money. We suggested that they use the



Ugly Is Beautiful

river commercially and not ask the government for the money—sell hamburgers and boat trips to get enough money for fountains and sculptures.

HK: The clients are normally satisfied with the building itself; therefore, they consider symbolic ornament, the message-giver, superfluous. There is a problem in the way you separate the ornament from the building. In your proposal for a Football Hall of Fame building, the billboard, the facade, is separate from the building.

DSB: It's very easy for the client to say, "Now cut off the ornament."

RV: Architects deserve this reaction, because it is they who have indoctrinated the clients in saying ornament is evil, or immoral, or superficial. But these architects end by distorting the whole building into ornament and that is more expensive and irresponsible than just making a billboard facade.

DSB: We did fear that the Guild House sign, the big letters over the entrance, might be removed. I think we should consider ways to do the ornament so that it cannot be easily removed. Maybe colored brick and tile, rather than appliqué.

HK: As long as the billboard says, "I'm a cinema," it's all right. But if the billboard says, "I am Boston City Hall," it is not accepted. Even an apartment for elderly people may not be ready for its name to be broadcast.

JC: When you are defending the existing environment, like the Las Vegas Strip, or the new South Street Project in Philadelphia, you must run into political problems.

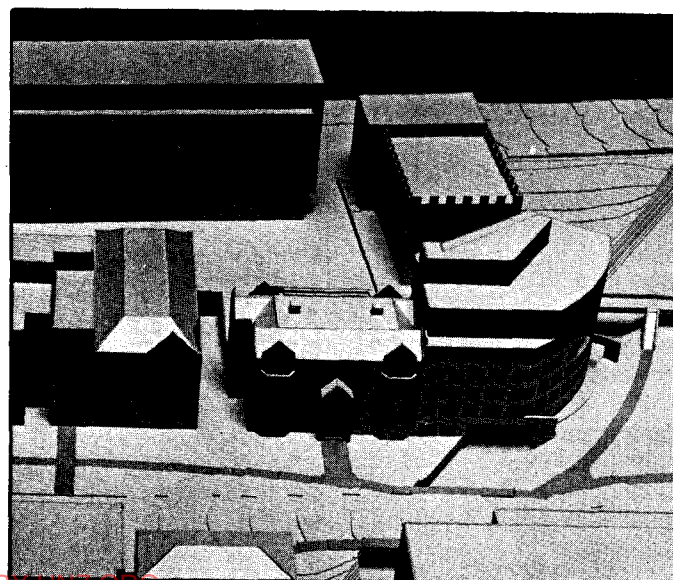
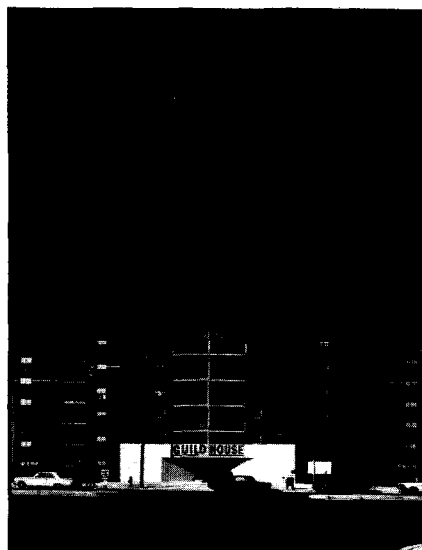
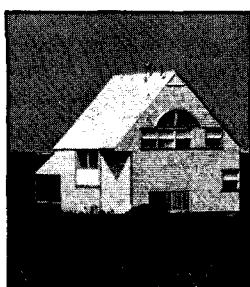
DSB: Our work on South Street combines social concerns, social analysis, and aesthetics. We were asked by a primarily black citizens' group if we would be their architects and planners, to help them keep the expressway off South Street. With

their help, and upon their instruction, we produced an image of what South Street could be. A ring system of expressways threatens the existence of South Street. One realizes that the solution of pushing an expressway through low-cost ghetto land in center city is not only not a solution but is also an immoral act. Producing a picture for the citizens of South Street which was evocative and imageful turned out to be an astute political move. And we know it was, because the chief antagonist, the Chamber of Commerce, was therefore impelled to produce a counterimage.

It was important to us that we were approached by a group of planners already working with the citizens' committee, who said, "If you can like the Las Vegas Strip, we trust you not to neaten up South Street at the expense of its citizens." I think that there's a strong connection between social ideas and formal ideas in this case, a connection we would like very much to maintain.

There's an irony in both the Las Vegas and South Street projects: there is no money. In South Street, we have had to work all along for no money because there just wasn't any. We finally got some for Las Vegas, but, when we first tried for the Las Vegas project, we were told that it didn't have enough social concern, and, at the same time, our request was turned down for the South Street project because it was "too political." So, we feel we fall between two stools.

Again, we feel that South Street, with all its restrictions, is where you need your very best imagination as an architect. Mostly, the problem is to rehabilitate existing beautiful old stores and housing in a way which will be economically viable. Where something new was to be added, we found the less architecture the better. And that calls for a high level of architectural sophistication. In architecture of social concern, it seems to me, our formal concerns, our aesthetic concerns, and our imagination are all called for. □



NORA

A story by Ward Just

Nora believed that my stories were old-fashioned. She said once, "Friend, why don't you write something up-to-date, immediate. The romantics are dead. Friend, they're *gone*." She was really very serious about it, and I had to tell her that hers was a liverish idea whose time had not yet come. Not that it made any difference, because in 1965 nobody would buy the stories except an obscure review in the Midwest, whose payment was in prestige. In the first six months of 1965 I had two payments of prestige, with a third on the way. For eats, as Nora liked to call them, I worked as a researcher for *Congressional Weekly Digest*, an expensive private newsletter which purported to give its subscribers advance information on legislation pending before the House and Senate. I was paid one hundred dollars a week for reading the *Congressional Record* and reporting my findings to the editor, who would rearrange them into verbless sentences.

But that had little to do with Nora. She was English and had come to Washington as correspondent for one of the popular London dailies. She had looks, and brains to go with the looks, but she was admired for her idiosyncrasies. Nora believed that America was alive and England was dead; interesting, amusing in its way, but dead nonetheless. She thought that this country was open to possibilities and in perpetual motion in a way that England was not. She had a wide circle of American friends, and spent as little time at the British Embassy as she could manage; the Ambassador there was an aging peer whom she called the kandy-colored tangerine-flaked streamlined baron (she could never get it right). In a bewitching West Riding accent she spoke American slang,

and the effect was hilarious; Somerset Maugham reading Allen Ginsberg. Her specialty was Southern politicians and she told me it was a high point of her life here when she spent an evening with the then occupant of the White House and came away with enough vocabulary to last her a month or more. She came to my apartment after dinner at the White House, still laughing over all the wonderful words and phrases she'd learned. I tried to pump her about the man himself, what he was like. How much did he drink? What was on his mind? Was his mood hot or cold?

"I didn't have a thermometer up his bum, friend," she said.

"Come on, Nora! Give! What did he say about the war? Anything about . . ."

She laughed and shook her head.

"Nora . . ."

"That dog won't hunt," she said, and that was that.

We'd met at a party on Capitol Hill, and I was quickly taken with her because she asked about my stories. Under any normal circumstance, a writer doesn't like to be asked what he's working on, except in Washington no one cared at all. No one ever asked about my fiction, so my identity was frozen at "researcher for *Congressional Weekly Digest*," a job I despised and was defensive about. Nora understood right away. She was persistent in asking about the stories and it was clear to me as I answered her that I hadn't thought them out clearly. She saw this, too, but did not press it. She told me to keep working, and everything would be fine.

"You'll be jake," she said.

"I will?"

"Sure. You're a writer. I can see that."

"Oh? Just how?"

"You don't know what you think."

Nora is barely five feet tall, and I come in at just under six feet four. I saw her then as a little girl who worked for a second-string London newspaper, looking up at me, figuratively patting me on the head; the patronage was unmistakable and outrageous, but I was charmed. At our first meeting, listening to her voice and watching her glide around the room, I fell half in love with her. She seemed wonderfully cheerful and inquisitive, intelligent and sure of herself, and I liked the attention. It was a large, jumbled party and she left it early, and two days later called me at my apartment.

"I've got a pretty good tip," she said. "Will that do you any good at that thing you work for? That newsletter." She sounded brisk and impatient.

"Sure," I said. Gottschault, the editor, paid me a ten-dollar bonus for any authentic inside story, anything that had not been printed elsewhere. I had never taken advantage of this, because I seldom read the newspapers and therefore did not know what was news and what wasn't.

"All right," she said. "The Senate Finance Committee will take up the oil section of the tax bill on Thursday. They will report it on Friday. There will be one day of discussion, in private. No more."

"Thursday, huh?"

"Yes, Thursday. Now does that suggest anything to you?"

"No," I said.

"Well, today is Wednesday. That might suggest to you that the oil section *has already been written*."

"Stop the presses," I said.

"Would you like to have that? For your very own?"

"Are you under the Official Secrets Act?"

"I'll send it over by messenger."

"Are you serious?" I suspected a joke.

"Yes," she said, and rang off.

The document arrived that afternoon, and when I gave it to Gottschault he whooped with pleasure and literally did stop the presses to get it in the newsletter. Then he gave me a twenty-dollar bonus, but when I asked Nora to dinner, she declined.

I don't remember when she started calling me "friend." It was probably the period when she began dropping in at my apartment unannounced. This was a two-room apartment in a brownstone off Connecticut Avenue. I never locked the door

and I'd know she was there when I heard the phonograph, Brahms if she was in a good mood, Bunk Johnson if she was not. She'd taken to American jazz along with everything else, and loved to listen to the blues when she was low. I worked in my bedroom and would finish whatever passage I was writing and join her and we'd sit and talk, sometimes all night. Washington politicians fascinated her; she thought they had nothing in common with the ones she knew in Britain. She came to modify that opinion, but in the first months in Washington she was as intrigued as a biologist investigating a new species. Nora developed categories for the politicians that she met.

It was clear from the first month that there would be no romance; I was never exactly sure why. But she seemed to want a friend—someone off the Washington political circuit, who was compatible and what she called "talkable." I was pleased and flattered—romance or no—because I was being very reclusive and difficult at that time of my life, and Nora was one of the ornaments of Washington. She had her own center of gravity, a distinct and (I thought) hard-won personal style. Late at night we tried to analyze the town, what made it work, why some men were successful and others were not, why women seemed to fail, and what each had to do with the other.

A couple of times a month she'd give me a document or memcon—she'd picked up government slang; a "memcon" is a memorandum of conversation—and as a result of that I was valuable to Gottschault. Now he was paying me a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, plus a thirty-dollar bonus for really important items. Items that were exclusive. Because of Nora's tips, Gottschault had become very popular at the National Press Club bar. It was clear to everyone that he had inside information, "inside skinny," as Nora called it. I enjoyed the extra money, but more than that I enjoyed Nora. I'd wait for her unannounced visits, when we'd sit and drink beer or coffee and talk. The longer she stayed in Washington, the more doubts she had about America; but she never regretted leaving London. Of course, she was by then one of the best-known foreign correspondents in town. Her copy was nothing much to read, because of the form in which she was obliged to write. The editor of her paper had a theory that no paragraph should be longer than two sentences, no sentence longer than ten words, and no word longer than three syllables. Once she wrote a two-hundred-word political story entirely in haiku, but her foreign desk mixed up the paragraphing so it came out wrong. But it was a noble effort, and (as a matter of fact) excellent haiku.

It was partly Nora's encouragement that gained me my first real sale, a story to the *Saturday Evening Post* for eight hundred dollars. I'd received word in the morning, and immediately rang her up

A collection of Ward Just's fiction, *The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert and Other Washington Stories*, will be published this summer.

at her office. But she'd gone. I was agitated the rest of the day, because I wanted to share this news with her. I'd been working on fiction for two years and this was the first evidence I had that I could sell my stories for money. I felt wonderful and spent most of the day congratulating myself that I hadn't "cheated" or "lowered my standards" or pandered to "the popular taste." I had eight hundred dollars and virtue, too. At four in the afternoon, I heard the phonograph. Bunk Johnson.

I opened the door right away, and saw Nora sitting on the couch. It had taken me four months to write the story; Nora had followed it from the beginning. I trusted her absolutely, and now I looked at her and grinned and told her I'd sold the story and mentioned the amount. She knew everything about it, including how difficult the story had been. I was certain that with that story behind me, I'd fly. "Nora, it's really going to move now. The bastards can't ignore me anymore," I said, and scooped her up in my arms. She was so tiny and light it was like lifting a doll. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek. She was crying, and I began to laugh.

"Oh, come on. No tears. Think of this, a real sale. Money. I've let the letter right here. They really like it. They're thinking of putting my name on the cover of the magazine. Do you know how many copies they sell a week? Five or six million copies." I held her tightly and laughed. "Every dentist in America reads the *Saturday Evening Post*."

When I put her down, she was still crying. I started to say something funny, but understood then that the tears had nothing to do with me or the *Saturday Evening Post*. I was appalled; there was something frightening to me about Nora in tears, Nora hurt with no visible wounds. She cried without covering her eyes.

She stopped crying after a minute, and I went into the kitchen and made tea. She was sitting quietly in the middle of the sofa, a bleak look on her face, her hands in her lap, listening to Bunk Johnson. We had become very close over the six months, and I had a strong protective instinct toward her; it was partly fatherly, and strongly sexual. She had been the one encouraging me, and now I wanted to help her. I had thought she was too strong to be hurt that badly by anyone.

"Do you want to talk?"

She shook her head.

"Drink your tea," I said.

She held the cup in both hands, sipping the tea.

"Trouble," she said.

"A man?"

She nodded, yes.

She was involved with someone, and I'd guessed it was serious. She was the only woman in Washington who took sex seriously enough to be private

about it. She had her own standards, which were uninhibited and seemed to me healthy; she said she loved the pleasure that sex gave her and never confused that with anything else. Beyond that, she was discreet. From time to time she stayed at my apartment, although we never slept together; different stars, wrong chemistry, she said. Those nights she was usually in flight from a bore or a sponge. She was cheerful about it, acknowledging that sometimes she picked the wrong man, and vice versa. But Nora's life was not an open book.

"Well, I'm a mess today."

I wanted desperately to say the right thing. She had always encouraged me when I needed encouragement, and I felt very much in her debt. I knew right away that this had something to do with her current liaison, the details of which I knew practically nothing.

"You tell me what you want to tell me," I said, as gently as I could.

"I have to write a story this afternoon."

"Well, I'll write the story. You tell me what it's about, and I'll write it. Then you can rest for a bit, and tell me what you want to later."

"Friend, you can't write a story for my paper. You don't know how. Your sentences are too long. Won't work."

"I'll cable London that you've got the flu."

"Would you do that?"

"Of course."

"No need to cable, just call Judson." Judson was the bureau chief, the man she worked for.

I telephoned, Judson was out, so I left word with the answering service. Then I went to Nora, who was stretched out full-length on the couch. It took an hour to get the essentials out of her, but I still didn't have the man's name. It didn't matter to me who he was, except that from one or two things she'd said, I gathered he was someone important. She told me the usual things, what he was like, what they talked about, how they'd met, what he meant to her, and how it was ended. It was "permanent," she said, but ended. He wanted to get a divorce from his wife, and that was the last—definitely the last—thing she wanted. It would ruin his career, and he would be no good at anything else. She would become an ego doctor, and she wanted no part of that; she saw it as martyrdom and it seemed to her wrong. If you're an architect or a lawyer and you get into trouble, you can resign and go practice somewhere else. If you're a politician and get into trouble, that's the end of it.

"I can't see him as anything else, and I don't want to see him as anything else. I don't care a hoot in hell," she said. "Getting married doesn't mean anything to me. It never did. I don't care about it. He gets his . . . juice from politics. Politics and me. If politics goes, there's only me. You know what happens then." She shook her head. "It's a disaster."

"Does he know this is the way you feel?"

"Yes, and he says it doesn't matter what I feel."

"Doesn't *matter*?"

"Yes, he says it matters to him. 'The only way,' he says. 'The only decent way.' Besides, he hates his wife."

"Oh."

"He says he doesn't want to go on sleeping with me in motel rooms." She smiled wanly. "Well, that's rather sweet, really."

"I guess it is."

"The thing is, he's really an awfully good politician. I mean . . . he's really *good*. Damned good. You know?"

"Look, Nora. Who is he?"

"You don't know?" She was incredulous.

"How would I know?"

"I thought everybody knew."

"Maybe everybody does. I don't."

When she told me, I shook my head. I'd had no idea.

He was a Midwestern senator, about forty, one of those who is always named on the lists of Most Effective Legislators, and for the last two elections as one of the many vice presidential possibilities. As senators go in Washington, he had what the press calls high visibility. He was not a member of the leadership, but he had an independent base of his own, particularly among academics. He had been a university president at twenty-eight and resigned to run for the Senate. That was a highly implausible sequence except that this particular university president's father had been governor, and his brother now published the state's largest newspaper. That was all I knew about him, except that he was a Washington politician who was clean. He was intelligent, he was not a thief, and he seemed to know his own mind.

Nora stayed with me three days; she barely moved from the sofa. Her spirits improved, her confidence returned. In the mornings we drank coffee, in the afternoons tea, in the evenings beer. She told me the story of the romance, how he had enchanted her. . . .

"I mean literally enchanted," she said. Then she went on to list the things they did together, her tone of voice changing. She became wistful, a most un-Nora tone of voice. She talked of the future, too, how he'd plotted his political career, the plans he had for the next national convention; this was before he decided to divorce his wife. But she thought he had a self-destructive part of him, and that was not always unappealing, surrounded as he was by success.

And not once in the first weeks did they ever speak of politics. They spent a weekend together in Nova Scotia, "and this was in December. Gosh, friend, did you ever spend a weekend in December

in Nova Scotia? I was touched; he used my name to register at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. N. Bryant. The way he did it, he was . . . oh, I don't know what he was doing. I took it to mean he regarded us as equals. We spent that time in Nova Scotia, and other weekends in other wonderful places. Have you ever been to Chincoteague Island? And all this time he was legislating in the Senate, and passing me the documents, the bad ones, to get them out in the open." She laughed. "He used to call me his publisher. He loved to see them all in print, then listen to the bitching and moaning inside the committee. I thought it was obvious, too obvious, so I passed some of the stuff on to you. Didn't you ever wonder where it came from?"

"Well, I thought you just picked it up . . ."

"Friend, you don't just 'pick up' the sort of stuff I was passing on to you. It was all golden." She smiled proudly. "He loved it, really loved doing it, watching the reaction . . ."

"The romance, Nora. It sounds to me a little heavy. It isn't the sort of thing you pursue in motel rooms."

"But it is! Why not? It was just fine, it was going along just fine. Nothing wrong, he'd have to go home from time to time. But his wife didn't really care. I mean he was under no pressure. Not from her. Not from me. Now it's ended."

"Why ended?"

"He'd be ruined without his political life. I *know* that. What do we do now? Does he open a law office, become a lobbyist? How about a beachcomber?"

"My God, you can get a divorce and still run for office. A hell of a lot of guys do that. You can divorce, remarry, and run for office. There's no law . . ."

"You don't understand. He's a Catholic. He wants to marry me. You don't recover from that. Not in his state. No, he'd have to give up politics altogether. Go do something else."

"You've talked it all out?"

"Until I'm out of breath! He won't listen. He wants to wait a year or two, then marry. He says he's through with motel rooms, and through with his wife. But he doesn't know what I know. Which is that without politics he's a different man, and not as good a man. It's the self-destructive part."

"Nora, people aren't defined entirely by what they do. People have other sides to them, sides that have nothing to do with . . . plumbing or writing or politics."

"Not him," she said.

"So you've refused absolutely to marry him."

She nodded slowly.

"What did he say?"

"He said he was going to get the divorce anyway."

"And then?"

"And then I'll change my mind, he said."

The next day Nora left, sad but in control. She was talking now about going back to England or cajoling her editor into a long assignment abroad, Africa or the Far East. She'd told me that she would never, never marry the man; it would destroy both their spirits, they'd be hypnotized for the rest of their lives by what he'd thrown away. She knew in her heart it was irretrievable. She said she understood the political mind too well not to understand that. If a man gives up power against his will, it haunts him. And there was no need, she said. No need at all. Just before she left my apartment, she made the only anti-American remark I'd ever heard from her. She generally regarded this country with great affection and enthusiasm, and it amused her to write pro-American articles for her Yankee-baiting London newspaper.

"Goddamned American innocence," she said.

"Thank you, Graham Greene," I replied. The remark irritated me, it was unworthy; it was true, but unworthy. "Can't you see your man is in a bind, too?"

"Well, we're all in a bind. But he's the one who's forcing it, *and there's no need.*"

I couldn't quarrel with that.

A week later, she called me for a favor. She said she would ask me the favor if I would cook her dinner. We ate a memorable meal; she was full of praise for the *Saturday Evening Post* story and one other story that I was working on. All the time she was talking, I was looking at her and wishing the stars and the chemistry had been right. She was in good form, and looking as beautiful as I'd ever seen her. She'd had another of her dinners at the White House and was full of new stories and phrases. She was pouring coffee when she said she needed the favor right away.

"He's coming over here tonight," she said.

"Great," I said.

"Just for an hour or two. It's better to talk here, was what I thought. Not that there's very much to talk about. Can you make yourself scarce?"

I smiled at the Americanism. "Sure."

"He's due in about five minutes."

"I'll go now."

"You can come back in an hour."

"I'll make it an hour and a half."

"I appreciate it. Friend."

"Just keep the door closed, and I'll know you're still here if I get back too early."

So I left. There was a bar down the street that had a color television set. I hadn't been in the bar in six weeks, but it was empty as usual and I took a seat at the far end, backed up against the wall, and drank draft beer for two hours. I thought I had better give them all the time they needed. While I sat and drank beer, I thought about Nora and how she would handle it. It occurred to me that there were a hundred jobs in Washington that the senator could get, all of them close to the—

what did they call it?—"the center of events." There were jobs in this town other than elective ones. Editing newsletters. Influence peddling. I began to think of him as an undersecretary of state or an assistant secretary of defense. Depending, of course, on how messy the divorce was. Whether or not the press picked it up, and how. But as I sat and drank the beer, I understood that these speculations didn't matter. What mattered was Nora, and how she saw it. She'd staked out her territory and was a very determined woman. She loved him, so she understood him, and she understood Washington, too; that was the essence of it. It seemed to me that the way she had constructed her argument made retreat impossible.

The night baseball game ended, and I was alone in the bar. The barman and I were watching the late news. There was film from Saigon and a report on the West Coast dock strike. We were chatting quietly, and then the barman moved off to serve a late arrival who had taken a table in the rear. I was preparing to go, when I caught the last of a sentence from the television announcer: ". . . the senator and his wife had been married for fourteen years." There was no more, but I knew they were talking about Nora's man. I turned to go and saw him then, at the table in the rear of the room, near the color television set. He was staring into his drink, a stricken look on his face. He hadn't taken off his overcoat; its khaki collar concealed his cheeks and jaw. He was almost as big as I am, hunched over the table in the overcoat, his hat on the chair beside him. He stared at the drink and clicked the ice with his finger, apparently unconscious of the surroundings. I turned back to the bar and in a moment I left, leaving a five-dollar bill and walking straight out the door.

I ran up the street to my apartment house, let myself in, and sprinted up the stairs to the second floor. The door was partly ajar, and I could hear Bunk Johnson's blues inside. Nora was sitting on the couch, a drink in front of her, staring at the bookshelves.

"He's gone now," she said. She waited a moment, concentrating, then went on. "He made an announcement tonight, he and his wife were separating. He prepared an announcement, a press release. He and his staff. Is that what you do in Washington? If you decide to get a divorce, leave someone's bed, do you first prepare an announcement to give to the newspapers? Before you've packed, said good-bye?"

"If you're a senator, I guess you do."

"Television, too, I suppose."

"I guess so. I heard it on the news ten minutes ago."

"I suppose you'd want the largest possible distribution, no part of America ignorant of any personal fact. Do you suppose he'll have a briefing for the wire services? Off the record? Deep back-

ground, perhaps. Lindley rule, with a release date?" She'd begun to cry.

"Nora, Nora,"

"No need," she said.

"Well, *he* thought there was."

"Yes, he did. He did he did he did."

"How was he when he left?"

"He didn't like it," she said.

"It isn't the worst thing I've ever heard a man do."

"No, not the worst. Unless you regard futility as an offense. Or ignoring other people's feelings. Or your own . . . your own sense of yourself. To destroy a part of yourself, what you are, what you have, in . . . obedience . . . to some stupid . . ."

I wanted to say something to shock her. "How can you be so goddamned sure?"

It was then that she made the remark about romantics dead and dying, although as I look back on it now, that can be taken two ways. In any case, the senator was duly divorced and Nora got her assignment abroad. I didn't see her again for six years, when I was in London on a holiday and rang her up and we had lunch at the Ritz. It was an elegant lunch and we talked about everything but that. I was waiting for her to bring up the subject, and I suppose she was waiting for me. But there was nothing to be said about it, at that late date. Nothing useful or illuminating or constructive. But I could never tell her, then or later, that I'd seen him that night in the bar, hunched over the table, staring at the glass, clicking the ice cubes with his fingernail. In light of everything since, she'd been right as rain. □

ON LEAVING TOWN

This must be a bad dream. We will wake up tomorrow naked in the prior garden, each entwined in his particular love. We will get up to natural water, fruits, and what? a gambol with the lions? Nonsense. This is petrified obsession, perfect in tautology, visible in the smoke, the layout of the streets, and prison buildings. The city has put on glass armor in rock war against its death, which is internal. It rides out radiate on country roads to ride down enemy foliage. Why? There's nothing left in it to kill except its people, and they look thoroughly every way—left, right, front, back, up, down, and in—before they cross another, or its streets. Such animals, joyful of desolate beauties, they are so tough, the live ones, that they stand around like Easter Island statues of survival won by casual struggle, proud of their tension or their craft. Oh I reject the dream but not the city. I have loved its life and left it and I am a better animal for having learned its ways; but it is not enough to be a captive animal, social in town. Escaped emotions: boredom and fear.

by Alan Dugan

THE TESTING OF A BULLFIGHTER

by Kenneth Tynan

"Today we have drunk from the fountain of bullfighting."
(They really talk like that.)



The announcement was made early in August, 1972. It said that on September 7 three old matadors were to fight six bulls for charity in a second-category bullring in southern Spain. At once the aficionados rejoiced and it was agreed that the *corrida* in question would be the most important event of the taurine year. The toreros were the three senior men on Spain's active list of some one hundred and thirty full matadors. Their average age (roughly forty-six) would be the highest ever recorded in a professional bullfight; and the bulls would probably be well below the legal minimum weight, since on charitable occasions the authorities tend to relax their customary vigilance. Yet an hour after the box office opened, every one of the five thousand seats had been sold.

To explain the excitement, I need only tell lovers of the bulls that the three matadors were Antonio Bienvenida, Luis Miguel Dominguín, and Antonio Ordoñez, and that the occasion was the traditional Goyesca bullfight in Ronda, for which the toreros dress up in costumes based on Goya's etchings. Other readers may require some background briefing.

Antonio Bienvenida ("Tony Welcome" to loutish English tourists), now aged fifty-one, is the oldest man still practicing the curious art of killing bulls gracefully. It was he who, in 1953, uttered a famous and outspoken attack on the scandalous habit of horn-shaving. He thereby risked ostracism by the fashionable star matadors who regularly fought bulls with horns that had been clipped and filed down to near inoffensiveness. But the risk paid off; bullfighting was cleaned up, and though some of the dirt returned in the heyday of El Cordobés, the integral bull is still seen in Spanish rings far more often than it was before Bienvenida's outburst. Since then the aficionados have forgiven him many bad afternoons in recognition of his services as crusader. And that, for the moment, is all we will say of this modest and stout-hearted man, whose knowledge of bulls is immense, whose art (despite his stocky build) can be exquisite, but whose best days are long past.

What caused the uproar of anticipation was the conjunction of Dominguín, Ordoñez, and Ronda. Ronda is a little Andalusian town perched astride a gorge in the sierra, high above the tourist ghettos of Marbella and Torremolinos. It is accessible by five scenic and serpentine mountain roads, all of them in appalling condition for long stretches. It calls itself, with much justification, the cradle of bullfighting. Here Pedro Romero was born, the first great matador, who flourished in the eighteenth century. His statue stands in a park beside the ravishingly pretty stone bullring, which is the oldest in Spain. Ronda was the birthplace, too, of Niño de la Palma, a celebrated torero of the 1920s, who appears—renamed "Pedro Romero"—as the

Antonio Ordoñez

bullfighter in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. Antonio Ordoñez, likewise born in Ronda, is Niño de la Palma's third son. (By coincidence, Dominguín and Bienvenida are also the third sons of toreros.) It was Ordoñez, in the 1950s, who rekindled Hemingway's *afición*; Ordoñez, whose rivalry with Dominguín overshadowed everything else in the memorable season of 1959, about which Hemingway wrote a pious but oddly unsatisfactory reportage, marred by hero worship and entitled "The Dangerous Summer."

In the last twenty years the main reason for going to bullfights has been to observe the maturing art of Antonio Ordoñez. Not, of course, the only reason. Dominguín had his thousands of partisans; just over a decade ago an amazingly knowing boy from Sevilla named Paco Camino took the first steps of a career that has mingled artistry with apathy in proportions of approximately one to five; and another *Sevillano*, Curro Romero (whose moon face turns livid green when suffused with panic, as it frequently is) has built a strange reputation for extreme and unbridled fear which can modulate, perhaps one afternoon in ten, into pure, imperturbable genius. But for consistency over the long haul, for broadening mastery and deepening emotion, Ordoñez (born in 1931) has been the great figure—many *aficionados* would say the greatest of all time. In the seasons of 1958 and 1959 he reached the apogee of his youthful period. He had lately married the attractive younger sister of Luis Miguel Dominguín; there was a quarrel between the two families; and to patch it up, a series of *corridos* was arranged for 1959 in which the brothers-in-law would fight *mano a mano*—taking on six bulls between them, without the participation of a third matador.

There were sound commercial, as well as domestic, reasons for this. Luis Miguel, a tall and insolently handsome Castilian, was not only the most glamorous bullfighter of the age (friend of Ava Gardner's and Picasso's, hobnobber with jet-setters), he was also the supreme technician of the art, with bull-knowledge so encyclopedic that he could, if he wished, dominate anything the breeders could throw at him. He had been the young challenger to Manolete's throne in the middle 1940s; was on the same program when the maestro was killed in the ring at Linares in 1947; and he had shortly afterwards affronted the critical Madrid public by raising his right index finger skyward in their presence and proclaiming himself "el Numero Uno." And so, for a while, he was; until

Ordoñez, five years his junior, came along and began to show the difference between science and art.

In 1959 they were beautifully matched. No one could approach them in prestige and skill. The posters simply announced LOS DOS; there was no need to print their names. Their greatest afternoon came on an August Sunday in Malaga, when, from six Juan Pedro Domecq bulls of (it must be admitted) less than stupefying size, they cut between them eleven ears, four tails, and three hooves. I sat a few seats away from Hemingway, and tears were trickling down into his beard. A couple of weeks later Luis Miguel was nastily gored in Bilbao, where the bulls tend to be giants, and before long he retired from the Spanish rings, confining himself to rare, highly paid appearances in Central America.

Fans of the art will have noticed a glaring omission from my survey of bullfighting in the past twenty years. Wasn't there someone called El Cordobés? Well, yes, there was a performer of that name. His fame was vast in the 1960s, the tourists loved him, and he was paid more than any torero had ever been paid before. But although he was brave and tireless and possessed remarkable reflexes, he was essentially a clown, a circus act, a picturesque mountebank. Less forgivably, the Cordobés era undermined the standards of bullfighting more thoroughly even than the Manolete epoch, when the mass production of undersized bulls with truncated horns first disfigured taumachy. With Cordobés, such abuses returned; and he lacked Manolete's redeeming virtues—the power of conveying deep emotion, and the ability to kill honorably. Perhaps worst of all, a whole generation of toreros fell to imitating his tricks. There is a professional code that forbids one matador to attack another in public. Bearing that in mind, consider the following conversation I had with Ordoñez not long ago:

TYNAN: Has El Cordobés had a good influence on bullfighting?

ORDOÑEZ: You must ask El Cordobés.

TYNAN: Why has no first-rate classical torero emerged in the last decade?

ORDOÑEZ (*deadpan*): Same answer.

Sometimes in big *ferias*—devastatingly at Madrid in 1965—Ordoñez would appear the day after Cordobés, with the evident intention of showing him up; but the two never fought together. This was partly due to Ordoñez' pride. He had said he would not appear with anyone who was being paid more than he was, and although Ordoñez earned some enormous sums (\$50,000 for one afternoon in Tijuana), there is no doubt that El Cordobés got more. But another, more potent reason was that artistic competition between the two was inconceivable. They were not really in the same business, except in the nominal sense that Laurence Olivier is in the same business as Milton Berle.

Kenneth Tynan, drama critic and author of several books, is Literary Consultant of Britain's National Theatre. He lists watching bullfights as one of his favorite pastimes.

In 1971 three vital taurine decisions were taken. Luis Miguel, with time and money both running out on him, came back to the ring. In August, after a bad afternoon in San Sebastian, Ordoñez suddenly announced his immediate retirement, and canceled all his contracts for the rest of the season. Whether the still flourishing Cordobés cult had anything to do with his withdrawal, he did not reveal. The third decision came later in the year. El Cordobés declared that he, too, was giving up the bulls.

The scene was now set for the Ronda fight. 1972 would be the first taurine season without El Cordobés in more than a decade. And an idea took shape in Ordoñez' mind. He would return to the ring, but just for one *corrida*, staking all his prestige on a single gesture. He would put together for the event a *cartel* that would reassert the lost values of classical bullfighting. With conscious irony, he invited two other veterans to join him—the ironic point being that only ancients could remember or recreate what bullfighting had been in the years B.C.—Before Cordobés. And what lent the project its special, crowd-pulling piquancy was the fact that “Los Dos” would be appearing together for the first time in thirteen years.

Hence the sellout. Then disaster struck. Four days before his appointment in Ronda, Luis Miguel fought in the French plaza of Bayonne and was tossed, receiving on the way up several horn wounds in and near the scrotum (twenty-five stitches) and a badly dislocated shoulder when he hit the ground: no joke for a man in his forty-seventh year. That ruled him out of Ronda, and there was no one of anything like comparable experience who could replace him. In this crisis some felt that Ordoñez should have invited a young torero with classical ambitions to fill the gap, thus emphasizing that there was still continuity between the past and the future of bullfighting. Stubbornly, he chose another course. He determined to fight three bulls himself, and made the *corrida a mano a mano*, Ordoñez-Bienvenida.

The bumpy roads to Ronda were jammed that Thursday morning. All the major Spanish critics had made the trip, and the key members of the Spanish *afición*, who are predominantly Ordoñistas. The Conde de la Union, with whom Ordoñismo is an obsession, would be attending his first bullfight of the season; for nearly twenty years he has seen every *corrida* Ordoñez has fought, and no others. The international bull-followers were also well represented. I noticed Matt Carney, the tall, ageless American who, as even the Spanish concede, runs more bravely and spectacularly with the bulls at Pamplona than anyone else. The legendary Alice Hall of Georgia was there, doyenne of the bull fancy, friend of many

matadors, a spinster schoolteacher of bandbox aspect who has managed, by discreet economies, to dedicate the long summers of her retirement to the bullfight. From London, among many others, had come Michael Wigram, a young banker whose zeal for the bulls is so intense that the logbook in which he scribbles throughout every *corrida* contains (it is said) even such details as the color of the paper frills on the *banderillas*. This time, to make sure of missing nothing, he had brought with him a private film unit.

The ambiente was supercharged with expertise—I saw very few tourists—but in the excitement there was much nervous apprehension. After all, Antonio (which in the taurine world always implies “Ordoñez”) had had a dismal year in 1971 and had not fought a *corrida* for over twelve months. Certainly, he had trained for the event by caping and killing a dozen bulls in private; but whether, at forty, after a long layoff, he could stand up to the pressure of such an occasion was a question that nagged at many minds as we pushed our way through the thronged and flag-bedecked streets to the bullring.

Here are the notes I kept, sardine-packed in my *barrera* seat:

“4.30: the band blares out the *pasodoble* and the two matadors in their Goya suits lead the procession across the ring. Ordoñez in white silk jacket and blue silk pants (both embroidered in black), carrying the black sickle-shaped hat of the period. Great ovation. He looks astonishingly youthful, much slimmer than for many years: obviously he’s tuned his body to concert pitch. Man from the Ministry of Labour steps out and pins to his chest the Gran Cruz de la Beneficencia. (He’s renowned for his benefactions: in the little Moorish town of Tarifa, a whole workers’ housing estate has been built on the proceeds of 14 *corridas* in which he fought there unpaid.) More applause.

“First bull for Bienvenida as senior matador, and the first surprise: it isn’t a midget of the kind you expect at charity affairs, but a toro of respectable size and armament. Ordoñez picked the animals himself from the ranch of Carlos Nuñez, one of his favorite breeders, and if No. 1 is anything to judge by, he did not choose them for ease and comfort. [*Next day the critics agreed that the bulls had presence and bravura, were neither small nor easy, and would not have disgraced the biggest plazas in Spain.*] Bienvenida dedicates his *faena* to Ordoñez, gets through some fluent and delicate work with the *muleta*, and kills quickly. Perhaps overgenerously, the president awards him two ears.

“Hiss of expectation as the crowd shushes itself to silence, all eyes on Ordoñez. His face is not particularly interesting, if by interesting we mean beautiful (like Luis Miguel) or dramatic (like Manolete, the so-called ‘Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance’). It is simply a full, dark-brown oval, slightly weathered, with thinning black hair slicked

The Testing of a Bullfighter

straight back, shrewd brown eyes, and a lazily charming smile. His concentration is casual but total, and can ripen into rapturous serenity when things are going well. But if I pointed him out to you in a bar as a lawyer from Sevilla, you wouldn't suspect a hoax. He does not seek to impress out of the ring. I never knew a man more secure in his identity, more tranquil in his awareness of himself as an absolute maestro.

"He moves out to the bull (larger than No. 1) in light, cat-footed steps, plants himself before it, shakes out the cape and ushers the horns through six of his famous slow-motion *verónicas*. Olés and ovation. Buoyant, he signals to his picador to treat the bull gently and requests the president to allow only one pair of *banderillas* to be placed. Taking the *muleta*, he starts to show us what we go to bullfights to see: the difficult made easy.

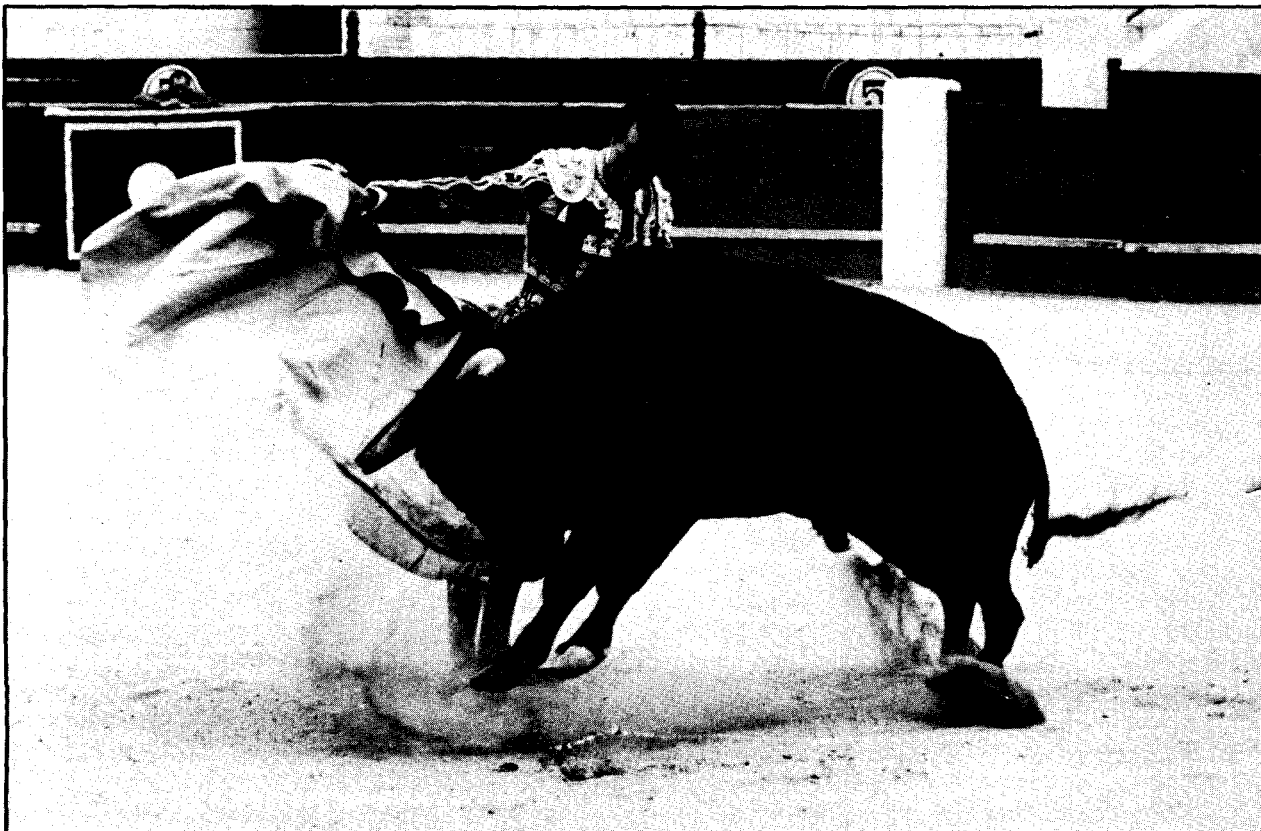
"The fundamental rules of the art, though simply stated, are easily forgotten. You stand still; you extend the cloth to provoke the charge; you slow it down to a tempo and a rhythm of your choosing; and you take the bull off his natural course so that you are using his aggressiveness to make a pattern of your designing. The classic way of doing this is to move the leg further from the bull forward as soon as the charge begins, so that it is placed directly in his path, and then to take him around and beyond it with a single sweep of the *muleta*.

This is what Antonio does in groups of linked passes—three series with the right hand followed by three with the left. After the last pass in each right-handed group, he twirls slowly on his toes, transferring the cloth behind his back to the left hand, floats it across the bull's dazzled eyes, and, completing his turn with uptilted head, walks softly away into a roar of applause. He goes in to kill well, leaning over the right horn, but unluckily hits bone twice before getting the sword in. He still receives two ears but is visibly irked by his failure to kill cleanly. [*For Antonio,* a critic wrote afterwards, *"those two unsuccessful stabs were like two discordant notes in a magnificent concerto."*]

"The third bull goes to *Bienvenida*, who dispatches it discreetly but drably, cutting no trophies. [*He did the same with the fifth.*] It's clear that the afternoon is going to stand or fall by Ordoñez' ability to rise to the occasion: he must take on himself the heavy responsibility of demonstrating single-handed that pure *toreo* isn't dead. Again one curses that Luis Miguel isn't here to give him the spur of competition.

"Bull No. 4, and it's difficult; tends to stop in mid-charge; won't lower its head to follow the lure but plunges through with horns perilously high. Such a bull needs patient and powerful teaching. To make the struggle beautiful—to combine the instruction the bull needs with the artistry the crowd

Luis Miguel Dominguín during a training session in his private arena on the outskirts of Madrid.



wants—this is the sort of challenge we expect great matadors to accept. It would be easy to avoid it, to settle for a few punishing passes and a swift kill. The crowd, though disappointed, would be tolerant.

“Antonio, as he must, accepts it. [*In the great classroom of the plaza of Ronda,*” said a critic, *“the professor gave his lecture.”*] First he tests the bull with both hands, gauges its flaws and merits, noting the angles and distances that dispose it to charge, and then sets about the arduous business of involving it in art. Halfway through a right-hand pass it stops. The horns swing up, a foot or so from Antonio’s body. Unmoved, he insists with the muleta. The bull looks from him to the cloth and back again; then, some crucial interior decision having been forced upon him, lowers his head and follows the cloth. This moment is the key that opens the floodgate. Passes of all kinds now flow without impediment, guided by Antonio’s marvelous wrists. The bull is literally his creature. ‘Every bull is a world,’ he once said, and how completely he has explored this one! All is done with such courtesy: man and animal are collaborators, not adversaries. I recall a characteristic statement of Antonio’s: ‘You do not dominate the bull. You coincide with him.’ Over in the sunny seats, the crowd explodes into that syncopated flamenco applause—clap, clap, clap, clapper-clapper-clapper clap—which you hear only in Andalusia, and there only when something superlative is happening. This time Antonio makes no mistake with the sword. One thrust, two ears and tail, delirium . . .

“Nothing can stop the triumph now. The sixth bull, though no pushover, presents fewer problems, and Antonio shows us all the treasures of his repertoire. This would not be a good bullfight to see if it were your first. In these sure hands everything looks too safe and simple. To appreciate Antonio in this vein it is necessary to know how monstrously hard the job is, to have seen what a botched, disorganized mess can be made of it, even by the best. Passes with both hands, high and low; whirling *molinetes*; *naturales* citing from the front, facing the horns head on so that an error with the cloth means a certain goring; circular passes, taking the bull right round the body—and all performed in the same small area of sand. Elegance is matched by economy. Have I ever seen Antonio better than this? In individual bulls, yes. For a whole afternoon, no. [ANTONIO ORDOÑEZ IN HIS PLENITUDE was the headline in *El Ruedo*, the leading bullfight magazine. Its review began: “The maestro of Ronda, whose toreo is at this moment a perfect synthesis of the styles of the two colossi called Joselito and Belmonte, gave today a matchless recital of all that classical bullfighting should be.” Joselito, who could do everything well, and Belmonte, who could do a few things unforgettably, were the twin heroes of bullfighting’s Golden Age, more than half a century ago. I have sometimes—

though rarely—heard a modern matador likened to one or the other; never before to both. Even allowing for the extravagance and sycophancy of much bullfight criticism, this is a unique tribute.] Another fine kill, two more ears, another tail, and the crowd on its feet shouting ‘Tore-ro!’ as Antonio circles the ring. The hometown audience rises to its hero: for whatever the national repercussions may be, this is above all a local occasion, its aim the raising of money for Ronda’s hospitals.

“Imperceptibly the chant changes to ‘So-bre-ro!’ The *sobrero* is the substitute bull that must always be available in the corrals in case one of the others is underweight or in any way lamed or incapacitated before the fight. The public is asking Antonio to buy it for them. The taurine regulations nowadays forbid this once common practice on the grounds that it gives rich matadors an unfair advantage over poor ones. But this is a special day; the crowd’s clamor is shaking the ancient bullring; and when Antonio crosses to the presidential box and begs, hat in hand, for permission, the president wisely grants it.

“The *toril* gate is only half open when the bull charges and splits it in two with his horn. This is easily the biggest of the afternoon. And a beauty: noble as well as powerful.

“Pointless to list the passes. The fight unfolds in an atmosphere of intoxication, with Antonio the cool center of the tumult. As with all great displays in the ring, it’s as if bull and man were both animated by the same profound source of energy—animal impulse compressed and canalized into deliberate beauty. The cape slowly billowing, the bull surging with it, never less and seldom more than a foot from its folds; the whole making an image like a great ship under sail. At this level bullfighting temporarily heals the rift, dissolves the tension, between reason and instinct, intellect and passion. The animal, by the end, is part of us. We no longer regard it as an alien force, outrageous in its violence, at all costs to be vanquished. Beneath an apparent contradiction—the bull’s power versus the man’s intelligence—we perceive a deeper harmony. Failure to achieve this perception was the fatal error of King Pentheus in Euripides’ masterpiece, *The Bacchae*, who tried to suppress the animal in man instead of accepting it, and died horribly in consequence.

“Appropriately, Antonio kills (at the second attempt) in the rare and dangerous fashion called *recibiendo*—not running at the bull with the sword, but awaiting the charge, accepting it.

“The crowd is a snowstorm of waving handkerchiefs. Two ears; the tail; still the storm persists. A hoof is cut; then another. Awarding hooves is also against the modern rules; but since it was illegal to fight the bull anyway, who cares? Admirers swarm into the ring—old men as well as boys—and Antonio is lifted onto their shoulders, and borne out

with the news into the rejoicing streets of Ronda.

"Scanning my notes, I make a discovery of purely statistical significance. In this *corrida* Antonio has cut 8 ears, 3 tails, and 2 hooves. Unless I'm mistaken, this adds up to more trophies than any matador in the whole history of bullfighting has ever won in a single afternoon. [*I was not mistaken.*]"

I walked back in silence to the hotel, grabbed a table at the bar, and ordered twenty-four dry sherries for myself, my friends, and anyone else who might need them. Conversation—apart from exchanges of understanding nods and smiles—was out of the question for a long time. One merely wanted to savor the experience while it was fresh in memory. (Apart from anything else, one was crying.) If anyone at that instant had denied that the man we had just been watching was one of the greatest artists in the world, I would probably have hit him. A minor torero I know slightly came up and whispered in my ear: "Today we have drunk from the fountain of bullfighting." (They really talk like that.) I offered him a sherry to top it off. No doubt about it, Antonio had made his point. The throne was not empty, the king not deposed. All was as it had been before the clowns arrived.

There was a party until dawn at the matador's house in Ronda. Next day the critics all raved in their different manners, but one word appeared in every review: "Apotheosis." Typical of many was the man who said: "Don Antonio returned with the same majesty and mastery as before—if not more. His four *faenas* have already passed into the history of bullfighting." Another writer recalled what Ordoñez had said when asked how he felt after a successful *corrida*: "I do not know how to say it. All I know is that when you have fought as you wish to fight, your bones ache, right to the marrow." "On this great day," the writer continued, "the pain of art came upon Antonio Ordoñez and penetrated more deeply than the marrow of his bones. It must have reached the marrow of his soul."

Last spring Ordoñez said to a friend: "Sometimes when I cape bulls in the country and I am feeling well and strong, I begin to think that perhaps . . . But as soon as I take a shower, the water washes away those wicked thoughts of returning to bullfighting." I saw him a week after the Ronda fight and asked if he had had any wicked thoughts lately. He grinned and shook his head. "The shower washed them away again," he said. "Next year will be the same as this year. I shall fight only one *corrida*. The Goyesca at Ronda."

The date is the first week of September. The nearest airport is Malaga. The best hotel in Ronda is the Reina Victoria. Already, I am told, the demand for rooms is heavy. □

FAUSTUS AND I

I went to the opera and God was not there.
I was, at the time, in my apprenticeship.
The voices were as full as goblets; in midair
I caught them and threw them back. A form of worship.
In those vacant moments when our Lord sleeps
I have the voices. A cry that is mine for keeps.

I went to the galleries and God was not there,
only Mother Roulin and her baby, an old man infant,
his face lined in black and with a strange stare
in his black, black eyes. They seemed to hunt
me down. At the gallery Van Gogh was violent
as the crows in the wheat field began their last ascent.

Three roads led to that death. All of them blind.
The sky had the presence of a thousand blue eyes
and the wheat beat itself. The wheat was not kind.
The crows go up immediately like an old man's lies.
The crimes, my Dutchman, that wait within us all
crawled out of that sea long before the fall.

I went to the bookstore and God was not there.
Doctor Faustus was baby blue with a Knopf dog
on his spine. He was frayed and threadbare
with needing. The arch-deceiver and I had a dialogue.
The Debbie and I, the Father of Lies himself,
communed, as it were, from the bookshelf.

I have made a pact and a half in my day
and stolen Godes Boke during a love affair,
the Gideon itself for all devout salesmen who pray.
The Song of Solomon was underlined by some earlier pair.
The rest of the words turned to wood in my hands.
I am not immortal. Faustus and I are the also-ran.

by Anne Sexton

THE BUCKY WUNDERLICK STORY

by Don DeLillo

BUCKY IN TROUBLE

LONDON, APRIL 17 (UPI)

BUCKY WUNDERLICK, THE AMERICAN ROCK MUSIC STAR, HAS BEEN HELD FOR QUESTIONING BY POLICE HERE AFTER ALLEGEDLY SETTING FIRE TO A STEWARDESS ABOARD A TWA 747 JUST BEING CLEARED FOR TAKEOFF AT LONDON AIRPORT.

ACCORDING TO SEVERAL EYEWITNESSES, WUNDERLICK, 24, HAD COMPLAINED OF BEING AIR-SICK, ALTHOUGH THE PLANE HAD NOT YET LEFT THE GROUND, AND WAS PURPORTEDLY ACTING IN A LOUD AND DISRUPTIVE MANNER. WHEN PATTI STEPNEY, 22, OF FALLS CHURCH, VA., ONE OF TWELVE CABIN ATTENDANTS ABOARD THE LONDON TO NEW YORK FLIGHT, ATTEMPTED TO CALM THE CONTROVERSIAL ENTERTAINER, HE REPUTEDLY SET FIRE TO HER UNIFORM WITH A CIGARETTE LIGHTER SAID BY AN ASSOCIATE TO BE A GIFT OF AN UNIDENTIFIED MEMBER OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

THE FLIGHT WAS DELAYED WHILE PASSENGERS USED BLANKETS TO SMOTHER THE FLAMES, ALLOWING MISS STEPNEY TO BE ESCORTED FROM THE 355-TON JETLINER BY AIRPORT PERSONNEL. A TWA SPOKESMAN LATER SAID SHE WAS BEING RUSHED TO A MEDICAL FACILITY FOR OBSERVATION AND POSSIBLE TREATMENT. SIMULTANEOUSLY, LONDON POLICE RELEASED A STATEMENT SAYING THEY ARE HOLDING MR. WUNDERLICK, WHO WAS REMOVED FROM THE PLANE FOLLOWING A BRIEF STRUGGLE, EYEWITNESSES SAID.

"PEACE-LOVING MEN EVERYWHERE DEPLORE THE ENGLISH PENCHANT FOR VIOLENCE," THE INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN FIGURE WAS QUOTED BY A COMPANION AS HAVING REMARKED, FOLLOWING ANOTHER BRIEF ALTERCATION INSIDE A POLICE VEHICLE MOMENTS AFTER HE WAS LED

FROM THE 22 MILLION DOLLAR JETLINER, REPORTEDLY BLEEDING FROM A GASH OVER HIS LEFT EYE AND SAID TO BE WEARING A TEAM JERSEY BEARING THE LEGEND TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

BUCKY AT THE ROUND TABLE

Excerpts from seminar conducted jointly by the senior editorial board of Chance Mainway Publications and the Issues Committee of the Permanent Symposium for the Restoration of Democratic Opinions.

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SPECIAL GUEST

Bucky Wunderlick

MR. FIELDER: Turning now to our guest at this morning's round table, I'd like to begin by taking this opportunity to welcome him, if I may, to our Chula Vista complex.

BW: Yes, you may.

MR. FIELDER: We're not accustomed so much to this kind of discussion as we are to a different level or range, for example on the freedoms, or

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House and Senate priorities, or the emerging issue of pleadings and writs. But no phenomenon in recent years in perhaps the whole history of what we might call popular American culture has so brought about a massing of opinion one way or the other among the men and women, and I count myself among them, as do, I'm sure, most if not all the individuals at this morning's round table, about whether or not we can profitably undertake a dialogue with the kind of young people who are at the very center of all this noise, and I hope nobody objects to that word. Please feel free to address yourself to this question in your own words because we're not, although it may seem so to you, the kind of not-with-it people, not at all the stuffed shirts we may seem so to you, and we've heard this kind of subfamily vernacular, and even the gracious ladies present at this morning's session, I might venture to guess.

BW: Noise, right. It's the sound. Hertz and megahertz. We mash their skulls with a whole lot of watts. Electricity, right. It's a natural force. We're processing a natural force. Electricity is nature every bit as much as sex is nature. By sex, I mean fucking and the like. Electric current is everywhere. We run it through a system of wires, cables, mikes, amps, and so on. It's just nature. Sometimes we put words to it. Nobody can hear the words because they get drowned out by the noise, which is only natural. Our last album we recorded live to get the people's screams in and submerge the words even more and they were gibberish words anyway. Screaming's essential to our sound now. The whole thing is nature processed through instruments and sound controls. We process nature, which I personally regard as a hideous screeching bitch of a thing, being a city boy myself.

MISS HALL: Yes, noise. Extraordinary. How, precisely, one wonders, do you do with it what you do with it? I freely confess to a kind of global migraine every time I go anywhere near one of your records. I mean totally apart from the question of decibels, there's that intermixture of instruments or something that's so sort of shattering to one's composure, to put it mildly.

BW: That's why we're so great. We make noise. We make it louder than anybody else and also better. Any curly-haired boy can write wind-swept ballads. You have to crush people's heads. That's the only way to make those fuckers listen.

MR. PORTER: But what I'm really trying to get

Don DeLillo is the author of *Americana* and *End Zone*. "The Bucky Wunderlick Story" is drawn from his forthcoming *Great Jones Street*.

at, really, I think, is the more basic question of human values, human concerns.

MR. HOLROYD: I think what George is really trying to get at is the effect of this type of thing . . .

MR. PORTER: No, no, no, no, no.

MR. BAKEY: Lunch.

MRS. OLMSTEAD: Do you consider yourself an artist?

BW: The true artist makes people move. When people read a book or look at a painting, they just sit there or stand there. A long time ago that was OK, that was hip, that was art. Now it's different. I make people move. My sound lifts them right off their ass. I make it happen. Understand. I make it happen. What I'd like to do really is I'd like to injure people with my sound. Maybe actually kill some of them. They'd come there knowing full well. Then we'd play and sing and people in the audience would be frozen with pain or writhing with pain and some of them would actually die from the effects of our words and music. It isn't an easy thing to create, the right sound at the proper volume. People actually collapsing in pain. They'd come there knowing full well. People dying from the effects of all this beauty and power. That's art, sweetheart. I make it happen.

MR. NILES: At this point I suspect you're only being half-serious.

BW: Which half?

MR. BAKEY: You're not saying, or are you, that the only thing you do is make loud noises and this is what explains the Wunderlick formulation or ethos.

BW: My whole life is tinged with melancholy. The more I make people move, the closer I get to personal inertness. With everybody jumping the way they do and holding their heads in the manner they're inclined to hold their heads, I feel in kind of a mood of melancholy because I myself am kind of tired of all the movement and would like to flatten myself against a wall and become inert.

MISS HALL: Quite.

MR. BRADLEY: I wonder if you'd like to discuss the origin and meaning of the phrase pee-pee-maw-maw. I know it's traceable to you and it seems to be sweeping the country at the moment. Everywhere I go, and I do extensive traveling, I see people wearing shirts and trousers with those

little syllables on them, not to mention seeing pee-pee-maw-maw on shopping bags, buttons, decals, bumper stickers, and even hearing dolls say it over and over, five-dollar talking dolls that say that phrase over and over. I know it's all traceable to you and I wonder what it all signifies, if anything.

BW: Childhood incantation.

MR. BAKEY: Ah.

MRS. OLMSTEAD: Perhaps you'd care to elaborate.

BW: As a little kid in the street I used to hear older kids saying it. It's one of the earliest memories of my life. Older kids playing in the street at night. I'd be on the stoop or watching from a window. Too little to play with the older kids. Summer nights on the street in New York. Very early memory. These kids chanting to each other. Pee-pee-maw-maw. I don't think anybody knew what it meant or where it came from. Probably twelfth-century England or the Vikings or the Moors. These kids chanting it on the street. Pee-pee-maw-maw. Pee-pee-maw-maw. Chants like that can be traced to the dawn of civilization. Like games kids play can be traced a thousand years back to kids in India. Same with incantations. It's an interesting subject. You should schedule it.

MR. FIELDER: For my closing remarks, which I promise you will be kept as brief as humanly possible, given the pronounced oratorical bias of your speaker and chairman, I'd like simply to say that this has been a most dynamic round table, surely for me a most instructive one as well, as it was I believe for all of us gathered here, although each no doubt has his or her own idea of levels of merit, remembering our own Turner Bakey and his oft-quoted rejoinder to Eddings' paraphrase of Larue during the Arts Leadership Committee's brunch on genocide. At any rate, thanks one and all. And now for a dip in the pool.

WORDS-AND-MUSIC BUCKY WUNDERLICK

PEE-PEE-MAW-MAW

Blank mumble blat
Babble song babble song
Foaming at the mouth
Won ton soupie

Spit gargle retch
Easter bunny juke puke
Family zoo me and you
Moo moo moo

The beast is loose
Least is best
Pee-pee-maw-maw
The beast is loose
Least is best
Pee-pee-maw-maw

Nil nully void
Biting down on hankychiffs
Where's the end round this bend
Scream dream baby

Boo holler hoot
Picking on the ear string
Cut a slice of steel guitar
Spang bang clang

The beast is loose
Least is best
Pee-pee-maw-maw

The beast is loose
Least is best
Pee-pee-maw-maw
Pee-pee-maw-maw

"Pee-Pee-Maw-Maw"

Words-and-music Bucky Wunderlick

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BUCKY MEETS THE PRESS

Complete transcript of interview conducted by Steven Grey, editor in chief of Ibex, a Journal of Rock Art.

GREY: Hey, man, glad you could make it over. Just like to start off the proceedings by asking a couple or three questions about the mountain tapes. Are you figuring to just sit on this material or is there a release date for this material or what? It's been a long time between releases and people are starting to wonder about that and in a business like our business you hear all kinds of things and I wanted to start off by asking straight out . . .

WUNDERLICK: *(garbled)*

GREY: Could you try to aim your words right at the thing there? Where you going? Hey, man, where you going?

WUNDERLICK: *(garbled)*

GREY: Hey, man. Aw, hey. Aw, come on back, man. Aw, no. Aw, hey. We just got . . . we just . . . aw, man, no.

People either ask for Beefeater
or they ask for gin.

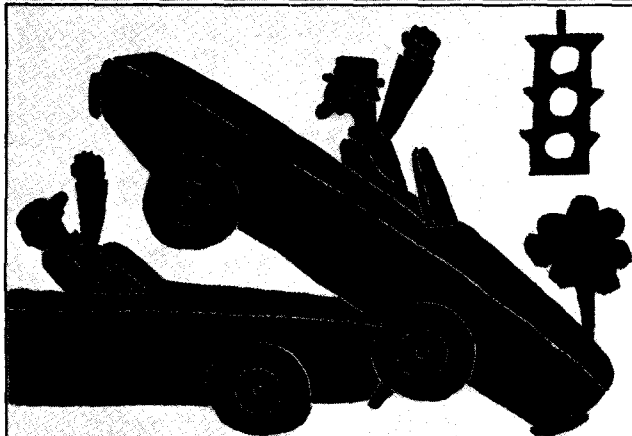


**Will everyone
who thinks
auto insurance
costs too much
please stand up?**

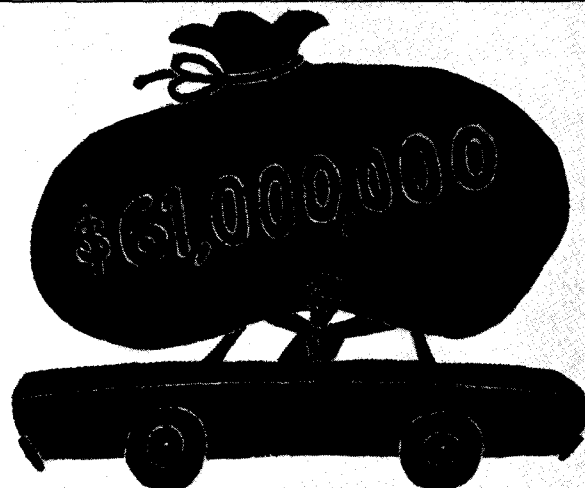


America needs action on No-Fault

Now's your chance to be heard. State legislatures are convening and they're the ones who decide the kind of auto insurance you live with. Many have already scheduled discussions of No-Fault laws.



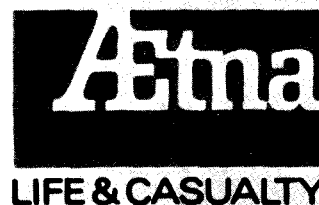
What's No-Fault? Simple. Accident settlements are based on *loss* instead of *blame*. Your insurance company pays your actual medical costs, lost wages, other economic loss. The other driver's company pays his. It's fast and fair. Lawsuits to decide fault are eliminated. So money is saved.



It works, too. For example, a No-Fault law became effective in Massachusetts in 1971. The first year alone saved car owners more than \$61,000,000 on the cost of their auto insurance.



You'd expect an idea this good would spread fast, but only a few states have done anything about it. Where the law is strong and eliminates most lawsuits, insurance costs have come down. When the law doesn't reduce lawsuits, little is saved. Most states have not acted at all.



So now's the time to ask for action in your state. You can urge a strong law that reduces insurance costs and returns more of your premium dollar in benefits to you. And when that kind of law is proposed, you'll find Aetna supporting it every way we can.

**You get action
with Aetna**

PORTRAIT OF BUCKY

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ROCK STAR REVEALS SWEATER FETISH!!! by Carmela Bevilacqua

After I'd interviewed hard-to-interview Bucky Wunderlick in his spectacular mountain retreat overlooking a shimmering lake in the rugged, scenic Adirondacks, I came away feeling just a mite dazed by his gentleness and quiet charm. After all, the supercharged world of rock 'n' roll isn't my usual beat, in addition to which everybody knows how difficult and temperamental Bucky is supposed to be, so imagine how delightfully surprised I was by his feather-soft nature. In fact it was a day full of surprises, including a strange and bizarre visit from an unexpected guest.

But to get back to the beginning, maybe "interview" is the wrong word. Bucky didn't actually answer any of my questions. Formal answers, no. But talk to me he certainly did! Nodding his head slowly at my queries about his personal and professional life, Bucky chatted slowly and with a kind of sleepy charm about his dreams and his fears, about music and love and poetry, about people, oceans, streets, and trees. Such was the hypnotic quality of his voice that at times it was difficult to catch what he was saying. Sometimes his voice would drop away to a whisper and other times he just seemed to ramble on, stringing words together in an aimless pattern. As Bucky talked, his lady of the hour drifted in and out, occasionally joining the conversation. Since you're probably dying to know, I won't waste any time telling you that she's slim and dusty-blond, and she goes by the name of Mazola June. ("They named me after the corn oil," she said in a lil ole drawl of a voice.) After she drifted off thataway, I asked Bucky to fill in the details on this female friend of marriageable age.

"We're running death sprints," he said mysteriously, and although I tried to prod him on the subject of marriage in the near future and the possibility of children and a life far removed from the tawdry glitter, he never returned to the subject of his pretty (and private) companion.

It was about this time that one of Bucky's ever-present aides, flunkies, or what-have-you came slouching in to report that "some creep" had breached security and was hanging around in the hall outside, hoping to be granted an audience with the star himself. Bucky replied with a shrug and the intruder was ushered in. He was a smallish, pale man and he looked directly into Bucky's eyes, spoke four sentences, and then left without waiting for a reply.

"What you have to teach is greater than our capacity to learn. You must stop so we can understand what you've been doing. I've come a thousand miles to see you. Now begins the long wait until you come to me."

Later, Bucky and I watched the sun sink into the lake in a riotous blaze of color. I asked him about his obviously undeserved reputation for controversy and mayhem, and when he made no reply other than a clown's sad smile, I wondered aloud how difficult it must be for him to occupy the stormy heights of his profession, how hard to endure the constant stress of being number one in a business where the roadside is strewn with casualties.

"Wear sweaters," Bucky said softly in the fading glow of twilight, sitting just a yard away from me on the spacious patio behind the house in the gathering chill. "Sweaters absorb the major impact. I wear three and sometimes four sweaters everywhere I go, weather permitting. Not on stage. I'm not talking about on stage. On stage you've got to be naked at the moment of impact. That's the moment of ultimate truth and ultimate falsehood, and the only way to go is go naked. Off stage, I wear sweaters. One on top of the other. All kinds. Three and four and sometimes five sweaters."

Mazola June came out then, wrapped in the longest scarf I've ever seen in my life, and before too long they'd both nodded off to dreamy sleep, right there in front of me, a pair of babes in the northern wood.

BUCKY WUNDERLICK'S LAST PARTY

She wrote postcards to ten people and I went out to mail them. The cards had been bought in various timeless lands. Palms, mosques, and jungle. I walked down the Bowery trying to find a mailbox. I put my hands in my pockets and moved sideways into the wind, trying to slice through, to minimize.

(A corporation word but perfect for our time.)

Maybe that was the answer I needed, the one route back. So simple. To decide to love the age. To stencil myself in its meager design. A mailbox was visible through snow flurries. It was pleasant to drop the little cards in, adding ten names to the great circulatory process of delay. Simple. I might yield to the seductions of void, taking a generation with me into blank climates, far beyond any place we'd been before, chancing endless pain to our children, misbirth and aphasia, all asleep in drool. I had no idea how I might begin. It was important, I knew, never to fear the end of any line I might venture to trace. Important never to alter levels of purpose. Never to satirize or pursue small ironies or curtsy to the one-handed clapping of the tasteful and humane. I'd have to hand myself over to

the structures that defined the time. Float on its clotted oil. Become obese with power and self-loathing. How else to remake myself, to pass the point I'd found, the proportion needed and feared, nothing to nothing. Opel waited in bed, tangled among the sheets, her body labyrinthine in shrouds and pockets of sloppy linen. It was an evil thing to consider, allying myself with the barest parts of mass awareness, land policed by the king's linguists, by technicians in death-system control, corporate disease consultants, profiteers of the fetus industry. I wondered whether I'd need a new following or whether the old would simply rearrange itself to accommodate my second coming. This was possibly the most interesting aspect of the problem. But either way I'd be the epoch's barren hero, a man who knew the surest way to minimize.

"I hated to get rid of those cards," Opel said. "They were so beautifully ugly."

"What did they say?"

"They said it's your birthday in four days and would so-and-so come over for a little ether and muscatel."

"Thanks for letting me know."

"I thought you'd read them."

"I looked at the pictures."

"You see, I thought you'd read them and that your failure to comment was an indication of tacit approval. That's what I frankly and sincerely thought, as a matter of fact. Anyway, they'll be here in four days. It'll be the last party. Assuming everybody's still at the addresses the cards were mailed to."

"Nobody's coming here in four days," I said.

"Why not?"

"I didn't mail the cards."

"Lie," she said. "I caught you in a lie. You hadn't read the cards so there was no reason not to mail them."

"I lied when I said I hadn't read them. But I'm telling the truth now. I read them. But I didn't mail them."

"You're too messed up to read."

"OK, it's true I hadn't read them. But I suspected what was written on them. So I didn't mail them."

"Not even remotely convincing."

"I gave them away. There was a beggar over near Stanton Street. I gave him the postcards to sell for black bread and soup. The beggar then revealed himself to be a sixteenth-century English saint. Nigel of Chelsea. He gave me his credit card to use for thirty days without fear of criminal prosecution."

"I always know when you're lying regardless of what comes out of your mouth. You become very still. And your eyes get hard. You try to overpower the person you're lying to. When I lie I try to slip past like a little stream. But you, you're like Easter Island."

"Tell me who's showing up for the last party."

"Oh, everybody."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Oh, you know, everybody."

"Bright lights of the past. Is that it?"

"The neon creepies."

"Opel, shit."

"They're just folks, Bucky."

I slept with my head somewhere under her arm. When I woke up it was nearly dark. Opel never appeared peaceful in sleep. There were other times, certain expressions she made, when I could see exactly what she'd looked like at the age of ten; this funny child smiled out from the middle of her face. But in sleep she was faintly angry, twice her true age, laboring through dreams and panic, a menopausal line coursing down her jaw. Sleep drained her of impulsiveness and failed to replace it with some approximation of its opposite, serenity or resignation. Opel did not rest easily. She was a bed-fighter, kicking, angling for position, making carnivorous noises. The trance was a kindlier state for her. In the past we'd cruised together into various distorted modes and she never failed to evolve security from a chemical's endless suburbs. She belonged dead center in that ferocious calm; it steadied her as sleep never could. I woke her up now and made love with whatever strength I could summon, whatever bruising resolution, a fresh edge to body and mind, drawn from that walk in the wind, power-resurgent-now, teased by the feeling I might soon return to the sound outside. Her body gave me back the heat of sleep, responding slowly, no longer greedy in its freedoms, a body rising like bread, her loins poised, tongue at my ear, hand knuckling along my spine, and it was art we sought to shape, a moral form to master commerce, the bodies we were and the danger we needed, that of dredging each other's insufficiencies, touring the deepest holes. We rode an odd moment now, laughter back and forth, her eyes alert to love's delight, an instant only, then down to pelvic business, rack and pinion, the poet's word dropping off the page. Through the day, Opel remained in bed, resting up (she said) for her mercantile encounter. I dialed numbers on the dead phone.

"Why is ecology so boring to read about?" she said.

"For the same reason destruction is such fun."

"Old magazines are pretty. Don't you think?"

"Sure, why not?"

"This one says Spain is a land of contrast. I'll have to go there soon."

"It may not be timeless enough for you."

"Right now I need contrast. The eye gets tired as hell seeing the same surroundings. That's the second and final justification for travel, as a matter of fact. To keep the eye interested."

"What's the first?" I said.

The American forest still belongs to the American people.

33% public and private forestland not suitable for commercial trees, or set aside for parks and wilderness areas.

19% state and federal forestland.



And to a *lot* of people.

To begin with, four million individual Americans own 39% of the entire forest—a forest that's still nearly three-fourths as large as it was when Columbus landed.

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So if the forest industries seem

39% individually-owned forestland.

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Source: Department of Agriculture, U.S. Forest Service

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American Forest Institute

3

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electron beams hit the screen in unbroken stripes
for greater brightness.
And that's a fact.**

What you see here is for real. A picture actually broadcast over closed-circuit TV, and photographed off a Sony Trinitron screen.

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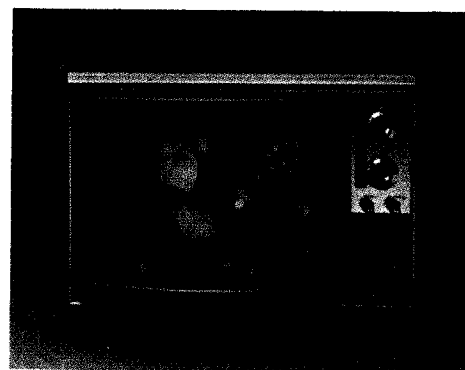
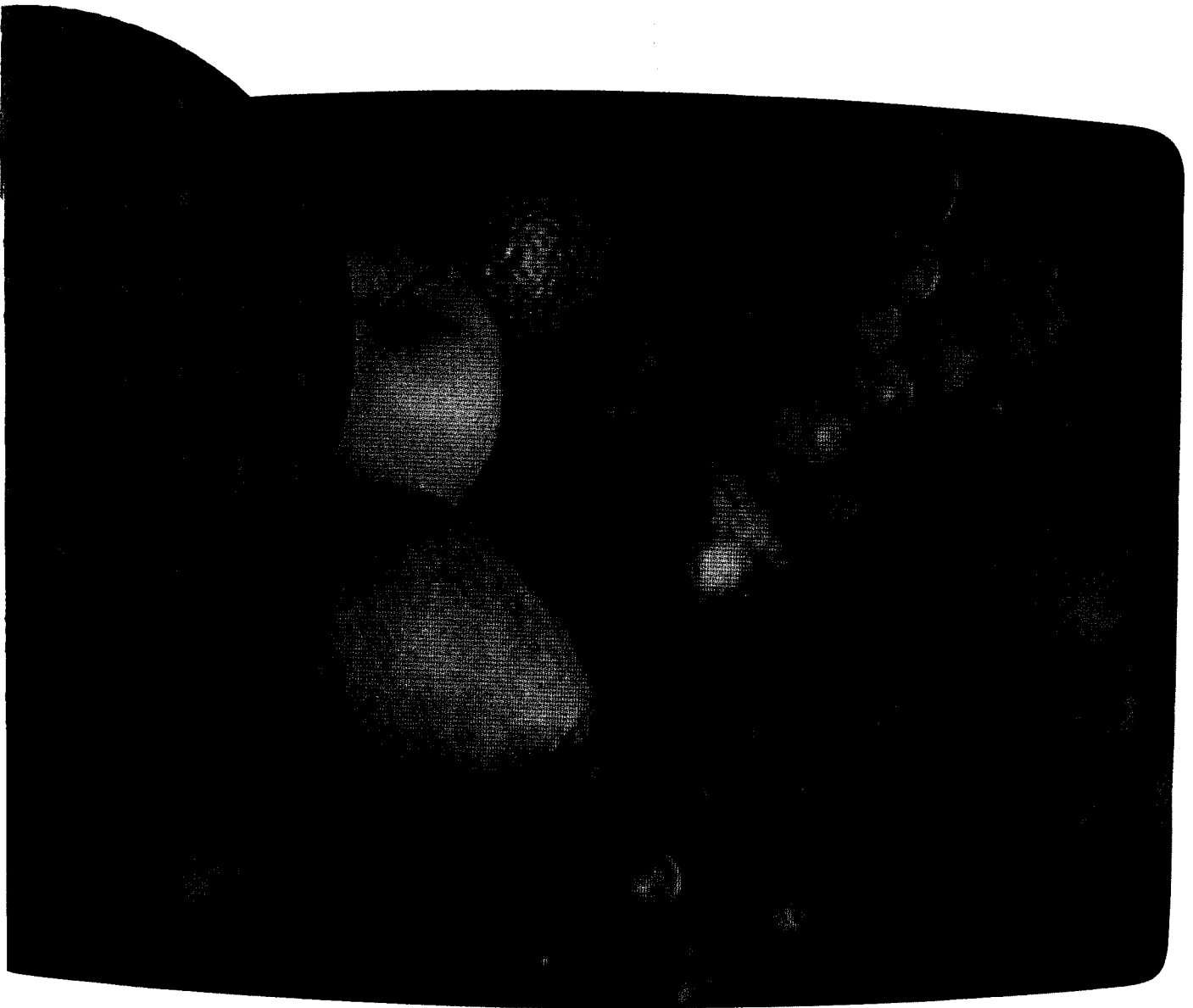
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BALONEY.



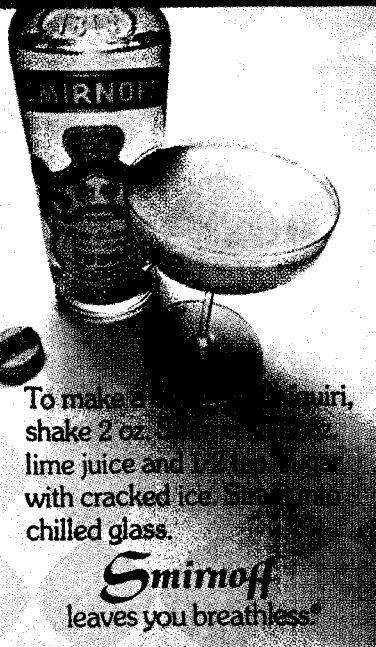


The Smirnoff Daiquiri.

(A modest invention.)

We were caught recently with an unexpected hankering for something different. Thumbed through a recipe book and decided on the daiquiri. The recipe called for a liquor we never use. So we improvised, and discovered the Smirnoff Daiquiri. While it's not completely original, it is a rather nice twist on an old standby.

You might try it one day when you feel like something slightly newfangled.



To make a Smirnoff Daiquiri, shake 2 oz. Smirnoff vodka, 1/2 oz. lime juice and 1/2 tsp. sugar with cracked ice. Strain into chilled glass.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®



"To become a thing. I told you that."

"But is there any land that isn't a land of contrast?"

"I don't know. But Spain makes an outright claim. If you went somewhere where they didn't make the claim, you'd be taking a big chance. You might get there and find no contrast at all. No, it's definitely Spain. I'm going to Spain."

"Spain," I said into the phone. "Get me the Spain the tourist never sees."

"When are you getting out of here, Bucky? Don't you want to make some sounds? You haven't written anything, you haven't played, you haven't even hummed. What the hell, man."

"What the hell, man."

"You should be playing."

"You should be dealing," I said. "Where's your man? If your man doesn't show up, where are you then? You'll have to go back to Texas and manage your daddy's empire. You want to deal, that's dealing. Why'd you ever leave? Come up here in this freezing gray slush. Hang around in that little bed waiting for some longtime weird geek bureaucrat to drive up in his pimpmobile and knock on your door. It makes no sense."

"Could be you're right. But I know one thing. My eyes need contrast."

"Spain," I said into the phone.

Several days later, people of various sorts appeared in the room. Some I knew; others were unknown to me. I sat in the bowl-shaped canvas chair. Opel led the celebrants around me. I nodded, blinked, and occasionally touched another's jutting hand. I had little to say but was sure no one would mind. They already knew my voice. It was my presence they were eager to record, the simple picture of man-in-chair, a memory-print to trade for other people's time.

"I'm the film maker Axel Gregg."

Lycra Spandex, Tia Maria, and Vegemato were among the early arrivals. The first two had undergone sex changes but it wasn't clear from which gender to which. Vegemato consisted of a tiny brainpan recklessly troweled with three hundred pounds of stale male flesh. Slowly the room began to fill. It became obvious the original ten were intent on trebling. People spoke of where they lived, in what shamble of rooms or post-atomic street. Of their health, poor and poorer. Of bands of howling boys abroad in Noho. Of spring on the banks of the East River, when bodies rise to the surface, braided in weed and pecked by idle fish. Someone mentioned the loft he'd just moved into, a large windy place, floors buckled and humped, no lights without a kite and key. Of teen-age wino communes. Vegemato modeled nude for art students at Cooper Union. Chester Greenlee panhandled on Eighth Street, wearing a Mickey Mouse mask. Miss

Mott lived alone on Mott Street, as in the past, called Miss Rivington, she'd lived on Rivington Street, and on Canal Street as Miss Canal. She was in her late sixties (it was speculated), a collector of Dad's Root Beer bottles and copies of the *Wall Street Journal*. I took a breath and then another. A man smoked a pipe, sitting with legs jauntily crossed, dressed in patched corduroy. The neon creepies chatted and wept, bad teeth, worse posture.

"This is the last party, everybody."

"Look, I'm wearing my forty-dollar chinchilla Luv Glove. It's a gesture. We need gestures today. People's stomachs are shrinking with fear. We need to wear each other's underwear. I issue this edict. Wear each other's underwear. It's a gesture of faith in each other. It's the end of fear."

"I've been celibate for three months and it's so great. It-is-so-great. Celibate. Say that word extra fast. Celibate. It's like a dance step. Celibate, celibate. When you consider the people I was giving myself to, it's no big surprise how great it is being celibate. It-is-so-great. Celibate's my second favorite word of all time. My favorite's cobblestones. Say it slowww-ly. It's soft, it's hard, it's wobbly, it's firm. Cobblestones. I have to do this kind of thing to keep my mind off sex. Celibate, celibate, celibate."

"Oh God my head. Oh my whole mind. My limbs and extremities. Oh God my hair, my nails, my pores."

"I'm troubled by movie dreams. Glamorous faces appear and disappear. All the great names. I find it troubling for some reason. I wake up fearful and unsettled. The faces are sad. Maybe that's it. The sadness of great fame. The famous movie dead. Dead but not dead. That's why I'm unsettled maybe. Because they're unsettled. Dead but not really dead, never really dead. The whole concept of movies is so fundamentally Egyptian. Movies are dreams. Pyramids. Great rivers of sleep. The great and the glamorous with their legendary sphinxlike profiles. I wake up trembling."

"I'll luv-glove you to death, puddycat."

"Christ a'mighty, I'm so sick and tired of being efficient. Nobody gets anything done but me. I'm always the one. I like it and yet I don't like it. It's as though I'm under a curse. Nora's hopeless. The motorcycle people come and go, tromping dog-poo all over the place. Mack is supposed to get a job but Mack shows no sign of vital functions. Lloyd Boyd dropped in the other day just long enough to collapse on the floor with nicotine poisoning, if you can believe such a thing. Nora's hopeless. Nora's lover is into a Latin rhythm thing and has cha-cha contests all day long, himself against the world. So who does that leave to get things done? And I enjoy it. It's like a sickness, my own special curse. I enjoy it. I mean I really enjoy it. But at the same time I hate and loathe and despise it too."

"This is the last party."

"I was all set to wear my sequined baby-doll nightie from Frederick's of Hollywood and come crashing out of a big freaky birthday cake. But I settled for the Luv Glove. Nobody makes gestures today. We're all scrunched up like piglets being born. Opel, mail me some underwear so I'll feel better. Yours and Bucky's. Lycra, mail Bucky your underwear, one or two things. It's a gesture of faith. People need each other. I issue this edict. A chain letter with underwear enclosed. Everybody who gets the letter mails one pair of underwear to the next name on the list. If nobody breaks the chain, we end up with sixty-four pairs of underwear each. Of and for the people. I'm pro-people. This is a people thing."

"Of course I act like a child. Of course I revert. Of course I'm anal."

"Burnt skin, Opel, use mink oil soap. And your hair looks like an Arab's been chewing on it. Use a comb to style. Use a brush to condition. And rinse with Jell-O, sweetmeat."

I continued to breathe, never before conscious of the effort needed to generate this act. People passed supernaturally across the room, leaving contrails of smoke and scented ash. Others settled around me, moving their lips. All were breathing, sullenly pumping blood, embarked together on a perverse miracle. Our movable parts carried us past the edge of every deathly metaphysic. Our organs, lifted from our bodies, plucked out with silver pincers and left laboring on bright Tiffany trays, would comprise the finest exhibit of our ability to endure. Euphoric with morphine, we'd be wheeled among them, noting proportions and contours, admiring the beauty of what we were. In death, our opened bellies dripping, we'd be placed in refrigerated elevators and sent soundlessly into the earth. Above, our organs would be tagged and stored. Or, if found defective, fed to the poor.

"It's axiomatic that history is a record of events. But what of latent history? We all think we know what happened. But did it really happen? Or did something else happen? Or did nothing happen?"

The pipe-smoking man crossed and uncrossed his legs, a shade of vaudeville in the genealogy of his movements. He banged the pipe into an ash-tray, inspected the bowl, blew into the stem, inserted a grimy pipe cleaner. Around him people spaced from birth passed chocolate kisses hand to hand. The pipe-smoking man began to refill his pipe, treating the instrument with appropriate manly endearment.

"I'm the Morehouse Professor of Latent History at the Osmond Institute. But I don't occupy the Morehouse Chair. I occupy the Houseman Chair. The professorship deals with events that almost took place, events that definitely took place but remained unseen and unremarked on, like the action of bacteria or the rising and falling of mountain

ranges, and events that probably took place but were definitely not chronicled. Potential events are often more important than real events. Real events that go unrecorded are often more important than recorded events, whether real or potential. The War of 1812 had limited importance in the broad sweep of world events. However, the War of 1811, if it had been fought, would have changed the course of history, conditions being what they were in 1811. What's latent is often very germane. At one time sixty percent of the population of black Africa was white. We have tools and femurs. But we're not sure what happened to this blue-eyed race. Were they wiped out by wars and disease? Did they sail away in long wooden ships? We're still sifting materials at the Homer Richmond Blount Memorial Wing of the Institute and we hope to have some answers real soon. One of the major thrusts of latent history is to avoid a narrow purview. We're presently assembling evidence about the French Revolution indicating that a dissident faction of the sans-culottes used to assemble secretly under cover of dark for the sole purpose of wearing culottes. They'd strut around all night in foppish knee breeches. An orgy of strutting and posturing. At daybreak they'd get into tight-fitting pantaloons and go back to their revolutionary activities. History is never clean. In some cases less happened than we suspect. In other cases we merely suspect that less happened. It's axiomatic that people in the Middle Ages went to bed early. We're studying this to learn what effect it had on the Hundred Years' War dragging on for as long as it did. Latent history never tells us where we stand in the sweep of events but rather how we can get out of the way. I myself am currently doing a paper proving that the Reformation, as such, never took place. The Counter-Reformation was a response to something that never happened, as such. The Nile once flowed into the Amazon. We have sediment to prove it. What dreams did it carry? How much of the blood and poetic impulse of all of us? These are among our central concerns at the Institute."

Lloyd Boyd stood in the doorway, then spotted me and came over. Lloyd was an actor who'd recently served time on a charge of reckless endangerment. Since his release he'd been living in Grand Central Station, sleeping on benches or in the doorways of clam bars. He told me he tried to think of Grand Central Station as his apartment. One room but a nice size. High ceiling. Nice big window. Marble floor. Centrally located, always important for an actor making the rounds. A little bit noisy and could be more heat. But the high ceiling made up for everything.

"I got depressed so I took an antidepressant."

"As who wouldn't?"

Lycra Spandex lived with her mother and sister in Lefrak City. I didn't know where Vegemato



lived. Lynn Forney lived with Notorious Nora and the Seventh Fleet on Avenue B. Jerry Dane lived in an East German Vopo greatcoat. Tia Maria used to live in a city bus abandoned under the West Side Highway, but truck drivers on their way to the meat terminals used to ram the bus for fun, sometimes stopping just long enough to rape Tia Maria, more or less, and finally she moved into a storefront church presided over by a man who claimed to be a direct descendant of Mohammed. I closed my eyes for a moment, aware of a woman's voice depositing names at my feet.

"Bucky, this is Zenko Alataki, who happens to be Axel Gregg's brother-in-law, and I'm Axel's sister Lillian, Zenko's wife. My husband's just up from northwest Mexico to raise some money for the earthquake he's been working on down there. Just make sure you don't call it art. It's not art. It's back to before art. Fire-building and the fingering of testicles. The wonder of pre-information is that men perceived the earth and themselves actually in the process of changing. Zenko's been trying to create pressure along a fault with a series of very delicate TNT explosions. Just a few more in the right places and he'll have his small quake. The greatest work of art ever achieved. Except don't call it art."

"Is this true?"

"Why not?" Zenko said. "The continents ride on plates. The crust shifts, which causes breaks or faults. The beauty of a man-made fracture is that you can photograph the adjacent surface. Place objects on the surface and take aerial photographs of the objects toppling. I call this a kinetic shiver. Objects toppling. Objects being swallowed up. If society wasn't so obsessed with false values, I would be allowed to use live animals in my shivers. Sheep, goats, some rabbits. Earthquake technology enables man to give back to the earth. Goats being swallowed up would make a perfect shiver. It's an act of sacrificial love. We give back. The earth takes and is greener. How much do you weigh?"

"Is this the first shiver you've worked on?"

"This is the world's first shiver," he said. "I'm being prudent but bold. Creative destruction is always bold. How much do you weigh? Have you noticed what a very emaciated group this is? It's as though you're all disappearing before my eyes."

Opel went to bed fairly early in the evening. People crawled over and around her, and a few of the more forlorn simply remained at her sides in little ribbons of woe.

"I'm a San Francisco poet."

Here's what your average prescription costs. And why.

\$4.19!

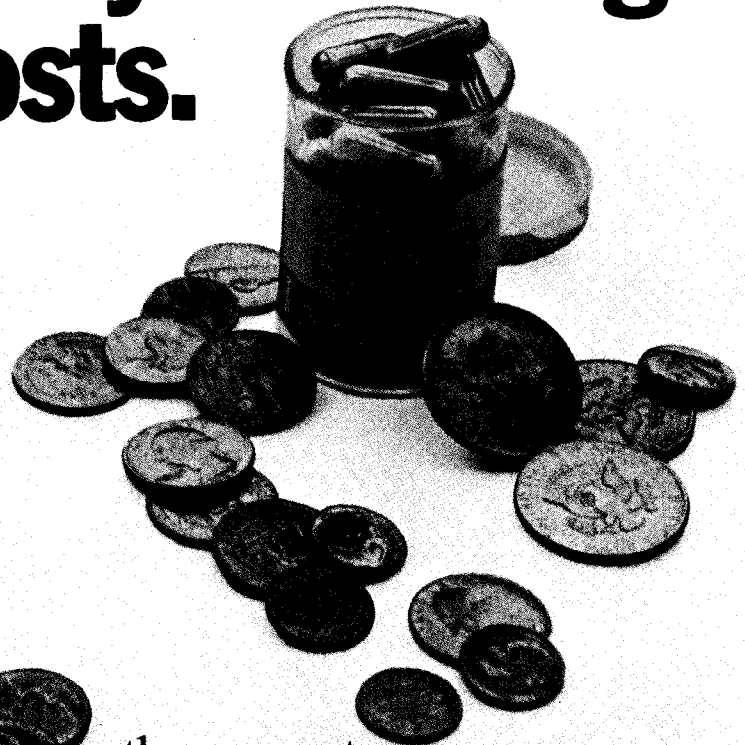
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who isn't, turdnagle? We got ten of them stacked near our fireplace. We had to burn two last week when the temperature dropped way down."

"My wife was married to an ex-Cockette."

"I bet she's got concave tits and goes to the toilet with a teddy bear."

The voices seemed to burn slightly. Someone used the word biodegradable. Someone said Nu Yawk. People bit the tips off chocolate kisses, bad teeth, smudged fingers, horrible posture. Winona Barry said she'd advertised her sewing skills in a West Village newspaper. A man called, wanting a nun's habit and crotchless riding pants. They bargained in spare phrases. "Extra for perversion." "Money no object." "Extra for satiny underthings." "Do a sensitive job." "Extra for the hole in the riding pants." "I'll send plenty more business your way." Miss Mott tried to dial the time on Opel's phone.

"My sister has a new fella," Lycra Spandex said. "He's a detective with the safe, loft, and truck squad. He took one look at me and nearly gagged. How do I tell a fella like that about the childhood I spent dreaming of lash curlers, mascara, highlighters, and toners? Can I explain to a plainclothesman about gauzy blouses, long flared skirts, superbitchy underwear, chokers, earrings, pins and clips? He's a plainclothesman. He wouldn't understand, would he? Do I dare tell him what it means to wear eye shadow and have skin that's rose-petal soft? All my life all I've ever wanted was to be two people. Marge and Gower Champion. Alternating day to day. Can I confide in this detective? Can I explain about the whole Fox Movietone era and those girls in tutus jumping over the sawhorses? This detective spent his entire adolescence hitting other kids with bicycle chains. I'm supposed to tell him about my sheer pantyhose that does away with crotch sag? Sorry, but I won't play that game. I know what's best for Lycra Spandex. Lycra Spandex does not have to kowtow to authority figures, even when they're with the police department of the city of New York, even when they're with the safe, loft, and truck squad. If the son of a bitch is so great, why doesn't he get me a decent loft to live in, or a safe where I can keep my crappy jewelry, or a fucking truck that I can drive over a cliff?"

A tall pale girl stood near my chair. Her red hair was in pigtails and she wore paint-streaked jeans and a T-shirt with a hole in the middle. I leaned over and touched her arm. Therefore I am. She turned and I put my mouth to her navel. This made her laugh and twist a bit. Softly her thumbs browsed about my ears. Her navel was lint-free, abnormally large, an inner moon of convolutions and repose. There was no reason to wonder who she was or how that level moment was rounded by her hands.

"Name's Duane," someone said. "Heard and enjoyed your stuff. Third album's a landmark work. Stunning album. Noise and screaming and babble-babble. Heard all your albums and all your singles and liked them all and that comes from someone who's kind of famous in his own right except nobody knows it. Mylon and I. I'm a friend of Mylon's. We live in the same piss-hole building. I gather you're laying back. Understandable. There's nothing to paint and nothing to write and nothing to film and nothing to sing about and nothing to make love to. But your sound comes out of the radio all the time. Stunning sound. Amazing when you think about it how your sound is big even out there in the sticks and boondocks where I come from originally, the absolute sticks, the deep boonies, where it's unlike a big city where people can absorb that kind of sound. Your second LP is a killer too but I think number three's the landmark work."

Mylon Ware stood in a corner talking to no one. He was a folk singer from western Canada, a lean, bleak man with strange eyes. His second winter in New York he killed and ate his dog to keep from starving. People had offered him food and urged him to go on welfare but he took nothing, listened to no one, said not a word. The dog was a German shepherd, bought for protection, and very hard to kill. Mylon began by using the long bar that was part of his police lock. The first blow wasn't severe or direct enough and the bar proved too long a weapon for the kind of struggle that followed. However, it was useful for holding off the dog while Mylon maneuvered with his hunting knife, also bought for protection. It took him fifteen minutes to kill the animal. When it was over, almost nothing in the small apartment stood in the same place or was free of blood. Mylon cut the dog up and over a period of four days cooked and ate whatever seemed edible.

"This is the last party."

"The first act is better in the New York production. The second act is better in the London production."

"Kiss."

"The present tense is the best tense. When they discover what dolphins are saying, they'll discover it's in the present tense. The present tense is the tense of people smoking dope in the mud flats of Louisiana. That and dolphins. Gradually I'm committing myself to the present tense in all my published work."

"This is my vision. Everybody in the whole world wearing each other's underwear. Whole nations exchanging underwear. China doing Egypt's laundry. Big strong Turks wearing panties from Scarsdale. A people thing. I'm pro-people all the way. It would help us so much. I see it in my mind's eye. Special fourth-class rates for underwear. Cargo ships full of underwear plying the

trade routes. This is my vision. Underwear chain letters. World peace through underwear."

"Sedatives, narcotics, deliriants, inhalants, stimulants, relaxants, euphorants. Talkativeness, non-talkativeness. Reduce anxiety, heighten anxiety. Giddiness, craving for sweets, toxic psychosis. Swallowed, injected, or sniffed."

"I admit I whimper. I admit I'm fantastically infantile most of the time. I admit I want to sit on the floor and say ma-ma, da-da, na-na."

"For a Filipino she's practically statuesque."

"Winona's little baby is the shittingest little baby you'll ever want to see. That little baby should have its own agent. That baby has a talent no other baby will ever come close to. I told Winona get on the phone to William Morris. That little baby should have an agent."

"This is the last party. Pass it on."

"I'll tell you how I'm shooting this picture. I'm shooting it beautifully. That's how I'm shooting it."

"We do a starry adagio. He holds me. We almost kiss. We do another starry adagio. He looks into my eyes. We come oh so close to kissing."

"This is the last party."

"I'm selling comic books on Fourth Avenue. It's a living, right? Kids come in. College boys with the hair, the clothes, the skin. I sell them old comics. I sell them glossies of Bonita Granville and King Kong. They don't call it a living for nothing. It's a living. I live. There's worse could happen. I at least live. It's a living. I make a living."

"This is the last party. Pass it on."

"The Self is inside the Other. Motion is the guiding mind of the solar community."

"Happy Valley's into violence now."

"Kiss."

I thought of all the inner organs in the room, considered apart from the people they belonged to. For that moment of thought we seemed a convocation of martyrs, visible behind our skin. The room was a cell in a mystical painting, full of divine kidneys, lungs aloft in smoke, entrails gleaming, bladders simmering in painless fire. This was a madman's truth, to paint us as sacs and flaming lariats, nearly godly in our light, perishable but never ending. I watched the pale girl touch her voluptuous navel. One by one, repacked in sallow cases, we all resumed our breathing. □

CHANT: RIVERSIDE

I'm reading my works to the State of California:
at Savio Plaza they set the verbals free.

I buried my Eastern thoughts at the edge of Nevada,
slipping through customs without a sigh to declare.

Galloping dactyls saluting Sausalito,
counting haiku in praise of the local wines,
contending wind for wind with Mount Tamalpais,
I'm reading my works to the State of California.

I'm doing this stuff out of tears over early Saroyan;
Anaheim one-liners heard on the Bob Hope Show;
girls in cling-Jantzens in 1947;
Navels I sucked as a child in Camden, N.J.

For the Bay Bridge, the desert, The March of Time, Catalina,
for The Grapes of Wrath, "to live off the fat of the land,"
for coquina soup, for the mad-dog waves at Carmel,
I'm reading my works to the State of California.

by Barry Spacks

THE HERBERT AFFAIR

by Barry Lando

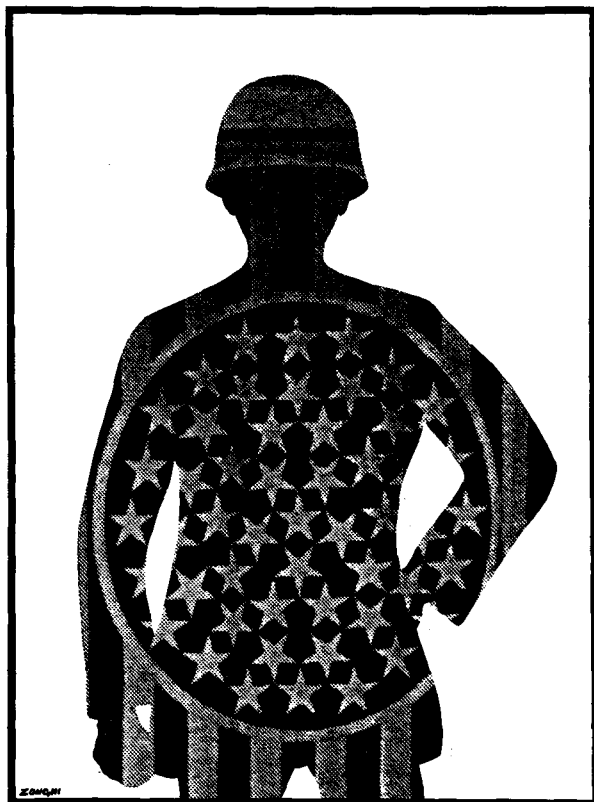
He seemed to be the perfect soldier, a hero in Korea and in Vietnam. Then he was driven out of the Army, his career ruined because he tried to prevent his superiors from concealing war crimes against the Vietnamese. That was the story a television producer persuaded his superiors at CBS should be presented to a nationwide audience. As the producer and his associates began assembling the facts, they found it changing into a very different story, one that left the reporter disillusioned and the hero threatened with decanonization. The producer here tells how the case unfolded for him, from his first, convincing interviews with Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert, through intensive researching of Herbert's alarming charges against fellow Army officers, to a dramatic confrontation between Herbert and some of those who disputed him on the CBS program, *Sixty Minutes*, shown on February 4 of this year. It is a tangled story, to say the least. One of its lesser anomalies: Herbert's book *Soldier*, now profitably riding the best-seller list, is published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, which is owned by CBS, the organization that has done the most to attack the book's integrity.

I first met Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert in June, 1971. I was an associate producer on the CBS Weekend News, putting together a report about prisoners of war in South Vietnam. I was looking for American veterans with firsthand accounts of brutal treatment meted out to Viet Cong and North Vietnamese POW's. Lieutenant

Colonel Herbert seemed a good prospect. A few months earlier, in March, he had publicly charged two Army officers, Brigadier General John W. Barnes and Lieutenant Colonel J. Ross Franklin, with trying to cover up war crimes in Vietnam.

When I contacted Herbert by phone in Atlanta, he said he could provide me with just the stories I was looking for. He spoke of cold-blooded murder, of women prisoners having the skin ripped off their breasts by bamboo flails. Casually, Herbert added that he had just received notice from the Army that he had been passed over for promotion for the second time and, thus, would be forced to retire by February, 1972. That in itself was a hell of a story, I told him, and I arranged to film an interview the next day.

When we met, I found his appearance as striking as his rhetoric. Tall, iron-hard, with close-cropped hair, he was a military man all the way and had a chestful of decorations to prove it. The story he told me was the same as the one he had



told reporters from the beginning. While commanding a battalion of the 173rd Airborne Brigade in Vietnam, Herbert had personally witnessed several war crimes. The most horrifying was the one where Vietnamese police, with an American adviser standing by, had murdered four prisoners. Herbert claimed he came upon the executions just as they were finishing. "There were four dead already and they had a knife at the throat of a woman. Her baby was screaming and clutching at her leg, and this other child was being suffocated. One of the men was shoving its face into the sand with his foot. I told them to stop, but the man holding her just looked at me and slit her throat and dropped her to the sand." Since those killings took place on February 14, 1969, Herbert calls them the "St. Valentine's Day massacre."

According to Herbert, he immediately reported all the atrocity cases he witnessed to Colonel J. Ross Franklin, deputy commander of the 173rd. But, Herbert says, Franklin showed no interest in investigating the charges. "He would say I was getting too soft for war, or I was lying." Herbert said he also reported three of the crimes, including the February 14 slayings, to General John Barnes, commander of the 173rd.

Then, his story continues, he kept badgering Franklin about the investigations until abruptly on April 4, 1969, he was relieved of command. During the fifty-eight days he had led the second battalion, his men had outperformed every other battalion in the brigade. Herbert had been awarded one Silver Star, three Bronze Stars, and had been recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross. "All of a sudden," he says, "Barnes and Franklin decided I was no longer fit to command. It was the war crimes. They wanted to get rid of me."

In Saigon, Herbert appealed his relief from command, a full-scale hearing was held, and his appeal was turned down. Herbert said he attempted to make official reports of war crimes to several top officers but "they all refused to receipt for my charges." Herbert's relief from command was followed by a bad efficiency report, written by Colonel Franklin, accusing him of having "no ambition, integrity, loyalty, or will for self-improvement."

Over the following months, said Herbert, he vainly attempted to have his war crime charges investigated but was continually put off. Finally, in September, 1970, he made formal war crime charges to the Army's Criminal Investigations Division at Fort McPherson, Georgia. Then, when it looked as if the CID, too, was dragging its heels, on March 12, 1971, Herbert formally accused Barnes and Franklin of trying to cover up war crimes.

Though the investigations were still going on, Herbert said, he doubted that Franklin or Barnes

would ever be prosecuted. Still, he had hopes for the Army. "I want to make this an honorable army. I want to help correct it. I wouldn't quit under any circumstances."

I was delighted with the interview. Here was one of the Army's own honest-to-God heroes testifying against it. Herbert was a hero. He had enlisted at seventeen, won twenty-two medals in some of the bloodiest fighting of the Korean War, then was sent on a promotional world tour by the Army as an example of the finest of U.S. fighting men. He advanced through the ranks of commissioned officers, was a Ranger instructor, a Green Beret, and served in the Middle East and in Europe. His efficiency reports were always outstanding.

Why shouldn't a reporter be impressed? For months the Army refused to make any comment on Herbert's charges on the grounds that investigations were still going on. With the Pentagon's recent record from the Tonkin Gulf to My Lai, one would be skeptical of an official explanation. I became fascinated with Herbert's story and discussed with him the idea of doing a book about him, or in collaboration with him, though I was in the midst of a job change at CBS. The idea faded away.

In a July, 1971, interview in *Life* magazine, Herbert suggested that war crimes might stop "if we'd hang a couple of senior commanders." In September came his big breakthrough: a lengthy article ("How a Supersoldier Was Fired From His Command") in the Sunday magazine section of the *New York Times*. The piece was written by the *Times* Southern correspondent James T. Wooten. Wooten had covered Herbert since he first made his charges public, and had come to believe fully in the man and most of his claims.

At the time, and for months after, I thought Wooten's article to be an excellent description of Herbert and his case. Unlike several reporters who became suspicious of Herbert soon after they started checking into him, I didn't develop doubts until after several weeks of research. Wooten, who later collaborated with Herbert on his book, *Soldier*, today says he still believes in Herbert. He says he did try to contact General Barnes, but was told that while the Army investigations were under way, Barnes would be unavailable. Franklin had refused to talk with *New York Times* reporters in Vietnam. Wooten says he interviewed none of the other individuals mentioned in *Soldier* to try to check out Herbert's story. As he explains it, the book is not a work of reportage but essentially an autobiography. It ranges from boyhood memories, through Herbert's Korean and cold war experiences, to Vietnam. Although the crucial issue in the book becomes Herbert's war crimes charges, he also accuses the Army of failing to wage the war aggressively, and offers a general critique of the Army on a number of counts.

The *Times* piece led to Herbert's appearance on

Barry Lando, a Canadian and former Time-Life correspondent in Latin America, is a producer for CBS News.

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the Dick Cavett Show, a performance that, according to a delighted Cavett, elicited more viewer response than any other Cavett show. Many politically conservative viewers were just as outraged as liberals were by what the Army seemed to have done to Herbert.

The Herbert case began to arouse Congress. Prodded by Representative Edward Hebert, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Secretary of the Army Robert Froehlke announced on October 8 that the Army had decided to reverse itself and toss out the poor efficiency report that had brought Herbert's career to a dismal halt. But that decision, said Froehlke, had nothing to do with Herbert's war crime charges. Many Army officers were outraged and the press had a field day. How could the Army deny Herbert's accusations and at the same time redeem him?

On it went, Herbert involved in one flap after another as the Army assigned him to ridiculous jobs and temporarily blocked a second appearance on the Dick Cavett Show. Finally, in November, 1971, Herbert, claiming continued harassment, announced that he had decided to retire from the Army. There was more outrage from the press. "His retirement," the *Times* editorialized, "will leave him free to continue, as he has pledged, a battle that involves far more than his personal honor: the integrity and effectiveness of the U.S. Army." The *Knight* newspaper chain weighed in: "Shame on the Army for making a scapegoat of Lt. Col. Anthony Herbert." An article in *The New Republic* said Herbert's resignation "is a disgrace to the Army and a tragedy for the nation. The facts about this matter are by now clear enough."

They really were not. For several months, while the Army was investigating Herbert's accusations, the Army General Counsel ordered those officers involved in the charges to keep silent. That order left many officers, particularly several who had served in the 173rd Airborne Brigade, seething. Herbert, on the other hand, continued to broadcast his charges.

When Army investigators finally cleared General Barnes in October, 1971, the Army partially took the wraps off. Reporters who inquired about the case had interviews arranged for them with several officers who had known Herbert in the 173rd and disputed his charges. Many leveled accusations against Herbert, claiming he himself had treated enemy POW's brutally, had damaged at least one civilian hamlet, and had exaggerated or otherwise misrepresented body counts.

The Army also produced an official "fact sheet" disputing Herbert's claims point by point. According to the Army, of the twenty-one allegations made by Herbert to the CID, only seven "had sufficient substance to warrant action or further investigation." Of those, three had already been investigated in Vietnam and one was a case that was not

under U.S. jurisdiction. As for the remaining three incidents, including the February 14 killings, the Army claimed there was no evidence, other than Herbert's own word, that he had actually reported those cases to Franklin and Barnes.

Fueled by such information and interviews provided by the Army, several reporters began to write pieces seriously questioning Herbert's claims. Critics included liberals and conservatives: Paul Dean of the *Arizona Republic*, George Crile of the *Ridder* newspapers, Ken Reich of the *Los Angeles Times*, Peter Braestrup of the *Washington Post*.

When the Pentagon told Mort Kondracke, the Washington reporter for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, that Franklin had passed a lie detector test denying Herbert had ever reported war crimes to him, Kondracke wrote a lengthy article on the Army's claim. But the *New York Times*, which had given considerable space to earlier news that Herbert had passed a lie detector test, made no mention of the Army's report concerning Franklin.

COL. FRANKLIN: *Tactically, he was the best battalion commander we had. I counseled Herbert several times and once I counseled him on telling the truth or being more exact in what he said. I told him at that time that he could run circles around all the rest of the battalion commanders if he'd just tell the truth.*

MIKE WALLACE: *Did Colonel Herbert ever report war crimes or atrocities of any nature to you, Colonel Franklin?*

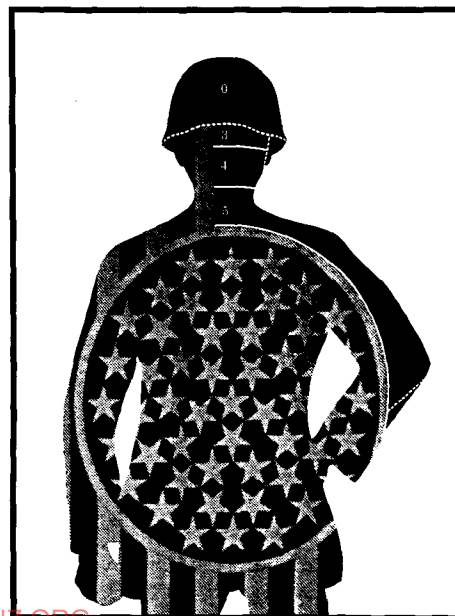
FRANKLIN: *No.*

WALLACE: *Never?*

FRANKLIN: *Never.*

WALLACE: *Verbally or in writing?*

FRANKLIN: *In no way, either orally or in writing. I had many conversations with Colonel Herbert, we discussed many things but never war crimes. . . .*



WALLACE: *Why would Herbert make such charges if they were just baldly untrue?*

FRANKLIN: *I would say that he probably holds me more responsible for what happened to him than any other officer.*

WALLACE: *Being relieved of his command . . . ?*

FRANKLIN: *Yes. But I can't really imagine the motivation that would lead to such a monumental thing such as this.*

WALLACE: *Monumental, what's monumental?*

FRANKLIN: *He has come up with totally fictional charges that as far as I'm concerned, it's been a hoax on the American people.*

Sixty Minutes, February 4, 1973

By the end of 1971, the barrage of charges and countercharges over the Herbert affair had tapered off. The ambivalent conclusion of much of the media was summed up by the title of a piece in the *National Observer*: "Colonel Herbert: A Hero or a Liar."

The reason for that standoff was that most of the Army personnel who had been interviewed and had attacked Herbert were either interested parties such as General Barnes, or men who made damning charges about Herbert's character but had no direct knowledge of the specific charges that Herbert was making. Many other officers, who might have effectively challenged several of Herbert's charges, kept silent, either because they had respected him in Vietnam, or because they just did not want to tangle with him. Although many reporters now held strong doubts about Herbert's case, no newspaper, magazine, or network felt compelled to give any investigator the necessary time to probe further and discover who was lying.

Since the first glowing report I had done on Herbert, I had gone to work as a producer for *Sixty Minutes*. One of the first things I did was to push for a story on Herbert. I was still convinced he was telling the truth and he had continued to assure me, and other reporters, that as soon as he retired in February, 1972, he would make available more documents to substantiate his case. When I flew to Atlanta in March, 1972, Herbert gave me transcripts of a number of telephone interviews with soldiers who seemed to support his claims. He also put me in touch with other men, giving me name after name of people who, he confidently said, would back his stories. I wanted to believe in Herbert and I now see that I minimized the many discrepancies in his stories. When I showed Mike Wallace some of the information I had gathered on Herbert, including some newspaper reports questioning his story, Wallace looked through the material and announced that he thought Herbert was lying. His comment made

me the more intent on proving Herbert was telling the truth.

That turned out to be difficult. When I started contacting the people to whom Herbert had directed me, they were, when pinned down, not able to substantiate Herbert's claims, not even on an off-the-record basis. Even as my doubts grew, Herbert kept furnishing new names, new facts, new explanations. Then, in April, I received a call from a mutual acquaintance who told me Herbert had claimed that the *Sixty Minutes* show on him was being postponed because we were now planning to devote the full hour to him—his was such an important story—rather than the usual fifteen- or twenty-minute segment.

This was only a minor piece of fiction, but it was without foundation. I had personal knowledge of that. Something finally snapped. The inconsistencies, the evasions I had been so eager to overlook, now took on a different hue.

In November, 1972, a green-bound uncorrected proof of Herbert's *Soldier* arrived from the publishers. Herbert had shared advance payments of more than \$100,000 with Jim Wooten and their agents for the book. It would be published in a few weeks to almost unanimously favorable reviews.

After being off on other stories, I was back onto Herbert. Over the next few weeks, *Sixty Minutes* researcher Mark Frederiksen and I spoke with more than a hundred and twenty people who had known Herbert throughout his career. Some of them had been mentioned in *Soldier*. One after another refuted many of Herbert's claims.

By the time we were ready to interview Herbert (and others) for the *Sixty Minutes* show, the story had of course turned into something far different from the admiring profile I had thought would result. As soon as Mike Wallace's TV interview with him was filmed, Colonel Herbert turned on me, in his eyes an admirer now turned enemy, and challenged me to deny that I had originally wanted to write a book about him. I was startled; of course that was true, but I had almost forgotten it. In fact, my interest in collaborating with him had ended even before I developed doubts about his story. Herbert kept pressing the point, intimating that all along I had been engaged not in journalism but a vendetta. Angered, I told him that if he went on in this way I would "get" him, that I had recourse to libel action. I came to regret that outburst, because subsequently Colonel Herbert was to cite this confrontation as proof that the CBS television show was a willful plot on my part to discredit him (an impossibility, since others have the last say about the content and purposes of *Sixty Minutes*) and to defile his true story.

The key point in the whole Herbert affair was not whether atrocities had occurred—the Army admitted that some of those described by Herbert did

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happen—but whether Herbert had actually reported them, and, because he insisted on trying to get them investigated, had had his career ruined by a military establishment intent on covering up war crimes. It was only by claiming to be a martyr that Herbert had gained such national prominence.

But how to prove one way or another whether Herbert had reported war crimes in Vietnam? Each instance he cited was a case of one on one: Herbert's word against Franklin's or Barnes's. It was only on my fifth or sixth reading of the Army's fact sheet that one item stuck out: Herbert, the Army claimed, could not have reported the St. Valentine's Day killings to Franklin on February 14, as he described, because Franklin was on R&R in Hawaii on that date and returned to Vietnam only on February 16, Vietnam time.

Yet in *Soldier* Herbert claims it was Franklin who, on February 14, personally ordered Herbert by field radio to turn his prisoners over to the South Vietnamese police. And, after the murders, Herbert says he spoke again by radio to Franklin, then flew directly back to brigade headquarters to report the crime to Franklin.

"Herbert, you're a goddamned liar," Franklin exploded, according to Herbert's book. Herbert offered to get statements to prove his charge. Franklin, wrote Herbert, "stood up, too, and came right up against me. We were nose to nose. 'No, Herbert, no, you won't do that,' he said. 'I'll get the statements and you, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert, will do exactly what I say. Understand?'"

We double-checked Army records to make certain that the action involving the massacre had indeed taken place on February 14. The Army put us in contact with two officers who claimed they had flown with Franklin to Hawaii on February 9 and returned with him to Cam Ranh Bay on February 16. Hotel records in Hawaii showed that both officers had been there at the time they claimed. Still, there was doubt. Both officers admitted to disliking Herbert. We also contacted a former chopper pilot, now a civilian, who claimed he had picked Franklin up at Cam Ranh Bay when he returned, and it was after February 14. Franklin's bill from the Illikai Hotel in Honolulu had Colonel and Mrs. Franklin registered there from February 7 to February 14. What that meant, said Herbert, was that, since R&R is only five days, Franklin had arrived in Hawaii on the 7th, left on the 12th, which conceivably could have him back at headquarters by the evening of the 14th.

To substantiate this, Herbert claims in *Soldier* that the receipt Franklin produced from the Illikai Hotel was signed by his wife. "Did Franklin, an airborne colonel, just stand by while his wife handled the payment of their hotel bill? It doesn't add up. You're on R and R, and the wife joins you. Five days later you head back to Vietnam and your unit, and your wife, as many of them do, stays on for a day or two."

At our request, Herbert sent us a copy of the hotel "receipt" signed by Mrs. Franklin. A check with the Illikai showed that what Herbert had was not the receipt, but the *registration form*. That seemed to buttress Franklin's claim that his wife had checked in a couple of days before him.

Colonel Franklin also gave us a canceled check, dated February 14, 1969, signed by him and made out to the Illikai for the hotel bill. It could not have been postdated because it was made out, in handwriting apparently the same as the signature, for the exact amount of the final bill, down to the last penny. Nor could it have been mailed later, since it was cashed the first business day after it was written.

HERBERT (on being shown Franklin's check): *I can probably find you checks, I don't know, I can probably find you—I don't know about this check, I can probably find you—*

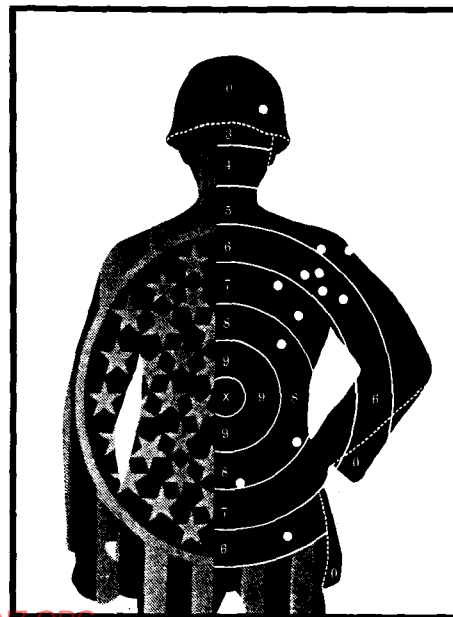
WALLACE: *Wait a minute, you . . .*

HERBERT: *I see the check . . .*

WALLACE: *OK.*

HERBERT: *I can probably find you a hundred checks that I have either dated for another reason, wrote after the fact, misdated—I don't know. All I know is that I saw Ross Franklin there and talked to him. I know that, I know what I saw, I know what I did. And I stick by it and I still say it. And I swear to it and I've sworn to it under oath. And I'll swear to it again. You know.*

In fact, in *Soldier* Herbert is totally confused on his dates. He says that Franklin was not present when Herbert took over command of the battalion on February 6 because he "had gone on R&R to Hawaii." Two days later by his account, on February 8, "Franklin was back behind his desk, and he



greeted me warmly." But when Herbert comes to explain Franklin's hotel receipt, he places him in Hawaii from February 7 (February 8 Vietnam time) to February 12.

In *Soldier* Herbert claims there are several people who had seen Franklin in Vietnam on February 14. We asked Herbert for names. Not one of those people, in the Army or out, on the record or off, could back up Herbert's claim.

The key person was Captain Bill Hill, a strapping, blond, former football player from the University of Oklahoma, who had served under Herbert in Vietnam and had had nothing but praise for him. When Herbert and I phoned Hill from Atlanta in March, 1972, Hill said he thought Franklin had been in Vietnam on the fourteenth. Later, when I spoke with Hill by phone, he said he could not be sure he had seen Franklin there. I relayed that information to Herbert. A few hours later still, Herbert called me back, claiming that Hill had phoned him to say he clearly remembered seeing Franklin returning from R&R on the fourteenth, that because he was still in the Army and had a career to worry about, he didn't want to get mixed up in Herbert's case, and that from now on, both Herbert and the press should leave him alone.

I then called Hill and asked if I could meet him; he said, yes, no problem. I wound up spending three hours talking with him at the Oklahoma City airport. Contrary to what Herbert had led me to believe, Hill was completely straightforward.

"Herbert," he said, "is a junior Patton. He was a great battalion commander, but he was in the wrong war. In another war Herbert might have become Chief of Staff, but this war was too political. The thing he loved was fighting, combat, but with pacification, fighting was gone."

Hill denied telling Herbert he was certain he had seen Franklin returning to Vietnam on February 14. He said he had heard Herbert talking about the killings on the battalion radio that day, but did not know who he was talking to. Nor could he be sure that Herbert had in fact reported those killings to brigade.

Hill also vehemently denied telling Herbert he couldn't talk because he was worried about his career. "Herbert has gone off the deep end on a bunch of this. I used to rave about him to my wife. It kills my soul about him because I admired him so much."

A few weeks later, after Hill had had a chance to read *Soldier*, I spoke with him again. "Herbert is the best battalion commander I ever had," he said. "But for some reason he's become a liar, it's all so much garbage."

WALLACE: *Bill Hill, one of your top company commanders, has told us that Herbert is "the best bat-*

talion commander I ever had. But for some reason he's become a liar, it's all so much garbage."

HERBERT: *If he's still in the Army, he will do the same as other officers will do, I'm sure, in order to keep their careers going. These men are not going to destroy themselves.*

WALLACE: *In other words, he has simply chickened out and is going along with the Army line against Herbert?*

HERBERT: *I don't know. I don't know that he said it. You're telling me he said it. I'm sure he did say it if you say he did. I'm telling you, if Bill Hill feels I'm lying, he's entitled to that opinion, right?*

Herbert had also claimed that one of the brigade's top enlisted men, Sergeant Major John Bittorie, had been listening in an outer office when Herbert reported to Colonel Franklin an incident of water torture. When the Army CID questioned him, Bittorie denied Herbert's claim. Herbert told me the reason was that although Bittorie himself was retired, he still had two sons in the service and had to worry about their careers. But when I flew to Columbus, Georgia, to interview Bittorie, he again denied having overheard any such report. What about his sons who are in the Army? I asked. He had no sons.

After talking with scores of men who had known Herbert in Vietnam, many of whom still admire him, we could not find a single person who believed that Herbert had been relieved for trying to get war crimes investigated. Most gave other reasons, from personality conflict between Franklin and Herbert, to Barnes's claims that Herbert could not be trusted, could not get along with the brigade staff, or might be using too much firepower against civilian-populated areas.

There is an inexplicable gap of almost eighteen months between the time Herbert was relieved, April 5, 1969, and the day he formally brought his war crime charges to the Army CID, September 28, 1970. Herbert claims he was constantly trying to get his charges investigated during that period, but he has no written evidence whatsoever to back up his claim. We contacted all the Army officers Herbert said he had tried to report war crimes to while in Saigon. Most recalled talking with Herbert about his request for a formal inquiry into his relief from command. But all, including Colonel John Douglas, the Army's top lawyer and judge in Vietnam, denied that Herbert ever mentioned war crimes.

DOUGLAS: *I can't believe that if there were war crimes involved and we were trying to stay out of it—as indicated by this passage [from *Soldier*] you*

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just read to me—that we'd then recommend a full-scale investigation [into Herbert's relief], which we did.

WALLACE (to the audience): *Douglas said that he was irritated by the implication that he wouldn't bring charges against a general.*

DOUGLAS: *And I am annoyed, I'm hurt. I feel that this is an indication that I'm not of strong enough character to be either a lawyer or an Army officer, and I happen to be both, and I'm proud of being both.*

WALLACE: *But why haven't you said this up to now?*

DOUGLAS: *Nobody's asked me.*

Nowhere in the entire one hundred and sixty pages of transcript of the official inquiry into Herbert's relief is there any mention by Herbert of war crimes. Why? Herbert first claimed that Army regulations prevented him from including war crime charges in his appeal. Army regulations say nothing of the kind. Herbert then claimed he did try to raise the charges during his appeal, but was advised not to by General Joseph Russ, the presiding officer. General Russ denies this. So do the court recorder and the military lawyer assigned to Herbert's case.

According to Herbert, during the several months he spent at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, after leaving Vietnam, he worked ceaselessly, spent \$8000 of his own money, getting statements, contacting witnesses, all to buttress his war crimes case. Herbert does have several statements from officers praising him as a commander, which he used to appeal the damaging efficiency report in his record; but there is not a word relating to war crimes.

It was only after Herbert had been transferred to Fort McPherson, Georgia, where the My Lai trials were in full swing, that there is any solid indication he was thinking about reporting war crimes. And it may well be that in bringing those charges, Herbert was as concerned with covering himself as with attacking Franklin and Barnes. Jim Wooten wrote in his Sunday New York Times piece on Herbert: "He began to discuss his experience with some Army lawyers at Fort McPherson. 'They kept recommending that I'd better make sure those things I'd seen were investigated,' he said. 'It made sense to me to try to follow the book on this and clear myself.'"

HERBERT: *I'm not going to say we have documents or not. I can say we have statements, sworn statements and testimony that will prove that I have reported war crimes in Vietnam.*

WALLACE: *Have you published them in your book?*

HERBERT: *I don't think so.*

WALLACE: *Why?*

HERBERT: *I had no reason to, it was already in the*

paper, other things. I don't know why. I have lawyers just like you have lawyers. We didn't put everything out that we have.

Herbert claims that the Army's investigations into Barnes and Franklin were a whitewash. Since the Army, citing legal precedent, refused to release the investigations, there was no way to be absolutely certain Herbert was not correct.

Then Herbert put me in contact with Ken Rosenblum. As a captain in the Judge Advocate General's Corps, Rosenblum had done the nuts-and-bolts work during the Army's investigation of General Barnes. He had access to much of the material in the Franklin investigation as well.

"You should talk to him," Herbert told me. He added that he had already called Rosenblum on my behalf and that Rosenblum was now out of the Army and could talk freely. I was shaken. After all I had found out, I thought it inconceivable that Herbert was telling the truth. But if he was not, why put me in contact with Rosenblum?

I flew to Islip, Long Island, to talk with Rosenblum. He is a quiet-spoken, young assistant district attorney, and he assured me, quite calmly, that there had been no cover-up. "We spent hours taking statements from Herbert," he said. "And for several months I was Herbert's telephone buddy. He kept calling me up with additional suggestions of people to talk to. We went all over the country following his leads, chasing people down, but when it came to the critical facts, the people he had told us would support his claims just did not. You know, I think he has reached the point where he really believes his charges." Rosenblum is only one of several people, including Colonel Franklin, who deny Herbert's charges but feel that Herbert himself *believes* he is telling the truth. How else explain Herbert's volunteering the names of so many



individuals, such as Rosenblum, who rather than confirm his story actually undermine it?

Most of *Soldier* is a mélange, a kaleidoscope of truth, half-truth, and fabrication. A few examples:

—According to *Soldier*, in 1968, shortly after Herbert had come to the 173rd, three Americans were found staked out, tortured to death by North Vietnamese. A few days later, three NVA soldiers were spotted staked out on the same spot. A note pinned to one of the bodies explained that the three had been executed by the NVA themselves as punishment for having tortured the Americans. According to Herbert, Major Walt Werner reported the incident exactly as it had occurred, but his battalion commander refused to accept it. “What the hell was Werner trying to do, he asked, credit the North Vietnamese Army with humane actions? . . . [Werner] was encouraged to alter his report. He refused—and that took guts.” That, suggested Herbert, was the reason Werner had not received an assignment he had wanted in Vietnam.

“Somebody’s imagination is running a little wild,” Werner told me. “An incident like that did happen, but it was two years earlier at Khe Sanh. It was reported by myself and others without any problem. It had nothing to do with my not getting the job I wanted.”

—Master Sergeant Roy Bumgarner, who served under Herbert, was charged with having murdered three Vietnamese peasants in cold blood, blown off their heads with a grenade, then produced several Chinese weapons which he claimed he found on their bodies to substantiate his story that they were enemy soldiers. Herbert ridicules the charges, and depicts himself defending a hapless Bumgarner’s constitutional rights against badgering military investigators.

Herbert ends his account without mentioning that Bumgarner was ultimately court-martialed and found guilty on the basis of overwhelming evidence.

—Captain Jim Grimshaw, who served under Herbert in Vietnam, supposedly tried to flush some Viet Cong soldiers from a cave where they were hiding, without injuring some female civilians and children also in the cave. To do that, Grimshaw heroically crawled into the cave, emerged a couple of minutes later “carrying a baby in his arms. . . . The three Viet Cong soldiers and the two women followed closely behind. It was cool. Nobody asked him why he did it, he never explained. I submitted him for the Silver Star. . . . But he never received it.”

When I phoned Grimshaw to ask him about that and other stories involving him, he denied that the incident had ever occurred. Nor, he said, had Herbert ever submitted him for a Silver Star. A few days later, I was surprised to receive a long letter from Grimshaw: “I thought Herbert was a fine commander and man,” he wrote, “and I would

do what I could to help him—anything, except lie.”

—Even the General’s duck. According to Herbert, General Barnes kept a duck as a mascot, sometimes ordering his men, only half-jokingly, to salute it. One night in a rage, Herbert supposedly killed it and had duck sandwiches a few hours later with Sergeant Major Bittorie.

Bittorie denies this, and the general who succeeded Barnes inherited the duck long after Herbert had left. When presented with this denial, Herbert first claimed that he had not meant to name Bittorie but another sergeant, and now denies that Bittorie’s name was ever in the book regarding the duck incident. But it is—page 400.

We checked some tales in *Soldier* about Herbert’s exploits prior to Vietnam. One after another, the stories he told were refuted by men who, usually, had no axes to grind.

Other yarns describe Herbert’s James Bond-like activity in the Middle East—serving as a finger man for political assassins, and aborting a zany extortion-espionage plot involving British and American girls from sensitive posts in the Middle East who were photographed in compromising positions while bedded down in the Dominican Republic. All those stories met with incredulous denials by officials who had served with or over Herbert during that time.

Herbert recounts how, while serving in Europe with U.S. Rangers, he arranged for his men to receive special training from the famed Nazi commando, Otto Skorzeny, who had set up a “School of Commando Tactics” in the mountains of Spain. Skorzeny, after reading Herbert’s account, says “everything is invented from A-Z.”

One of the few reviewers to question Herbert’s credibility discovered inaccuracies in his account of Korean experiences. S. L. A. Marshall wrote in the *National Review*: “As for where truth lies in this incident, and the reliability of Mr. Herbert’s testament, if his recollection of what happened around Anke and Tuyhoa in Vietnam is no better than his recall of experience in Korea, the grading should be zero minus. Having been there at the same time, moving through the same scenes with the same outfits, I say that he dilates expansively on things that never happened.”

Discrepancies had also turned up in Herbert’s first book, *Conquest to Nowhere*, about the Korean War. Its co-author, Robert Niemann, had tried to check out some of Herbert’s stories.

After answering some of Niemann’s queries, a man known in the book as “Bernstein” wrote: “When I saw ‘Herb’ over the New Year I was appalled by how bad his memory has grown. He was very mixed up on many facts and points of information. I would advise you to check carefully any facts used in promotional work. Those things can backfire. In all confidence I knew ‘Herb’ better than anyone in the company and he was always

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prone to exaggeration and looseness in this way. I say this as a friend who understands him and not in the least way to deprecate him. He's just that way."

When we tracked down "Bernstein" in New York, he confirmed having written the letter, on January 18, 1954.

In January, 1973, Herbert made yet another appearance, his third, on the Dick Cavett Show. It was like old home week. No sooner had Herbert sat down than he unveiled his newest claim: classified Pentagon documents, filched for him by a friend at the Pentagon, demonstrated that the Army had been out to ruin him by any available means. "It says in effect," he told Cavett, "that once the publicity dies down, we will get this guy."

In fact, the documents say nothing of the kind. Herbert had sent us a set weeks before. If anything, they show that the Army had decided to bring no legal or administrative action against Herbert, although some officers felt action was justified.

Cavett did not ask Herbert to produce the documents. In a follow-up story on those documents, a New York Times reporter included in his tentative lead the fact that "a careful examination of the copies of the documents obtained by the New York Times also reveals them to be less dramatic than Colonel Herbert's description of them on the Dick Cavett Show of January 23, which illuminates the ambiguities that have permeated the Herbert case for three years." An editor ordered that lead dropped on the grounds that it was opinion, not fact.

Our *Sixty Minutes* show on Herbert was aired in February. What was most surprising in the wake of it was the reaction of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, the publishers of *Soldier* (and, incidentally, a company owned by CBS). There was no reaction. Without divulging the tone of our report, I had spoken with Donald Hutter, the editor at Holt who was handling *Soldier*, a few days before we went on the air.

"Essentially," he had said, "this is a book about the military profession and a man dedicated to trying to awaken us to the corruption of that profession. I am privileged to be part of it."

After our show had been broadcast, I had thought that Holt would try to contact us, if only as a precaution against a libel suit. How serious were the flaws in Herbert's story? What else did we have on him? The book, after all, is replete with potentially actionable attacks against several military officers. But there was no call from Holt.

When I was preparing this piece, I called Holt. There were a number of pictures in the book and I thought it very likely that at least three of them

were not what the captions purported. When I told Hutter why I was doubtful, he admitted: "I can't say I examined them that carefully. Tony gave them to us and they seem to be what he said they were. But I can't say they are categorically, myself."

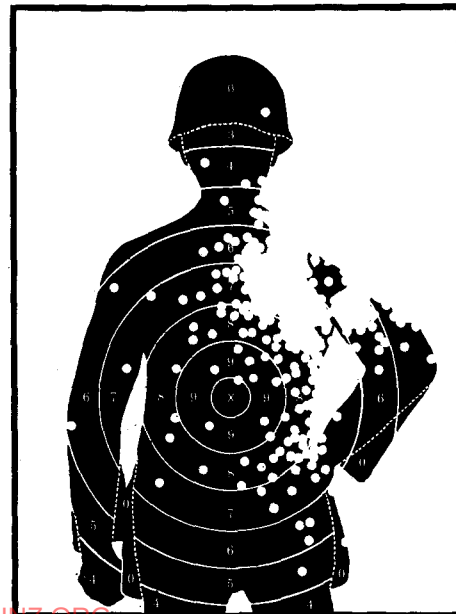
"There is no question in our mind about the substantial validity of Tony's story."

The views of Aaron Asher, Holt vice-president, are much the same. "We are only responsible for a general feeling of accuracy," he says, "not to check out every detail."

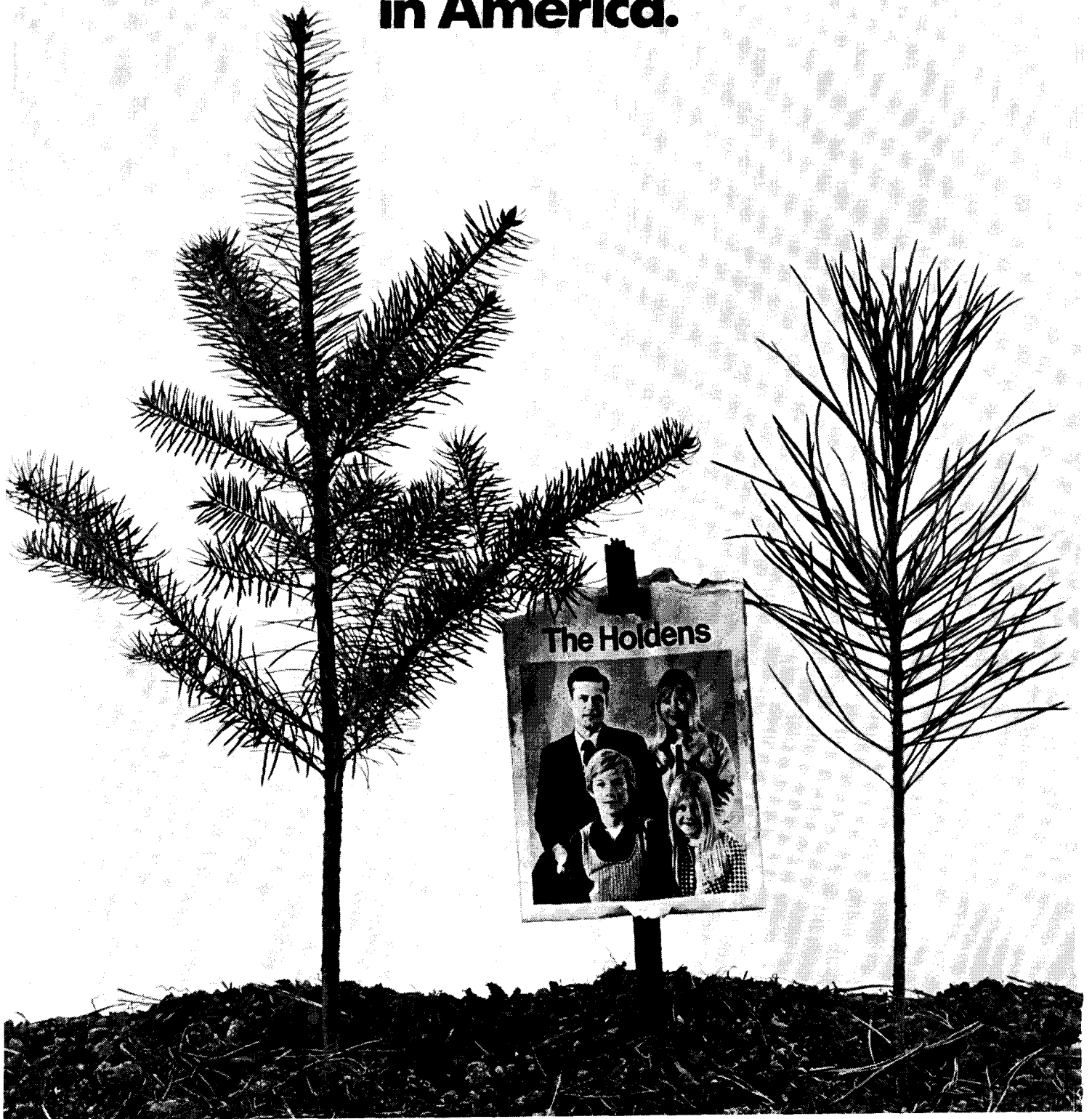
What to conclude? I don't pretend to know the motives behind the behavior that has brought Herbert to national prominence. It seems plain to me that they included a desire to salvage his threatened career and to seek revenge on Colonel Franklin and General Barnes, and that to do so he exploited the issue of war crimes.

The Army has not released the contents of its investigation into the Herbert affair. The Army is not compelled to do so. There is no recent precedent for such disclosure, though it would presumably go a long way toward clearing the air. The Army, however, may well resist publishing the information because it would include many accounts of atrocities that would further damage the Army's own reputation.

It is important not to let the vagaries of the Herbert affair obscure the fact that atrocities did occur, before Herbert's eyes and the eyes of countless others. Indeed, the argument can be made that Herbert, whatever his distortions and inventions, is to be thanked for keeping the nation's eyes on the war crimes issue. But I am not comfortable with that argument, because it forgets the responsibility of the press. The press, which long had been negligent about dealing with the question of American war crimes, found in Herbert a heroic figure, a martyr through whom to dramatize the issue. But we bought ourselves a martyr with feet of clay. □



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A HOUSE DIVIDED

A story by Leslie Norris

I'm glad I had my boyhood before the war, before the '39 war, that is. I'm glad I knew the world when it was innocent and golden and that I grew up in a tiny country whose borders had been trampled over so often that they had been meaningless for centuries. My home was in a mining town fast growing derelict, in Wales, and the invincible scrawny grass and scrubby birch trees were beginning to cover the industrial rubbish that lay in heaps about us.

It all seemed very beautiful to me, the small, tottering cottages in peeling rows on the hillside, the pyramids of black spoil that lay untidily above them, the rivers thick as velvet where the brown trout were beginning to appear again. But I read in a book that our river had once been famous for its salmon and that the last great silver fish had been caught there in 1880, and I knew that there had been a more complete perfection, a greener Eden.

Further west was such a green county, Carmarthenshire. When I was eleven years old, I was put on a bus for Carmarthen town, there to meet my aunt with whom I was to stay for a whole summer month, and it was then that I entered into my kingdom. My aunt met me at the coach station and we got into a smaller bus, full to its racks with people, parcels, chickens, bundles of newspapers, two sheep dogs. I had never seen grass so ablaze with emerald, nor a river so wide and jocund as the Towy. The bus was full of the quick Welsh language of which I didn't know a word, so I sat warily on the hard edge of my seat, observing from the rims and corners of my eyes. My aunt said nothing to me.

Groaning brokenly, the bus hauled up the hills north of the town, lurching to an occasional amiable halt in the centers of villages, outside the doors of simple inns, at deserted crossroads high on the moors. Through its hot, moving windows I saw small white farmhouses appear, one after the other, each at the heart of an aimless cluster of irregular fields. I knew I would sleep that night in such a house. I had never been away before, not even for one night. I looked at my silent and terrible aunt. She grinned suddenly, dug me ferociously in the ribs, and gave me a round, white peppermint. Comforted, I worked my tongue around the hot sweet. It was going to be all right.

We had reached the flat top of the mountain and

the little bus throbbed doggedly along an uncompromisingly straight road. Then we began to drop, running through sweeping shallow bends that took us lower and lower into a valley of unbelievable lushness. As the nose of the bus turned this way and that, I caught glimpses of a superb river, rich and wide, its brilliant surface paler than the sky it reflected. My aunt and I got off at the river bridge. The stone parapets were built in little triangular bays. You could wait in them while traffic passed. My aunt and I did this, and I looked down into the water, relishing its music, its cold clarity dappled over stones.

We had perhaps half a mile to walk, the road turning from the river as it swung south, and then we took a farm track back in the direction of the water. We passed but one house all the time we walked and that was a small, one-storied cottage with a low door and three windows set in its front. An old woman sat straight-backed on a wooden settle outside the door. She was shelling peas, placing the pale green ovals as if they were pearls into a china basin held on her lap, letting the empty pods fall into a bucket. She didn't stop doing this all the time she was talking to my aunt. Her long dress, made of some hard material, had been worn and washed to a faded blue. At her throat was a gold brooch which said "Mother."

"That's Mrs. Lewis," said my aunt. "A tough old bird, she is."

I looked back at Mrs. Lewis, upright and purposeful outside her front door in the evening sunlight.

"Is she very old then?" I asked.

"Not so old," my aunt said. "Over sixty though, I expect. She used to work the farm next to us until



last year. Worked it on her own, she did. Now she lets it to her nephew, Emrys. You'll see him about—his farm is on the river side of this lane and ours down here, on the right."

My case began to get heavy, so I hoisted it onto my shoulder.

Not long afterward we turned off the lane and followed a little stream which took us to the house, where my uncle was waiting.

I can't remember what else happened that day, but the pattern of following days is clear in my mind. Every morning I'd get up reasonably early, wash, and go downstairs to the kitchen. My uncle, a plump, voluble man, would begin talking as soon as he heard my foot on the stairs, and was already launched into some wild tale when I got into the room. He would be stretching up, on the tips of his small feet, to cut rashers from the side of bacon which hung from the beamed ceiling. The knife he used was large, black-handled, and sharp as fright. The bacon, pallid with fat, had two streaks of lean meat running meanly through it, and it swung about as he cut, but years of practice allowed my uncle to carve a slice as uniformly thin as if it had been done by machine. The frying pan, and the kettle too for that matter, hung from hooks above the enormous fire. My uncle always cooked my breakfast. He would take three of the yellow rashers and place them gently in the iron pan, adding, when the fat had begun to run, a thick slice of bread. Then he'd crack an egg and put that in. It was delicious. The bacon, crisp and dry, broke beneath my knife; the bread, fried brown on the outside, was succulent and full as a sponge with warm fat. Every morning my uncle would put my plate before me with a mild pride. He never stopped talking to me. He stood in front of his fire, his thumbs in his pockets, rocking gently forward and backward on his tiny feet, his eyes opening wide when he reached the climax of some innocent tale. When I'd finished my food he would go off to the fields, there to work with furious, haphazard energy. He had always finished, apart from the evening milking, by early afternoon.

Sometimes I worked with him and he liked this. But more often I would wander away on some inconclusive ploy of my own. Once I tracked the source of the little stream which supplied all our water at the farm, and which had never run dry, they said, even in the hottest summers. It started less than a mile away, in the foothills, a small, round pool filled by three bubbling heads of water. I stayed almost a whole morning, lying on the grass, watching the water burst through a fine white sand, grains of which were carried up and away in an erratic dance. After a

time I began to see that there was a kind of regularity in the way the springs gushed up, a kind of pattern. I told my uncle about the springs. He had never been there, but my aunt said she went once a year to clear it of leaves. There were no trees near it. I think she used to go there just to see the sand dancing.

By this time I'd met Emrys Hughes, Mrs. Lewis' nephew and our neighbor, so I thought I was entitled to walk over his land, too. The first time I did this I saw Emrys standing beside his dairy. I waved to him, but he didn't wave back. He stood there a moment as if confused, then he turned and dived out of sight. I told my aunt and uncle about this.

"Oh, he's very shy, is Emrys," my uncle said. "You needn't worry about that. He don't mind you being on his land, not at all. He'd like you to go over."

My aunt sniffed gently.

"Emrys is very nice," she said, "very helpful."

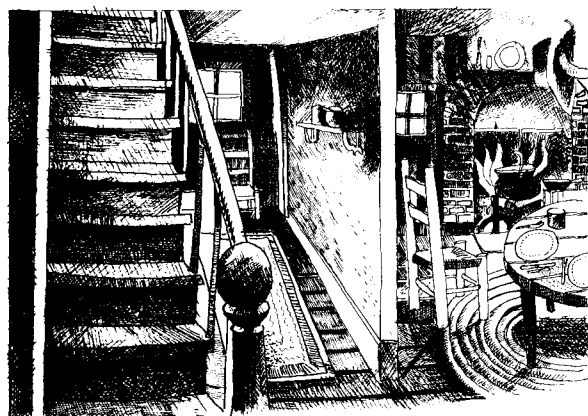
She thought deeply and then gave her judgment.

"Yes, very nice," she said delicately, "but not quite the round penny, if you know what I mean."

I thought of Emrys, of his long awkward body and innocent, gentle face, of his habit of ducking his head at meaningless moments. I could see what she meant.

"Oh, he's all right," said my uncle stoutly. "He's his father all over again, and old Dafydd Hughes never did a mite of harm to anybody."

So I continued to walk through Emrys' fields and after a while he waved back at me and even spoke to me. He had very little English and our conversation



was simple and limited. Mostly we'd stand and beam at each other. His wife was more talkative altogether, and I got into the habit of calling at their house about midmorning. We used to drink tea, the three of us, out of large Victorian cups, and eat a great many of the round flat cakes full of currants that were baked on a thick iron plate directly above the open fire. I used to read the local paper to Emrys and his wife. It didn't occur to me until much later that they couldn't read. They were both about twenty-three when first I went to stay with my aunt.

Emrys' farm had one great advantage over ours; it was bordered on the west by the miraculous river. What I liked to do was to have my breakfast, do a few jobs about the farm, and then go over to Emrys'.

Leslie Norris is a Welsh poet and story writer. His new book of poems will be published in England this spring.

I'd read to them, or we'd hold one of our slow, repetitive conversations, and then, very gently and by a roundabout route so that I would enjoy the going, I'd go down to the river. But one morning I awoke particularly early, startling my uncle, who was alone in the kitchen, singing and cooking his own breakfast.

"Good God, boy!" he said. "What's the matter? Can't you sleep?"

We had our food together and I went straight out into the early world. I had never known that such pure light existed and I was suddenly and overwhelmingly filled with a wish to see the river. I ran through Emrys' fields toward the water, and even some distance off I could see the man on the far bank, staggering slightly and hauling away at his fishing rod. When I arrived at the bank, gasping, I could see he'd got into something big, his rod bent in a deep arc from the butt, held in his gripping hands, to the tip which was only inches above the water. I couldn't see the line, even when he heaved sturdily back before winding in. He was not a young man and he wore a clergyman's collar.

"I wish you were over here," he called. "I've been half an hour with this one, and I could do with some help."

I ran for the bridge, over it, and down the other bank, splashing through stony shallows most of the way. But it took me seven or eight minutes and by the time I'd got down to the old boy he'd landed his fish. I'd never seen anything so enormous, nor so beautiful. I spoke for some time to the old man, but apart from the fact that he was on a fishing holiday and that he lived in the Midlands, I can remember nothing of him. I can remember everything about the salmon. I could take you now, at this moment, to the place where I first saw him lying hugely in the grass, his great head up against a clump of dock. I know the gradations of his color, the position of his every scale. A trickle of blood came over his lower jaw.

"A fresh-run fish," the old man said.

I didn't know what he meant, but I knew that I soon would. I went home in a daze. I was caught, all right.

It was easier than I had imagined. Both my uncle and aunt thought it entirely natural that I should want to catch salmon.

"Where's that old rod of mine, Marged?" asked my uncle. "The boy can begin with that. I'll get him a license when I call into town. Don't forget, boy, the river is dangerous, you'll have to learn it like a book. And have a word with Emrys—he's a marvel with fish, is Emrys."

He was, too. Boys learn a great deal by imitation, and I learned by imitating Emrys. He knew where every salmon in the river was to be found; he could point out places where legendary fish of the past had been caught by his father or his uncle. I was killing biggish fish right from the beginning, most of them with an old two-piece greenheart that Emrys had used when he was a boy. He had a box full of tied



flies, lures of an entirely local pattern that I've never seen anywhere else, although I've caught fish all over the world since. I still have them, the old greenheart and Emrys' box of flies. I've not used either of them since 1948, when I bought the first of my split-cane rods. When my month was up I didn't want to go home.

My uncle jollied me along.

"Time you went," he said. "The boys in the Cerys Arms are complaining that there won't be a fish in the river unless we send you home soon."

He loaded me with gifts, shook hands as if we had been friends for fifty years, and told me to come back at Easter.

"March," he said. "That's when the season begins. We'll be waiting for you."

So year after year I spent my springs and summers in that fertile and timeless place. I'd go into town the day after my arrival. I'd go into Mr. Protheroe's shop and buy my river license. Mr. Protheroe would tell me what fish had been caught already and I'd inspect his new stock of tackle. Then it was off to the water. Although Emrys came with me less often than on my early visits, we always had at least five or six long days together. We did some night-fishing, too, after sea trout. The river was unbelievably busy then, its noises louder and more mysterious than in secure daylight, its cool air hawked by bats and soft-flying owls.

The summer of '39 was long and hot, and the river had fallen sadly below fishing level. One Sunday morning Emrys and I were out on the water, fishing for memories mostly. We sat on the bank, throwing a line now and then over runs where we'd caught good fish in other years. The water was warm and stale, and we knew it was no good hoping for anything. The little salmon parr, little fingerlings, sidled lazily in the shallows. We saw my uncle come slowly through the fields, head bowed under the sun.

"Daro!" said Emrys. "It must be hot to make your uncle walk slow like that."

But it wasn't the heat. He had come to tell us that war had been declared. We didn't say much about it. We walked back to the house and I packed my case and tackle, mounted the old Rudge Whitworth mo-

torcycle I owned at the time, and rode home. I knew that the world of summer fishing had come to an end. It was time for me to go elsewhere. Within a year I was in the Army.

My uncle wrote to me once a fortnight, on Sundays. His careful letters, the narrow, upright script, kept me informed of all his artless news. I learned that old Mrs. Lewis had suffered a stroke and was bedridden, that Emrys and his wife had left the farm to live with her. The local lawyer, Lemuel Evans, had found a tenant for the farm until such time as Emrys could return.

Later, Emrys was called up. I couldn't imagine him in the Army. He was thirty years old then, and more naïve than most children. In the intervals of keeping myself out of the more senseless military activities, I sometimes thought of Emrys. I needn't have worried. Unable to read, his English an almost unintelligible dialect, he was of little value to the Army. He was sent home after serving for three months.

In the spring of 1944 I had some embarkation leave and I spent a week of it at the farm. There was nobody at home when I arrived—it was market day at Cardigan—but the door was never locked in that house. I went inside, dumped my case, got my rod out, and tackled up. I thought I could get half an hour in before my aunt and uncle returned, and I walked through the familiar fields of what had been Emrys' farm, savoring every moment. When I got to the water I unhooked my fly from the cork butt and got some line out ready to cast. The water looked right, a lot of it and a beautiful clear brown, the color of the peat bogs it came from. I gave my rod a flick or two, just to clear my wrist, then threw a long cast across the pool. Someone shouted behind me, but I took my time, keeping the line nice and tight until I was ready to reel in. Then I looked around.

He was a thickset man, dark and hard, in his late thirties. I smiled at him.

"What do you think you're doing?" he said.

I told him who I was.

"I know who you are," he said. "You have no more right to fish my water than anyone else."

I explained that both Emrys and Mrs. Lewis had always allowed me to fish there, but I could see it was useless. I didn't want trouble and he looked strong enough for caution. Holding my rod above my head, I walked out of his farmyard and up the lane. I thought of calling at Mrs. Lewis' cottage to complain to her or to Emrys, but there was a little car outside the door when I reached the house, so I walked on. I crossed the bridge over the river, climbed the stile, and moved down the opposite bank. I could see my uncle's surly neighbor standing where I'd left him. I stood with the width of the river between us, and cast in. I've never been a stylish angler; effective, perhaps, but never stylish. But that cast was perfect. I put the fly down as effortlessly as it could be done, the line unrolling smoothly forward on the unblemished surface, the lure falling as naturally as thistle-

down. It was taken at once, as I knew it would be, and I landed the fish after fifteen minutes. It was the biggest fish I'd ever caught and I still haven't equaled it. Just over eighteen pounds it went, and I cast for it, hooked it, and landed it under the furious, silent gaze of the man on the other side of the river. It was very satisfying. After I'd pulled it out I went lower down and caught two more, both over twelve pounds. I wasn't out more than a couple of hours altogether, and then I waded across downstream, just above an old woolen mill where Emrys and I sometimes fished, and walked back across the fields to my uncle's house. After supper I told my people about their neighbor's boorish behavior.

"We don't have much to do with him," said my uncle.

He looked uncomfortable and ashamed.

"He's not a nice man, do you see," my aunt said, "not like poor Emrys."

I could see they didn't want to talk about him, so I said no more. Emrys and his wife came in shortly after. They were pleased and excited. We had a merry evening, but Emrys would say nothing about his three months in the Army, however closely I pressed him.

"I didn't like it there," he said. "It was terrible in the Army."

"Lemuel Evans came to see the aunt today," said Mrs. Hughes. "She signed the will. Left everything to Emrys she has, the cottage, the farm, everything. Mr. Evans read it out to us, then the aunt signed the will, two copies, then Emrys and me."

"Why should you sign it?" asked my uncle.

"We are the witnesses," said Mrs. Hughes. "Emrys has always been able to sign his name, although he's no scholar, of course."

"Stands to reason I'd have to sign it," said Emrys. "All the money comes to me, doesn't it?"

"I'm very glad," my aunt said. "Let's hope that Mrs. Lewis has many years of happy life in front of her and that when her time comes nothing goes wrong to spoil what is to come to you. You've been very good to her, the two of you."

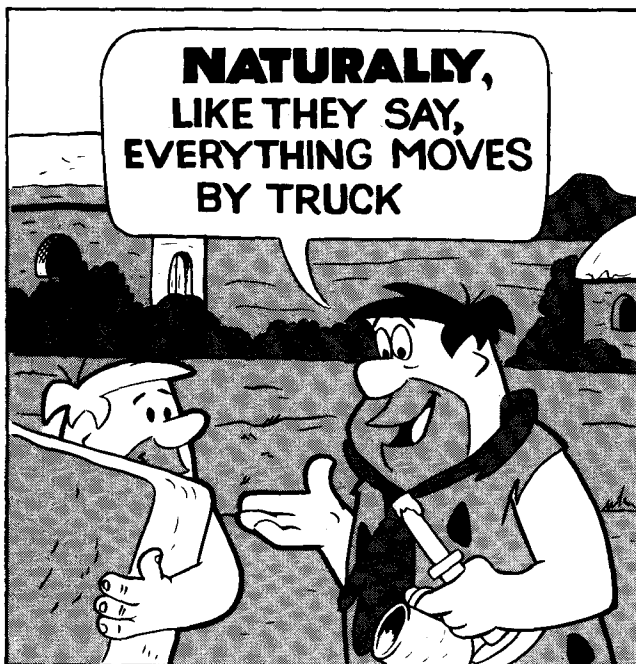
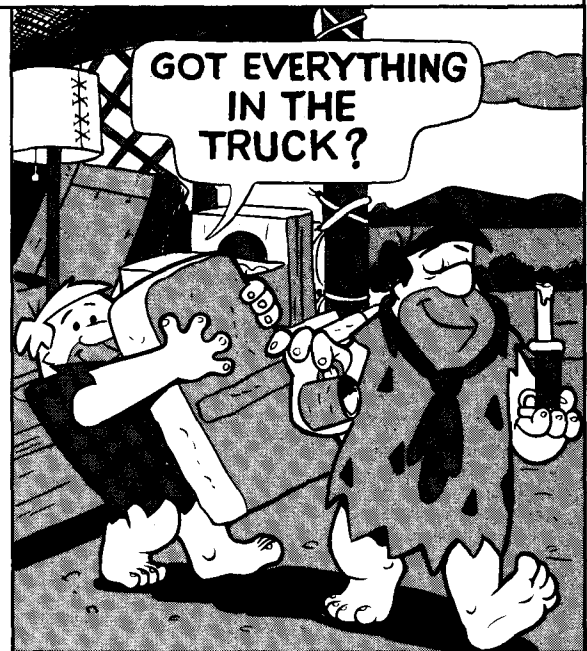
When they'd gone I spoke to my uncle about the will. I thought it unlikely that beneficiaries could witness a will they would eventually gain from.

"Say nothing," said my uncle cautiously. "Don't get involved in it. We are no match for the lawyers."

I looked at him and saw with compassion that he had grown old. His talk, that bubbling mixture of innocent wild tales, chuckles, exclamations of surprise and delight, now held long silences also. Sometimes I caught him with a strange look in his eyes, as if he were measuring long distances. He died when I was abroad and my aunt lived only a few years after him.

After the war I didn't go back there. There seemed no reason for it, although I often went down into Pembrokeshire. Last month, though, I took the mid-Wales route and found myself again on that old river bridge. I left the car at the head of the lane and

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walked down. It seemed unchanged, but Mrs. Lewis' cottage was empty and unkempt, its windows covered by an untidy lace of cobwebs and fine dirt. I started to go on to the farm, but couldn't face it now that my people were dead and strangers lived there. I pushed my way through hawthorn and nettle into Mrs. Lewis' garden. The apple trees, mossed to the twigs, were covered with the hard red apples I remembered so well. There were greenfinches in the hedge, marvelous birds. I walked around the cottage, remembering. The roof looked sound and dry, the walls sturdy. You can often buy such a cottage for surprisingly little. I could use it for weekends and fish these waters again.

I drove back into town and went into Mr. Protheroe's shop, walking into the back room as I'd always done. He was sitting there, white-haired and frail, but quite recognizably the man who had sold me so many bits and pieces of my youth. He had a box of flies in front of him. Mallard and claret they were, beautiful flies. I bought a dozen and then I told him who I was. It was heartwarming to be remembered.

"Come down for some fishing?" he asked.

I told him that my interest was rather different, that I had seen old Mrs. Lewis' cottage and thought of buying it. He was pleased.

"You ought to come back," he said. "There have always been members of your family hereabouts. I went to school with your uncles."

"We haven't been here for twenty-five years," I said.

"That's not long when we're talking of families," he said. "Old Mrs. Lewis' cottage now. It could look very nice with a bit of paint here and there and a good cleanup. Nobody's lived there since she died, or a few months after. Lemuel Evans is the man for you to see. His office is just up the street, next to the Post Office."

"I expect Emrys Hughes went back to the farm," I said.

"Well, no," said old Protheroe. "There was a big shock over that. When Mrs. Lewis died and the will was proved, it turned out that she'd left every mortal thing to Lemuel Evans. The farm, the cottage, every

mortal thing. There was a lot of talk, of course."

He looked out of his window at the orderly garden.

"Nobody could prove anything," he said.

"What happened to Emrys?" I asked.

"He took it hard," said Mr. Protheroe. "He let it get on top of him, and he never was, as you know, a man quick to understanding. I see him from time to time, but he's not good for much now. No, not for much. Talks to himself and so on."

"Not a very nice story," I said.

"Nothing in this world is perfect," said the old man. "Don't let it bother you. Go up now and have a word with Lemuel Evans. Tell him I sent you and let him know who you are."

I went up to Lemuel Evans' office and was shown into a dirty room, the lower half of its windows covered by screens of rusty gauze the color of liver. There was dust everywhere. A few box files, sagging and empty, stood on a shelf. Evans was there, a tall old man so dry and sapless he seemed made of tinder. A great plume of white hair swept off his forehead. I asked him about the cottage.

He nodded slowly.

"It's a nice little property," he said. His voice was astonishingly vigorous. "A pleasant situation, and very sound. How much would you be thinking of paying for it?"

I told him that there was a lot to be done to the house before anyone could think of living in it and I offered him a silly amount, really silly.

His answer surprised me.

"It will certainly need some renovation," he said, "and it will only deteriorate if left empty. I think we can do business at the figure you mention."

I said I'd think about it and let him know. I couldn't get poor Emrys out of my mind. I thought I might buy the cottage and give it back to Emrys; I thought I ought to ask Evans outright why he had cheated my old friend. I realized I was shaking with anger. I walked out, Lemuel Evans following me to the door.

I went back down the hill toward Protheroe's shop. He was standing outside, waiting for me.

"You won't be buying the house," he said.

"No," I said.

"You aren't the first," he said. "No, not the first, by a long way."

I didn't say anything. I was suddenly indifferent to everything.

"Come inside and have some tea," old Protheroe said.

"I haven't time now," I said.

I got in the car and drove away. It began to rain as I crossed the river bridge and by the time I'd climbed the hill a persistent soft rain drove in at me. I stopped the car and looked back. The town was hidden by falling rain, its roofs, its bridge, the little outlying cottages, but to the south, the way I was going, the river shone in its valley like an enormous snail track. □



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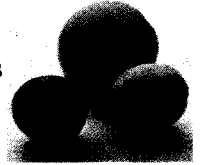
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THE SOVIET JEWS COME FORWARD

by Herbert Gold

They have left a society where they could not be Jews, to live where they can no longer be Russians.

Dawn in the Sudbanhof railroad station in Vienna. Guarded by both uniformed police and plainclothesmen, Israelis in fur hats are pacing back and forth along the tracks, blowing frosty breath into chapped hands. They greet the porters like old friends; they see them every day. This morning there are also two young men in leather jackets and uniform caps with brass insignia—observers from the Soviet Embassy. They stand apart. The others smile tentatively at each other amid the smells of rubber, wet cement, railroad grit, coffee, as if to say: It's night, but not for long.

It is nearly 7 A.M., and streaks of pink are just beginning to light the sky on this winter morning.

We are awaiting the Chopin Express from the Soviet Union with its cargo of Jews. They have been coming in groups of fifty to two hundred. Vienna is the window facing all directions, east and west, north and south, an ancient role for Vienna. From here they will fly to Israel.

The train is a few minutes late. There it is, red and green lights, driving wheels. The Israelis smile and wave to each other, practicing.

"Shalom!" The train is here. The Israelis run from car to car, calling out their greeting, gathering their flock, and are answered by pale, stunned, smiling, abashed faces. Shalom. Shalom. I see the face of a child pressed against a window, skeptical, swollen, not sure whether this is an arrival or another departure. Her doll is also pressed against the window; it has red stars for eyes. *Shalom*.

The people descend timidly, taking their first steps on soil which is not that of the Soviet Union. The Israelis are saying, *Don't worry, dear ones, come now, don't worry, shalom, shalom. Dorogiy—*

the Russian word for dear ones. Shalom; peace. Many have been traveling for days without rest. They are welcomed in Russian, Yiddish, and Hebrew.

An old man and woman, stiffly bundled, stand close to each other and wait for something more to happen to them. A giant from Bukhara, with a white beard, a fur hat, trousers tucked into high fur boots, kisses me; his beard is scented with cologne. A few women don't know what to do; they weep. Many children, nurslings in blankets. A grandmother clutches my daughter's arm and begins telling that familiar life's story: "I lost my pension, my rights, everything." Now everyone is kissing and hugging, so I touch a child's head, the one I had seen at the train window, and she dodges away, frightened. She has huge, distracted, dark-circled eyes. I reach out to pat her doll. I had never seen a doll with red felt stars for eyes. The child dodges my hand with a pleading cry. I can't remember the Russian words for "I won't take it from you," but her mother is apologizing for her daughter's behavior. She doesn't mean to be rude. She was brought up to be *kulturnaya*. At the border the police seized everything except their clothes and this doll.

They have spent twenty-four hours on the Chopin Express, and how much voyaging before that? Georgians. People from Tashkent, Bukhara, Uzbekistan, the Ukraine, Russia, the Baltic states.

An old woman is tugging at the porter's cart, terrified. It is taking away all her remaining possessions. In the Bible there is little emphasis on baggage as the Red Sea parts and the Jews cross over, but this is probably an oversight. In real life there is always baggage; even the wandering beggar has a sack. The woman is dragged a few yards by the high steel wheels rolling on their thin rubber strips; the porter, attached to a forked pole, needs all his strength to stop the cart. The woman's cry is like the child's—sharp, pleading, amazed.

An Israeli official puts his arm around her, murmurs soothingly, loosens her panicked grip with his hands. He nods to the porter, who strains and starts his cart again. The Israeli stands with the lady and just holds her hands.

"Who's that!"—pointing to the two young men in uniform caps.

"It's all right, *dorogaya*, they're only watching."

The buses are ready to take the new arrivals to Schönau, once a princely hunting lodge, now the transit point where they spend a night. I ask a man his profession. He explains in rapid Russian, and I am puzzled, understanding something like "food-engineer-technician." His adolescent son interrupts with a smiling English translation: "My father is a Jew."

Herbert Gold is a novelist and essayist whose most recent book is *My Last 2000 Years*.

Monek Einziger, tall, elegant, cosmopolitan, heads the office of the Joint Distribution Committee in Vienna. He carries as the bonus for his years that middle-European weariness and tenderness which is a part of *gemütlichkeit*. He smiles frequently, and one imagines a great coffeehouse charmer. He has a French wife. "I've been in this job since 1945. There was a period when I tried to go back to business, but it had no reality. Concentration camp Jews, Polish Jews, Romanians, Iraqi Jews—that one's a long story. . . . But I never thought the Russians, the silent ones, would ever come out."

We were sitting in a bare institutional office, with a pale wintry light and a view of an old square, stiff leafless winter branches at the window. He was in no hurry. He would spend the day with me. "These are heroes," he said. "No one is pushing them out of Russia. The Russians would rather keep them, like cows to milk. They insist on going. They lose jobs, savings, pensions, they are ostracized, they are treated as defectors; some are beaten and imprisoned. But they want to go home now. They say: I was comfortable enough, but I want to live as a Jew, I want a future for my children."

Why do the Russians make it so hard?

"It's unpleasant for the Socialist Paradise that any minority wants to emigrate. The Russians don't quite know how to deal with it, so they let some go to relieve the pressure, they punish others, they invent the diploma tax."

The large number of requests for "family reunion" through the Dutch Embassy, which handles Israeli affairs in Moscow, only increases. All pay an exit tax of 900 rubles, about \$1000. The committee helps with this head tax. The ransom—the so-called "diploma tax"—is another matter and cannot be paid abroad. It is based on the applicant's education (education belongs to the People), and has been set as high as \$60,000 in the case of one prizewinning scientist. The committee cannot help pay the diploma tax. It is too much like buying slaves. The precedent would be to stimulate extortion.

The Russians sometimes enforce the tax, sometimes don't. During the period of President Nixon's visit to Moscow, and when a trade agreement was under debate in the Congress, they suspended the tax. Now it's on again. The effect is to shackle the most educated, but somehow many manage to raise the money. So far, according to Uzi Narkiss, head of Immigration for the Jewish Agency in Israel, about \$3.4 million has been paid for exit visas.

"We don't understand the Russians, do we?" says Herr Einziger. "This is not comparable to the Nazis. One must make this clear. I was in a camp. I know. The Russians want to profit, they want to keep and use their Jews, not destroy them. The

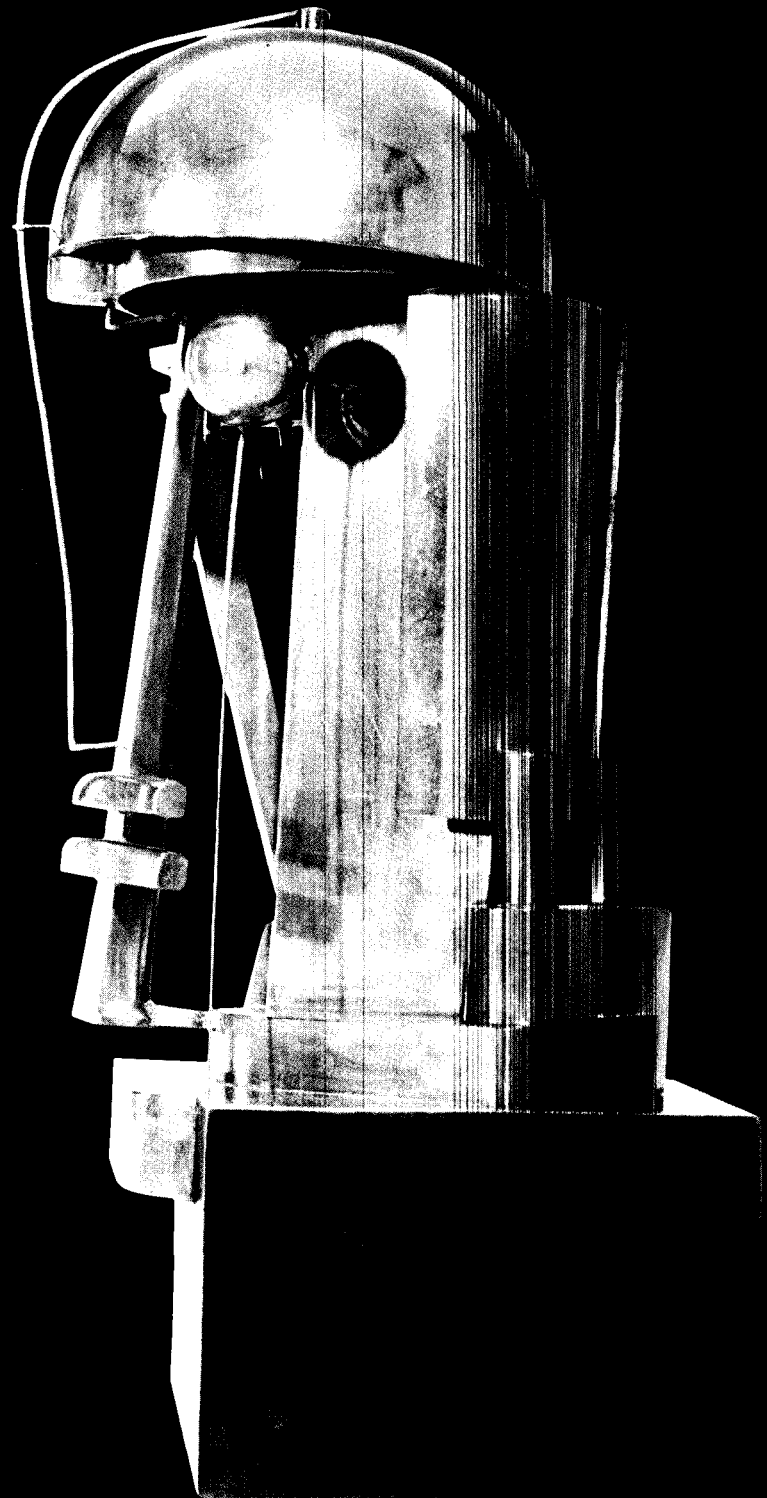
The nation faces an energy crisis. Our natural reservoirs of fossil fuels are more and more difficult to tap. New forms of producing power are being developed, but will they be ready in time? And will they solve the problem without creating new ones? But that is not the real crisis. The real crisis is the human crisis.

The real

We are forgetting how to be human beings. Power has become an end in itself. Instead of walking, we ride to the store. Instead of thinking, we ask a computer for answers. Instead of doing, we tell our machines to mix, brush, talk, write, even scratch for us. We have become a plugged-in, motorized society.

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Nazis also decided it was better not to kill them, but by that time they didn't know how to use them."

Over 3600 came out in November, 1972. The number seems to go up every month. They choose to go; they are persuaded in various ways not to go; they go anyway.

The diploma tax probably is intended to deter people from leaving, not simply to obtain money. After all, the sums are enormous for the individuals involved, not for the Soviet government. But the effect is to convince many to leave sooner, because things may get worse. The twists of Soviet policy help feed the panic. The Russians have a double set of problems: internally, to quiet the Jews and keep other minorities from causing a ruckus; externally, to keep their Arab clients at the proper distance and to throw no new bumps in the way of bumpy Soviet foreign policy as "unsmiling Andrei Gromyko" marches in and out of limousines and conference halls.

Last year the budget for the Jewish Agency was \$465 million; most of this money was raised in America by the United Jewish Appeal. A large percentage went for the rescue and resettling of Russian Jews, but Agency officials had drafted a budget of more than \$700 million. The pinch is being felt in health services, higher education, housing, and the other great financial problems of relocating a group of unusual emigrants—some conspicuously educated and needing retraining, others illiterate, many finished with their working lives.

Herr Einziger and I drive to Schönau, the transit hostel outside Vienna. The Jews are brought here from the train, often sick and confused after their long struggle and journey. The former hunting lodge is guarded by state police with machine guns, and by private police; raised-arm salutes greet us as we pass through the gates. We're to have lunch with the new arrivals. The property belongs to a titled Austrian who has rented his country place to the Jews.

A man wheels a baby carriage toward me. "Shalom." The child is about two months old. "Boy?" I ask. "Girl," he says, a little displeased at my error. "Krasavitsa," I say, trying to redeem myself. "Very pretty girl."

The people wandering on these grounds stay one day and then fly "home" for the first time. On this December morning, ice droplets hanging from the trees, the voyagers are calm and quiet after a night's rest. Some of the men wear knitted yamulkas. All have brought out their wrinkled best clothes. They look like any Russian crowd, except for the Georgians, who are dressed in bright country knits or shabby urban clothes and huddle together in the manner of village people confused in

a foreign place. A man from Uzbekistan offers a fruit—it looks like a persimmon—to the Israeli nurse who is telling me: "Here we treat acute illness, but we send to Israel immediately those with chronic disease. Today there is a man with Parkinson's." There are many old people and children; many arrive with untreated infections. "An Austrian doctor, a gentile, very devoted, comes every day—a wonderful man."

I take advantage of this place encapsulated out of time to ask whatever questions come into my head. An engineer tells me he didn't have to pay the diploma tax; I ask why and he shrugs. But his wife says proudly: "He is an Officer Hero of Leningrad. He was wounded three times." Immediately a little crowd gathers about me. A woman doctor says: "I didn't have to pay. Maybe President Nixon's visit." A woman dentist: "I didn't pay either. Maybe it was a holiday." Everybody laughs. Another engineer says: "I paid. My friends and relatives gave me all their money, and now what's to become of them?"

A room in the lodge is marked *Synagogue* in five languages, including the Georgian script, which looks a bit like Arabic. An old man stands, face to the Book, saying Kaddish for his dead father. He has an enormous white beard; a soft chanting comes from his lips. His wife complains: "I can't sleep here in a dormitory with others. I'm too old. Perhaps you could find me a separate room?"

A harassed, trembling, once beautiful Israeli woman—three months is supposed to be the maximum assignment to this post, but she has been here longer, meeting the trains at dawn and working around the clock—says to the woman in Russian and then repeats in French for my benefit: "What we can give you here is a good welcome, a clean bed, three meals—no Hilton."

"Pas de Hilton," the woman repeats after her. "Je comprends, Madame."

The old man prays and, spying upon this prayer, I tense myself against the vastness of its feeling. The old man has a missing earlobe. His shoes have thick red soles. He is swaying. The one at prayer has conquered fear; he lives in awe and pride; he is grieving now for a man who never came to Israel, and most probably one whom he remembers young and vigorous, with little gray in his beard, his own father.

He who maketh peace in his high places
May he make peace for us and for all Israel.

The old man rocks gently, a moment of light between his forehead and the cabinet where he stands.

And say ye Amen.

A miracle had happened, and he was celebrating loss. He paid tribute to his father. It was not a



prayer for the dead, as it is sometimes thought to be, but a renewed, diligent, triumphant assent to life. There was a smell of potato and cabbage soup from the kitchen of that hunting lodge outside Vienna on a crisp and sunny winter day of 1972. The old man prayed and wet his lips, which still hungered.

His wife touched my arm. She said in French: "I regret. I apologize. I am a silly old person. I wouldn't trade this for the Hilton."

I have lunch at a table with a woman from a small town in Lithuania, her daughter, who is fat, blond, a nurse, and her son, a very pale factory worker. The daughter says: "There is one real Zionist in our town, a great surgeon, the best, and so his ransom is too high. He can't leave; they won't let him." Her brother is grinning and she says: "Not so much problem to let *him* go."

Since I have learned to avoid asking names, they are not afraid to talk. A Party member since 1945, gold teeth, all smiles, voluble, an apparatchik out of Central Casting, explains how he returned his card to the Party and then had the devil of a time getting the necessary "good conduct" certificate which is part of the red-tape obstacle course leading to the visa. "Why? You were a Communist. Was it hard for you?"

"No, no, no, my life was easy, I ran a factory, very nice—but my son, my daughter—especially since the victory in 1967, the lies about Israel . . . Things were getting difficult. I would like to explain, sir. I decided to go home."

A hubbub goes up in the crowded dining room, its windows steamed by breathing and by soup. "Groozinki!" Another group of Georgians has just arrived. They are wearing knitted caps of bright yarns—purples, reds, yellows—and they cling together. They are mostly quite small, and one old woman is smaller than small: she's a dwarf, bow-legged, about the size of a three-year-old; she reaches up to kiss my hand. The very tired Israeli woman is smiling, shepherding, arranging another serving of lunch.

On the way out, I notice a tall young man in a jacket and soft cardigan standing alone in the courtyard. He looks very shy and withdrawn. His name is Mark Rybak. He speaks excellent Oxbridge English. He is twenty-seven years old, well over six feet tall, a mathematician from Tallinn in Estonia, a professor. His diploma tax came to more than \$15,000. How did he get the money? No other family but his mother and father, no wife or children. Relatives and friends gave him the money. "They were rather good to me at the university. They let me work until we left. I would say my colleagues were very good to me. But you know, I am rather confused now, I feel so odd. . . ."

"You had a good life. Why did you leave?"

"All Jews must go. Israel is our country. It is impossible otherwise."

His father joins us—pink-cheeked, white-haired, vigorous, about fifty-five, smiling. He is a former Red Army officer, and a veteran of a forced-labor camp during the last Stalin period. "However, we are a very fortunate family," he says. "We are all here together."

On the night flight from Vienna to Lod Airport, there were over fifty Russians. "No more Russians," the El Al steward corrected me. "Jews."

I asked a passenger where he was from and he started to say something else, but then cried out, "Jerusalem!" He and his family roared with laughter, rolling bellyfuls which, on another day, would have sounded typically Russian.

When we touched down at three in the morning, the immigrants applauded. Some were singing in Yiddish, a group was humming *Hatikvah*. Young men and women, Israeli officials, led them into the reception rooms where, on the spot, they would get their first taste of that Israeli bureaucratic paperwork of which everybody complains, even the bureaucrats themselves. But also they would receive, without further trouble, on the spot, citizenship in the State of Israel in accordance with the Law of Return.

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Japanese terrorist attack, a few forms were filled out, and each immigrant was then a citizen. I would have liked music in this room. Instead, rubber stamps, harried instructions, sandwiches and coffee with the milk and sugar already added. But the Israeli girls serving and helping seemed to take special pleasure in dandling and kitchy-kooing the babies in Hebrew, and perhaps that's all the ceremony needed. I saw a man break into a little dance all by himself in a corner. He had told me of sitting-in on the steps of the Supreme Soviet because the officials tried to leave his ten-year-old son off his exit visa. "It was nonsense, all nonsense," he said. "In the end they added Boris. But I sat there until they did."

I talked with a hornist and his wife, a violinist. Their eight-month-old son was fretful, and I wondered why they didn't offer him some milk from the table where sandwiches, coffee, sweets, and milk were waiting. "May I have some?" the violinist asked, astonished by the idea that it was there for her to take.

Later I saw her husband lay his hand across the bulletproof glass. Israeli soldiers carrying Uzzi sub-machine guns were watching. The hornist's mother, who had come to meet him, was kissing his fingers through the glass.

The next day an Israeli official sat in a coffee bar near the Jewish Agency offices in Jerusalem and said of this new immigration: "They are valuable, useful, precious. They can help us balance the Levantine feeling which is present everywhere in the Middle East, and not merely in the Arab countries. . . . For Golda, these are the hometown Jews."

The Russians have a special appeal for the Establishment. Their own are coming again. Zionism has convinced the Jewish Bolsheviks at last; even the commissars are seeing the light. It's an astonishing victory of sentiment. "Don't make any mistake about it," said the Israeli. "Soviet allrightniks want to give up everything, to become paupers, if only they can start over in a language they don't know, for a religion they don't believe in, among a people who will surely be strangers to their peculiar history."

He told me two jokes which I heard everywhere as this new aliyah—a Hebrew word which means the going-up to Israel—was being domesticated. A Jew reports to the Soviet officials and complains, "I don't want to go to Israel, but all my family does," and when the Soviet officer says, "Be a man, stay behind, let them go," the Jew says: "Impossible. I have to go." "Why?" "Because they can't go without me. I'm the only Jew in the family."

The other tells of the barber, finally arrived in Israel, who complains that the Jewish Agency has supplied him with an apartment, a shop, and the

tools of his trade, but where are the heads to trim? He is used to a managed economy and wonders why he has no quota of customers.

Ex-Soviet Jews in Israel know they are fortunate. And the Israelis are finding many of them apt, gifted, trained, but often ill-equipped for the anarchy of the Israeli economy after two generations of Soviet planning. They come from a place where everything is decided for them. Now they have to arrange, compete, learn a language, make a life. Even the climate is strange to them. They have to find out who they are within their dream of Zion.

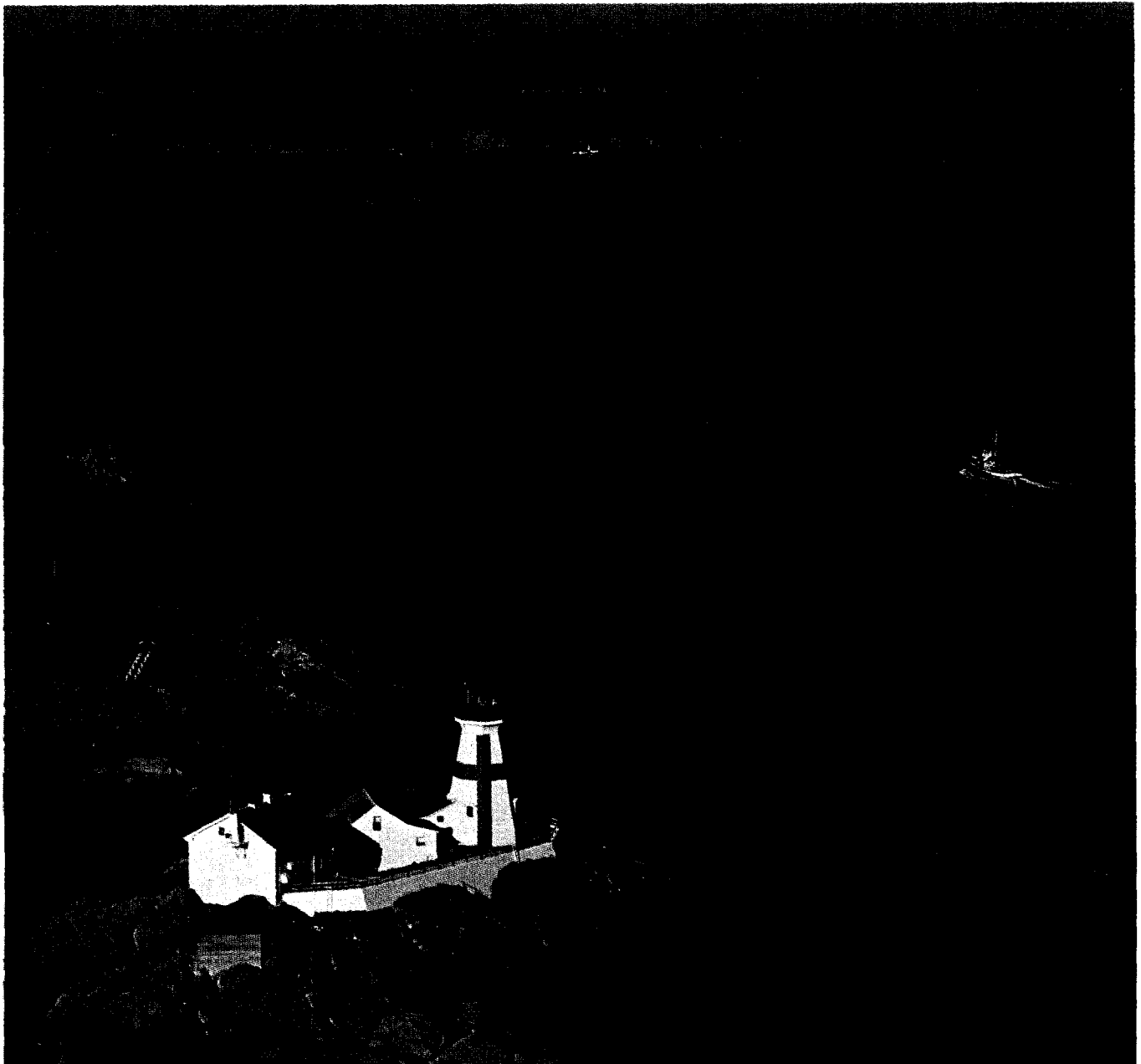
In Kiryot Ono, near Tel Aviv, I drank tea around a samovar with a group of immigrants. A cancer researcher had not yet been given a job as good as the one he left; he ridiculed the delay in certifying his skills. His wife, a pathologist, had also not been licensed. He used to fight anti-Semitism, he says; now he struggles against bureaucracy, jealousy, red tape. "We came here for creative and spiritual reasons. The country is not yet ready for us."

They are in the slough of melancholy which follows the initial euphoria. The Israelis ask: can we teach them Hebrew, get them settled, make certain of their training and abilities, and find them rarefied jobs, all in the first few months of their arrival? Some Israelis speak with nostalgia of the German aliyah of the thirties, which formed a kibbutz of doctor chicken farmers and physicist egg collectors. These Russians are irritable. One asked, "If Israel can't absorb scientists, what is Israel?" And, in fact, Israel does want them, but its resources are strained by the sudden Soviet twist in policy. "We need operating hospitals more than bronze plaques on buildings," a Russian surgeon said. "I can operate in a Nissen hut. During the war I operated in a tent. *Let us work.*"

His wife smiled over her tea and apricot pastry and broke her silence. "In the Soviet Union, we wrote petitions and were beaten up on the street by strangers. Here, we also write letters, and no one answers. They don't even beat us up."

The surgeon grinned, a fifty-year-old youth, with a seamed face, worn out. His father had been shot in the "Doctors' Plot" of Stalin's last paranoid convulsion; his mother had spent twenty years in a prison camp. He didn't enjoy being beaten up for asking to go to Israel, and now he was not enjoying his panicky communications with Israeli authorities. "A surgeon loses his skill," he said. "I can't wait six months. They tell me I can work in a clinic, but I'm a surgeon."

Aharon April, a painter, showed me his atelier atop a crumbling stone building in the Mea Shearim quarter of Jerusalem, surrounded by families living their ancient rituals in a place where a fragmentation of Jewry has survived since the Roman expulsion. April has left the absorption center and rented this studio (it was wintry, without heating;



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we were wrapped in scarves and sweaters). He carpenters his own frames, he paints, he reads. There's a cot for resting. He has that Russian artist look—intense, withdrawn, a shock of curly hair. He didn't want to discuss; he wanted to show his work.

"*Dog in Street*," he said, giving me the title of a painting.

It was a desolate scene in grays and browns. "Where is it?"

"Siberia."

"Why were you there?"

He shrugged. "Sent. It's not rare, you know. My father was sent, so I was sent, too."

He managed to bring his paintings out of Russia by buying them. Since art belongs to the People, the representatives of the People set a price on his work. He also had to pay again for his own books. "They are good people," he said, "only the system is bad. The judges who set prices on my painting were fair. I sold some of them to buy the rest."

Since he had a good career, why leave it for Israel? Painfully, he explained: "A man can express himself under the worst conditions. But as Shakespeare was not only a great writer but also an Englishman, so a Jewish artist must be both an artist and what he is. At first I didn't think of myself as a Jewish painter, but only a painter. Not as a Jew, but a Soviet person. But life taught me to be a Jewish painter because I was. So I am an Israeli artist now."

Curiously enough, the Soviet Jews I met in Israel were not what could be called retaliatory. One said: "Kiev was for me the most beautiful city in the world. And I'll never see it again." And another: "My colleagues helped me. They gave me money at the end to eat. Some were afraid to see me, but they helped." And another: "Yes, I lost friends. But they were only afraid. That's natural." The word *toska*, the dream never to be fulfilled or even defined, describes their feeling for Russia, once the bitterness passes. They are not White Russians, pursued and boiling with hatred. Instead, they are men and women who have chosen another connection with humanity, through their difficult and distant connection with the Jewish past, for which they also feel *toska*. "The situation," a young woman dentist told me in a kind of English, "is psychological tragique."

The sheer number of Soviet Jews makes a unique problem. Perhaps two hundred thousand will apply to go to Israel, but what if more want to come? There are about three million Jews in Russia, and Israel's entire population at present is a little over three million. No one can predict the next turn of Soviet policy as Israel celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary.

In a coffeehouse in Jerusalem, a friend explained

the emotions aroused by the rescue of Soviet Jews. It revives the old dream of the founders of Israel, for these are not refugees in the traditional sense; they have made a choice and sacrifice. Moshe Dayan has said that for its own survival Israel needs such events as the rescue of the Russian Jews, and this is interpreted here as not merely a recognition of the intrinsic value of these people but also as a reminder of Israel's special character. It has thrived through crisis. Some grumble about the special consideration shown the Russian immigrants. But, as one sabra explained to me: "It's fair that they get a start. We all need help sometimes. Then they'll continue with the rest of us."

Many, especially those who have paid the ransom, carry crushing debts. They have borrowed from friends in the Soviet Union. One recent immigrant suggested a "Ransom a Jewish Slave" campaign. "Do you think some Americans would like to buy a ballet slave, a physicist slave?" she asked. "Do you think the Russians can be embarrassed?"

The new immigration brings new problems to the unsupple Israeli Establishment. Some issues are just being lived through, like a cold. There is the crisis of realistic expectation for those who have lived as desperate heroes and martyrs, shuffling in and out of prisons, being beaten up, going on hunger strikes, risking everything, sacrificing a whole past. Now, as Israelis, they have to make the ordinary rounds for job and place, Jews among the millions. "We are the only Zionists in the country of non-Zionists," one said to me. They suddenly find themselves in a relatively open and chancy society after the restricted Soviet one. They have rebelled against a strict regimentation, but they have not practiced living in a bending, yielding one.

"Maybe you know somebody who needs very experienced Secretary of Communist Party?"—the ironic question of a department store clerk. What to do with a "professional activist," a striker, an underground publisher? Professors of Marxist-Leninism are not in great demand. Retraining can give some people new careers, but low-voltage jobs may be the fate of many aging professionals. "Eventually we'll find housing for everyone, but this small country can't fit every specialized need," said an exasperated official.

Before 1967, about a thousand Soviet Jews had managed to make their way to Israel in nineteen years. Now, perhaps several hundred thousand will come, and they will find their dream impure, as human dreams based on institutions must always be. They must learn to swim in a new strangeness among their own. They have to apply for or demand their rights from Israeli bureaucrats who are not their enemies but sometimes seem to *act* like their enemies. And to a man bred to trouble, battling for his credentials as a doctor or his right to



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live in Tel Aviv instead of a border town, it looks like the same old thing all over again—the run-around now being given him by his dear friends and brothers.

Fyodor describes himself as a “one-month-old baby from Moscow.” He is an “economical doctor” who worked at the Academy of Sciences, a handsome stocky man of forty-three, with excited gestures to prove his point. He wants to do only one thing in Israel, he says: to study how Israel makes “economical mistakes.” In Moscow, the KGB had confiscated his manuscript for a book on money and credit. He told me he had demanded that the Hebrew University in Jerusalem set up an institute where he could complete his study of Keynes. “Will I be given?” he asked. “I am pregnant with ideas, but perhaps I shall not give birth.”

Perhaps he can convince the Hebrew University that he is a genius who should lecture them on how “cybernetic system includes Sin.” Or perhaps he will be one of the human tragedies, those gifted misfits who float through cafés, captivating the coffee-drinkers with their insights.

I spent an evening with a group of artists: a composer, a painter, an actress, an editor, a young film director from Kiev. The director had been here a month, and the Jewish Agency had not yet given him the money to make “big film, film I must make.”

The composer, however, invited me to his recital in a few days. “I love Israel and I hope Israel will love me.”

“I need a producer, manager, like I need my husband,” said the actress.

“I want to work now! Enough fighting! Work!”

There are shortages of resources and no easy solutions in this beleaguered little nation. The cry from the heart of artists and intellectuals who want to work to the best of their capabilities is a universal one, and is especially moving among men and women who had thought their only problem was that they are Jews and that their problem was now solved.

Soviet Jews in Israel do not consider themselves heroes. After all, the sit-down strikes, beatings, harassments, loss of friends, property, security, the imprisonments—these were fates they chose for themselves. They entered these troubles after a slow historical drift, unwillingly, for only a few can choose with a full heart to suffer. They are most aware of those who cannot leave, destroyed for their passion to leave. The shadow of those still suffering to come to Israel is a long one. The new immigrants are proud to survive, but many regret leaving a Russia which was also in some sense their nation.

In almost everyone there eventually emerges a sense of dreadful loss—a treasured motherland is no longer theirs. The new fatherland is not yet fully theirs, either. They suffered in Russia, but only late in their time did most of them accept the fact that they were suffering as Jews. Only when history pressed it upon them did they yield to the desire of gathering with their own. They are still Russians, too, and will continue to be so even as

they recite their Hebrew lessons and become Israelis.

The accusation by neglected Sephardim (a term now used broadly) that the Establishment favors the "hometown Jews" is a serious one, and the government is trying to organize its resources to eliminate these class divisions. But the sense of national policy is that Soviet Jews, having chosen their fate, deserve great consideration. Furthermore, those who come with advanced training are valuable toward building a state of five million which can be a kind of Switzerland of the Middle East, exporting technology and skill. The first wave of Soviet immigrants has already justified in productivity and tax revenues the efforts on its behalf. The enormous defense burden can be lessened only by sharing it with an increased, productive population.

Despite scare reports in the United States, the class dislocations among Jews of different origins are being attacked by intensive educational efforts and housing programs. In any case, intermarriage among European and Sephardic Jews increases every year. The problem is being solved by the hand-holding in parks and on boulevards everywhere. Repeatedly, people said to me about the new immigrants: "OK, give them a chance. I was helped, now it's their turn." The store of patience is not used up.

Nahariya, a pretty little resort town on the Mediterranean coast near Haifa, was housing a group of immigrants in an absorption center in the David Hotel at the beach. I wanted to visit Mark Rybak after his first week in Israel, and had a question prepared for the mathematician: How does all this add up? After all the suffering and effort, does it feel comfortable? But he had gone to Tel Aviv to pick up some documents. I stayed anyway and talked with other immigrants. A former scriptwriter for Soviet television said: "Of course, I won't be able to write. I knew that. I worried a great deal when I made the decision. I even stopped smoking because to go would be very difficult and to stop smoking is also rather difficult. I thought to myself: if I can't stop smoking, I'll never be able to carry through. So I stopped smoking."

"But you're lighting a cigarette."

"I'm here."

It was a damp, drizzling winter day; people walked along the stream which runs through the town, past the bookstores, outdoor cafés with stacked chairs, palm trees, esplanades and walkways; pretty girls hurried by on bicycles with laundry or shopping. It was like a Riviera village in winter.

I attended an afternoon Hebrew lesson with Mark Rybak's mother and father. Mr. Rybak has a weak heart, but a very healthy, upright look. Mrs. Rybak speaks French, and told me she had visited Palestine as a girl, very long ago, before Estonia was a part of the Soviet Union. Now a blond sabra girl in a sweater with tennis stripes was teaching them to say in Hebrew: "My name is Such-and-such. I came from Russia. I live in the Hotel David in Nahariya, Israel."

On my last day in Jerusalem, Mark Rybak managed to appear at the King David Hotel with a look of a man bemused and windburned from riding a magic carpet. We had lunch in a restaurant called La Régence, where there is a Hebrew-speaking Chinese waiter. Mark ate his first avocado. He said it was very good, it was a miracle. We went for a walk through the *soukh* of the Old City, and he watched the bargaining for dresses, trinkets, memorabilia of Stars of David and the Crescent, key chains with attached photographs of Gamal Abdel Nasser or Moshe Dayan. "I have never seen," he said. "I imagined, but I could not imagine."

He wondered why the Arab merchants were smiling, and we decided that commerce is the beginning of understanding. People are doing business together; no time for hatred. The notion made him smile. In the Soviet Union he had not thought of business as a way of waging peace.

I was leading him down a rocky narrow street, past the bazaars, past the marker to the Western Wall, and suddenly it appeared. An irregular rank of black-clad men was chanting, bowing, praying. The winter sun warmed us after the shadows in the narrow streets of the *soukh*. He sighed. "I see. I'm not religious. But now I see."

He stood there before the wall of Solomon's Temple with his hands folded together. He wasn't praying; it was just the young mathematician's way of taking thought. He said: "It's another miracle." □

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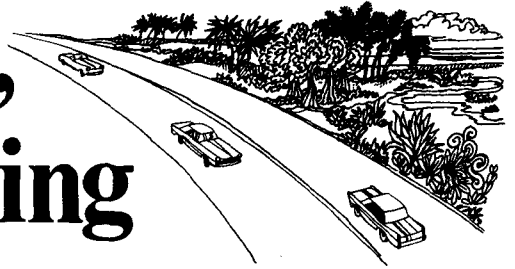
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While most states still debate no-fault, Florida is celebrating its first no-fault anniversary with a \$100,000,000 premium cut.



Despite all the debate the last few years on fault vs. no-fault auto insurance, only five states have actually passed a genuine no-fault insurance law, Florida among them.

In Florida, where they've now had a full year's experience with no-fault, it's working even better than expected.

For Florida motorists in 1972, no-fault meant a 15% reduction in bodily injury and property damage liability premiums. In 1973, there will be another reduction of 11%, at least. Together, these premium cuts will benefit Florida motorists to the tune of more than \$100,000,000 this year.

In addition to these cash savings, 50% more people are being paid benefits under no-fault than under the old fault system.

Finally, claims are being paid faster than before, the courts are less crowded, and fewer motorists are being forced into the higher-cost assigned risk category.

In the face of Florida's overwhelming success with no-fault — which duplicates the success of no-fault in Massachusetts — why is there still delay in the remaining forty-five states?

The answer, of course, lies in the very heart of the no-fault idea, its substitution of automatic, guaranteed compensation in place of the vagaries and unpredictability of lawsuits.

The personal injury trial lawyers, who are almost alone — even among lawyers — in their opposition to no-fault, argue that no-fault limits an accident victim's right to sue.

This is true. At the same time, the trial lawyers neglect to mention that this "right to sue" is more theoretical than practical, that it has bankrupted many accident victims while it has cost fortunes in legal expenses.

These are the facts about the "right to sue" system.

Only 1 out of 100 claims is ever settled in a court of law. The other 99 take their chances in demeaning "bargaining" sessions. Furthermore, the average seriously injured accident victim recovers only a third of his economic loss, and five out of 10 seriously injured claimants don't get a penny from the automobile fault system.

So much for the "right to sue." As for legal expenses, they have skyrocketed to more than \$2.2 billion annually. That's more than \$1 out of every \$3 motorists pay in premiums.

Under the no-fault system, with lawsuits reduced to a minimum, part of this \$2.2 billion would go to increased benefits for accident victims, and another part would reduce premiums.

The scandalous inequities of the fault system and the obvious benefits of no-fault have been recognized by government leaders, consumer groups, labor unions and the nation's news media. The prestigious Association of the Bar of the City of New York believes that the fault principle must be abolished and replaced by a no-fault system. The National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws — composed of judges, legal scholars and outstanding practicing attorneys — has adopted a uniform no-fault act.

Yet, personal injury lawyers who depend on auto accident litigation for much of their income have stopped or stalled passage of no-fault in most states.

In doing so, their strategy has been to avoid debating no-fault head on. Instead, they often embrace no-fault in such a way as to strangle its meaning. They propose a phony no-fault which would require motorists to pay, in effect, for a *second* policy covering

medical expenses and wage losses, while maintaining the inequities, abuse and cost of the fault system.

The result of this maneuver has been confusion for legislators and the public alike.

How, then, can you — or even a lawyer — spot which is real no-fault and which is phony?

The answer is to look in any proposal for the words "tort liability exemption." If these words, or words like them, don't appear in the proposal, the proposal simply isn't no-fault.

"Tort liability exemption" means the prohibition or limitation on the right to sue we spoke of above. If there is no prohibition on the right to sue — except in cases of serious bodily injuries — then the bloated wastes and inequities of the fault system will remain as your premiums continue to soar.

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LIFE & LETTERS

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS:

This Novel Contains More Than Twice Your Minimum Daily Requirement of Irony

by Richard Todd

For the students of the work of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., a useful book recently appeared, *The Vonnegut Statement*. The essays in this collection are plainly celebratory, but some of them turn out to be quite informative, too (Glenn Meeter, for instance, on religious themes in the novels), and the editors provide a thoroughgoing bibliography. I was struck by a part of an essay called "Kurt Vonnegut for President," whose author remarks that Vonnegut has engaged his readers in a way that recalls "the days of Ernest Hemingway."

What a strange comparison this seems to be. Among twentieth-century American writers, the two men seem as nearly a perfect pair of opposites as you could find. Hemingway's warrior virtues, love of reality, his taut quest for order; Vonnegut's pacifism, his excursions in fantasy, his rather affectionate contemplation of chaos. But it is a resonant notion, Vonnegut as Hemingway. It is true enough that Vonnegut has dramatized in his prose and in his personality a system of values that expresses the dominant faiths of a generation: antimaterialism, the existence of multiple realities, disbelief in history and religion, a disposition to see oneself as victim, despair about the human condition laced with uplifting moral injunctions. And what other writer of the moment has done so? (Whatever his exquisite other success, Mailer has more often redeemed his public life in print than he has enacted his

literary vision in public.) The values he represents may be, for the most part, antiheroic, but Vonnegut has become a hero.

It is only in 1969 that Vonnegut can be said to have entered his ascendancy, with the widespread ecstatic reception of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, his surreal re-creation of the bombing of Dresden. Among the elements of the Vonnegut legend is the long time he served in obscurity, his vision too far ahead of the time. This is somewhat overstated. Although the first novel, *Player Piano*, was published in 1952, it was not the sort of book of which cults are made. A satire of a company town of the future, its moral was painfully obvious, and it lacked the playfulness of the later books. Vonnegut didn't write another for seven years.

The Sirens of Titan (1959) and *Mother Night* (1961) were for a time the "undiscovered" books, both first published in paperback. But soon after *Cat's Cradle* (1963), his reputation began to build on campus, and there were critical essays, Guggenheim money, and a teaching spot at the University of Iowa, one of whose faculty, Robert Scholes, had become one of Vonnegut's most important advocates. By 1970 his play, *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*, had opened off-, then on-Broadway, he was a lecturer at Harvard, sales of his books went over a million copies, and there were profiles and television appearances. Vonnegut was always disarming, soft-voiced,

seemingly bewildered about all the good fortune.

It is curious that even now those who praise him so often speak in maternal tones, as if he were a cause to be promoted. Doris Lessing, writing just a few weeks ago in the *New York Times Book Review*, told of the early neglect of *Mother Night* and remarked that a few academics still try to patronize him "... because he has made nonsense of the little categories ... because he is comic and sad at once, because his painful seriousness is never solemn." An odd assertion in itself: hasn't this always been the effort of comedy? Far from victimized, in any case, Vonnegut by now is the only American writer this side of Faith Baldwin to whom the word "beloved" might be applied.

Vonnegut's response to his national prominence was the announcement that his life as a novelist was over. He promised more plays, but said, "I'm through with novels." In a lecture, he would read a section of an unfinished manuscript called *Breakfast of Champions* and break off saying, "It's never coming out. It bores me stiff."

Now we have *Breakfast of Champions* (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, \$7.95). And was he trifling with us? It is a possibility. But it should be said that Vonnegut's unease with his career became the subject of the book. The various themes and mannerisms that have animated the earlier novels are seen here in a grotesque, cartoon version

(Advertisement)

May Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



These reports are written two months before the publication of the books they are meant to celebrate. When the subject is a first book by a new author, we have little to go on in most cases but our own anxious enthusiasm. **JUDITH RASCOE'S YOURS, AND MINE** is a first book but an exceptional case, for even before it is published, we can call upon the enthusiasm of others to confirm our own for this gifted young American writer.

Her reputation has been growing in a smoldering way since she started to publish stories a few years ago in *The Atlantic*, and in *Audience*, *Paris Review*, and *Ms.* It gathered force when "Small Sounds and Tilted Shadows," her story of an American girl in London, fantasizing a life she doesn't have, was a top prize winner in the O. Henry Awards. (Another of her stories is in the 1973 O. Henry collection.)

She became a name to recognize this past October when *Esquire* asked four senior literary figures to select a writer under thirty-five he particularly admired, and Mark Schorer chose Judith Rascoe. "Most good young writers now are trying to tell us of a condition of nearly cosmic but also comic loneliness," he wrote. "Judith Rascoe comes close to a perfect presentation of that paradoxical condition that plagues us all." And he added, "My bet is on a big talent." So is ours. Discover it for yourself in

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of themselves. A kind of minimalism has always characterized Vonnegut's prose, and it is the first thing you notice in *Breakfast of Champions*. The stuff of the books is often phantasmagoric: time-warps, intergalactic travel, not to mention earthbound atrocities and follies. But the style is offhand, aphoristic, intimate, spare. It always works to say: *things are simpler than people want to let on*. *Breakfast of Champions* advances this mode to the extent that Vonnegut is writing much of the time in the sensibility of an autistic grown-up.

"An apple was a popular fruit which looked like this: . . ." (Scores of illustrations, apparently done by Vonnegut's own hand, are provided to end the many sentences that begin in that way.) Further down the page: "A hamburger was made out of an animal which looked like this: . . . The animal was killed and ground up into little bits. . . ."

In the last sentence you begin to hear one of the purposes of this style: to see life in all its mundane brutality. This is autism with a conscience, often a quite specific social conscience. And truly it is hard to be for what Vonnegut is against, including, as it does, slavery, jingoism, racism, commercial greed, ecological disaster. He thinks that the names of American cars and corporations are foolish to the point of obscenity. Holiday Inns are droll places indeed. The American Indian has been given a bad deal. I'd agree. Vonnegut brings a remarkable air of discovery to these themes, the pretense that no one has quite seen before the stark outlines of our hypocrisy. It is a part of his appeal for his readers that I never understood: the banality, the nearly Kiwanian subtlety of his social criticisms—they are boosterism in reverse. Here is Vonnegut on the distance between reality and American ideals: "His high school was named after a slave owner who was one of the world's greatest theoreticians on the subject of human liberty."

If you say that this wit is easy sophomoric cynicism, though, you have to allow that now Vonnegut says so too. "I am programmed at fifty to perform childishly—to insult 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' to scrawl pictures of a Nazi flag and an asshole and lots of other things

with a felt-tipped pen. To give an idea of the maturity of my illustrations for this book, here is my picture of an asshole: . . ."

Programmed. There is a theme in Vonnegut's work that goes further toward explaining his success than does his ritualized debunking of American life. It has to do with human longings for a coherent universe and Vonnegut's insistence on the futility of this desire. The philosophical comedy in *Breakfast of Champions* hinges on the question—or as Vonnegut would say, the Earthling notion—of free will.

The novel recounts the disintegrating life of Dwayne Hoover, Pontiac dealer, well-to-do resident of "Midland City," widower of a woman who has committed suicide by swallowing Drano, father of a homosexual son. Hoover is going mad from "bad chemicals" in his brain, suffers from echolalia, and the occasional feeling that the ground beneath him is a trampoline.

Dwayne may be seen as Job. The book's epigraph ("When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold") urges you to think so, as does the moment when Dwayne recalls a visit to the Pontiac factory where he sees a lab called "Destructive Testing" and says, "I couldn't help wondering if that was what God put me on Earth for—to find out how much a man could take without breaking." This is a parodic version of the Job story: Dwayne's reward for his long suffering is violent lunacy.

The occasion for Dwayne's rampage, which begins in the Holiday Inn cocktail lounge, is somewhat complex. It involves the appearance of Kilgore Trout, who will be remembered from earlier novels as the obscure, visionary sci-fi writer, Vonnegut's lampoon version of himself. It is Trout who introduces Dwayne to the idea that human beings are programmed, can't help doing what they do, and he adds the notion that only Dwayne has free will, he's "an experiment by the Creator of the Universe." Dwayne's reaction to this knowledge (which I guess we can take as a metaphor for human history) is destruction.

In *Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut's theology takes on a somewhat deeper note of despair than it

has shown before, though for some time it has been one of his devices to make sport of conventional religions. We are all both helpless and absurd. There is no Angry God or Loving God; God is indifferent, or perhaps confused. Things happen, in the famous line from *Slaughterhouse-Five*, "if the accident will." In *Cat's Cradle*, Vonnegut creates the antireligion Bokononism. Bokonon points out that God made man and that man asked what was the purpose of life, and God replied, "Everything must have a purpose?" On Vonnegut's imaginary planet Tralfamadore, a truth obscured from men is visible, time is an illusion, everything that will happen has happened.

And yet, for all their flirtations with meaninglessness, Vonnegut's novels are never without a moment of affirmation. In his bleak universe, men, like orphans, are to huddle together valuing each other's warmth. Only one thing is sacred to the Bokononist: "Man. . . . That's all. Just man." I have always found that line very hard going. There is so much piety in this godlessness. Vonnegut's morality is vague, so undemanding, a dreamily humanist nihilism.

A similar moment occurs in *Breakfast of Champions*. Near the close of the book, Rabo Karabekian, artist, explains his painting, *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, to a hostile crowd. The painting is a strip of day-glo orange against a "Hawaiian Avocado" backdrop. Karabekian says that the picture "shows everything about life which truly matters, with nothing left out. It is a picture of the awareness of every animal. . . . It is unwavering and pure, no matter what preposterous adventure may befall us." And Vonnegut later says: "This book is being written by a meat machine in cooperation with a machine made of metal and plastic. . . . And at the core of the writing meat machine is something sacred, which is an unwavering band of light."

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Surely Vonnegut means us to take this moment with some seriousness—that is the function of the arch and self-mocking wit that surrounds it—and no perception of the soul is to be dismissed. But it seems to me one of those revelations that only calls to mind the spiritual constriction that gave it birth. The eye that sees through to the unwavering band of light misses the commonplace divinity in the light around us—in the particular and the ephemeral.

Vonnegut has always disdained daily life. You will find no explication of emotional nuance in the novels, no renderings of social detail. For that sort of art he has felt contempt: realistic novels “teach wives of junior executives what to buy next and how to act in a French restaurant,” a character says in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. In *Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut deplores books that “make people believe that life had leading characters, minor characters, significant details, insignificant details, that it had lessons to be learned, tests to be passed, and a beginning, a middle, and an end.”

There is, though, the character called Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. As a contributor to *The Vonnegut Statement* notes, he is “the most ‘realized’ character” in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. In retrospect, it seems that the Vonnegut figure was struggling from the start to escape from behind the sketchily rendered characters that populated the early books. It is only in the 1966 introduction to *Mother Night*, however, that Vonnegut begins to appear in his own voice, a voice that dominates *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Breakfast of Champions*. Its distinctive note, of course, is candor.

Vonnegut’s elaborately wrought simplicity has a tradition behind it, the vernacular tradition. Mark Twain, whose spirit Vonnegut would honor, is his ancestor in form, too. The vernacular form, as Henry Nash Smith and others have described it, depends on a tension between the voice of the storyteller and the intelligence of the author. The narrator (Huck Finn, for instance) provides a rich colloquial language and a naïve but wise pair of eyes, which allow the author to see and to say things that don’t yield themselves to “literary” expression. This may be a convention

near the end of its life; perhaps the last unembarrassed vernacular novel was *The Catcher in the Rye*. In any case, Vonnegut has had a large hand in altering the form.

Vonnegut collapses the distance between author and narrator. When he remarks at the start of *Slaughterhouse-Five* that “I would hate to tell you how much this lousy little book cost me in money and anxiety and time,” the tone is Holden Caulfield’s. But that’s Vonnegut talking. And, so far as we can know, it’s “the real Vonnegut.” I don’t mean that the remark is to be taken literally. Much of the book dwells on the difficulty Vonnegut had in writing it. But the person is to be taken literally.

In the vernacular, the writer trades a breadth of verbal resources for a limited, defined language: he trades possibilities of expressiveness and complication for authenticity. In the new vernacular, this bargain grows more exacting. The commodity the author is dealing with is not a fictive character but himself. “That was I. That was me. That was the author of this book,” Vonnegut explains in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. The writer lops off certain kinds of intelligence to speak in this way, trades the fullest use of his mind for the achievement of a conversational immediacy, and hopes that intricate ideas can be compressed successfully into lean speech.

There are rare moments in Vonnegut when it is all worthwhile. They almost without exception have to do with the event he pretends not to have been able to confront, the Dresden bombing: the introduction to *Mother Night*, and those sections of *Slaughterhouse-Five* where the writer (in the novelist Harold Brodkey’s recent phrase) is full of “the authority of being on one’s knees in front of the event.” But when Vonnegut applies this same mode elsewhere, to, say, a generalized sense of the human condition, his voice abruptly becomes inadequate, narcissistic, coy.

I am talking about Vonnegut as if he lived on a frontier, advancing a new and perilous form, and so in a way he does. But it ought to be said quickly that the avant-garde in which he is so prominent by now incorporates countless numbers of practitioners.

In the Harvard *Crimson*, in *Rolling Stone* and scores of other countercultural papers, in *The Village Voice*, *New York* magazine, and even (in a rarefied way) in *The New Yorker*’s Talk of the Town, you can find the new vernacular: writer after writer shuffling or buttonholing, offering himself as someone very open, very loose, very involved with the reader, who is presumed always to be a like spirit.

It may be this mode of self-presentation that is the most important source of Vonnegut’s considerable charm over his readers. His example is an uncertain gift. There are troubles with this form of expression. It confuses candor with honesty. It tempts the writer to use stylized simplicity to disguise genuine simplemindedness. Kurt Vonnegut would seem to have explored the limits of the form and to have discovered the price it exacts in self-laceration, the amputation of parts of the mind. *Breakfast of Champions* is finally not so much about human despair in the face of cosmic indifference as it is about Vonnegut’s despair in the face of himself, a subject for which Vonnegut proves to have an impoverished vocabulary.

You believe in the discontent, believe, in fact, that it goes deeper than he can say. “I feel lousy about [this book].” “I now make my living by being impolite. I am clumsy at it.” This sort of self-indictment is contrived, with a seeming inevitability, to redound to the writer’s credit. Too often the prose is acting in the manner of a cocktail party lecher. *Amidst all this phoniness*, it says, *only you and I, reader, are real*.

In its frivolousness and pretension, the novel becomes an insult to Vonnegut’s loyal readers; perhaps, in some buried way, a calculated insult. The dislike that he appears to feel for himself and for so much of the substance of life must surely extend to the audience that has overpraised him and that has such a bottomless appetite for his gratuitous, tic-like irony. Consider a small moment, the inevitable turn taken by Vonnegut’s disclaimer about the book’s title, which “is not intended to indicate an association with or sponsorship by General Mills, nor is it intended to disparage their fine products.” Well, that “fine.” This is the irony of the put-

on; its meaning lies only in its ambiguity. You either find it mirthful or you don't. If you don't, it seems to wear the face of an adolescent smirk.

Given the pervasiveness of this irony, it might seem wise to hear everything Vonnegut says as skewed with indirection. But, to repeat, I listen literally to his gestures of self-lament. Odd scattered facts occur throughout the book, and I believe them: that Vonnegut takes anti-depressants, that his psychiatrist is named Martha, that his mother was a suicide, that his father as an old man had blue-veined legs; and this information sadly seems to be just a bid for our sympathy.

The boldest, most bathetic such bid occurs at the end of the novel, when Vonnegut seems to be enacting the good-bye to fiction that he announced in public three years ago. Vonnegut, appearing as Cre-

ator of his universe, "frees" his characters. To signify his presumably ineffable feeling, he offers one of his sketches, which depicts an eye with a tear falling from it.

I began with an unlikely comparison between Vonnegut and Hemingway. Another similarity suggests itself: the adherence of both writers to a strict code of selfhood that gives over all too easily to self-parody. In his work now, Vonnegut seems not the universal victim but a quite particular victim, prisoner of his own style. It's a difficulty that he has described himself, in his well-known line from *Mother Night*, "We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be."

In *Breakfast of Champions*, Vonnegut's fully persuasive pose is that of a man who has come to hate the sound of his own voice and continues to talk.

CUCUMBERS INTO SUNBEAMS

by John Lord

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:
Television and the News
by Edward Jay Epstein
Random House, \$7.95

THE POLITICS OF BROADCASTING
edited by Marvin Barrett
Crowell, \$5.95

Because television is so powerful, efficient, and effective a technology, it is easy to point to its deficiencies: they are in scale. Its successes can move a nation; its shortcomings are disastrous. The triumphs forgotten, television's deficiencies are under severe attack from two groups—those who have mistaken its nature and those who wish to control it as a purveyor of information. The former are under certain illusions: that television is an art form, or a machine to convey all things to all men, or an instrument of social change. The latter are merely politicians. The main target of both is the news operations of the three networks.

Edward Jay Epstein's *News from Nowhere* claims to be a study of how those operations work, and

Marvin Barrett's *The Politics of Broadcasting* is an assessment by various hands of the year's efforts in the field, and an account of the struggle between the first and fourth estates for the nation's ear. Since both books are more involved with process than with content or rationale, they will give comfort to the enemies of commercial television without much enlightening anyone seriously concerned about those symptoms in our culture that television so clearly reflects. The books are technocratic studies of what is basically a technology, an approach hardly more profitable than that of the pseudo-scientists Gulliver found laboring to turn cucumbers into sunbeams.

Mr. Epstein's intent was to examine the process of a television news organization upon its product. To this end he sought to enter the counsels of ABC, CBS, and NBC, of which only the last was foolish (or pure) enough to let him in. Amiable and self-effacing, known to write for *The New Yorker*, a journal held in awe in such circles, he wandered freely for some months through the faded halls of 30 Rockefeller Plaza.



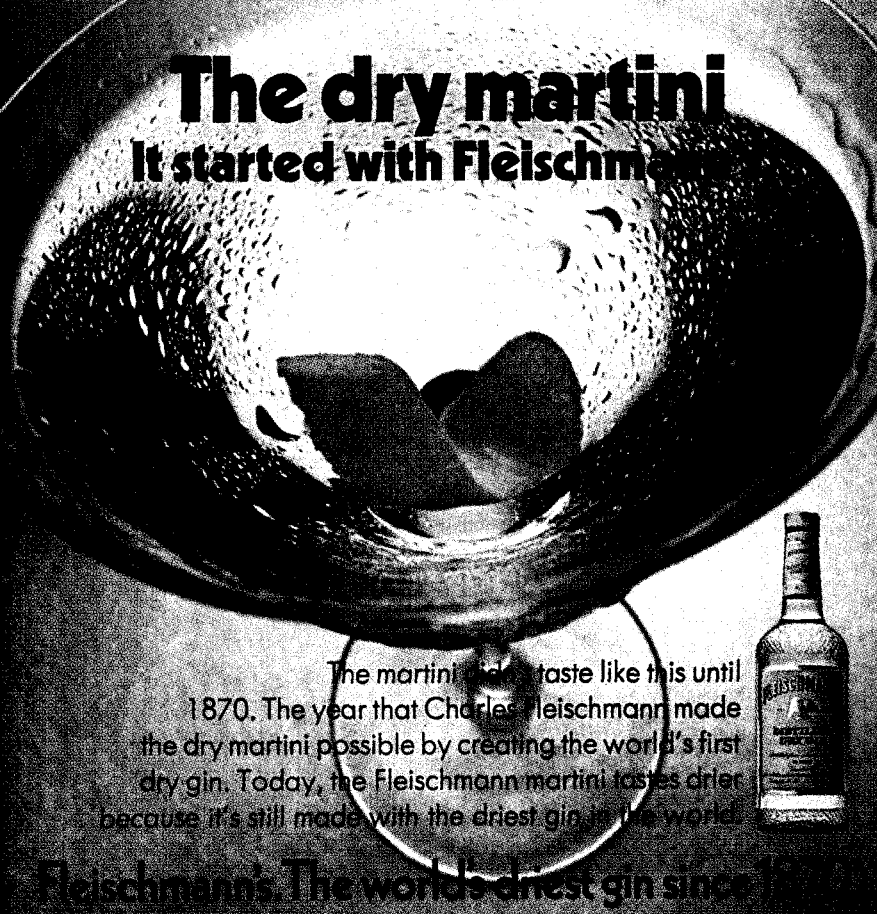
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He sat at the tables where the day's great events were weighed for news value, faithfully recorded the indiscretions of producers and the asides of executives, jotted down the lunatic philosophy of a news cameraman who said he had been told always to "shoot bloody," watched the film editors in their Stygian cells (in some wonderment and total incomprehension), and finally sought to make some sense of this chaos. Brilliantly but perhaps accidentally, he exposed the rather obvious truth that there is no super-intelligent Jewish pinko Eastern Establishment conspiracy plotting day and night to subvert the wise policies handed down from Washington as from Olympus. Since Mr. Epstein had been looking for that intellectual consistency he had enjoyed at Harvard, he must have been surprised to discover that the boys in the network news departments are just as ingenuous, just as fallible, and just as baffled by the problems of the nation as the good old boys on Capitol Hill and in the White House. And just as incapable of acting coherently.

Mr. Barrett and his friends are less innocent than Mr. Epstein, and might therefore have been expected to be more penetrating. Unfortunately, only Sig Mickelson, formerly of CBS News and Time-Life, has anything very useful to say. Pointing out that television newsmen have by now acquired great expertise and sophistication, he says, "The political managers seem to have learned more." There is plenty of evidence scattered through Mr. Barrett's book to support this opinion, but it has not been brought together and, worse, Mr. Mickelson has not been allowed to proceed further. For this imbalance exacerbates the "confrontation" between President Nixon's Administration and the press, particularly the television press. The causes, of course, lie deeper.

The central text of American journalism is "News is change," but the preachers never define the limits of time or degree placed on the change. Not infrequently the journalist lacks perspective. For this reason it was not pointed out until long after the last presidential campaign that Mr. Nixon's posture of papal remoteness was not unlike

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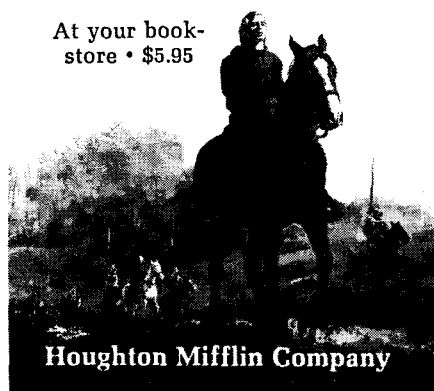
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that of the incumbent Franklin Delano Roosevelt, or that Senator McGovern's previous voting records and opinions did not correspond to the convictions he voiced during the race. The historic view is perhaps beyond the modern reporter when the emphasis is heavily on impartiality and technique and not on expertise. In May, 1972, Wes Gallagher, president of the Associated Press, defined the task of the journalist with the following words: "Someone must search for the facts—all the facts, not just those that fit his point of view—and present them to the public." This television journalists most earnestly do, despite Mr. Epstein's misrepresentations. Whether that is any longer enough is not even broached by his book or Mr. Barrett's, but it is a question that demands an answer.

Mr. Epstein's book has heavier academic pretensions than Mr. Barrett's, having its genesis, he implies, as his doctoral thesis. Though he should be plowed as much for his contempt for the common decencies of the language as for his errors of fact, Mr. Epstein has perhaps earned a master's by stumbling across two important points, though he does not follow where they lead.

The first is that the network news departments have no real research facilities to service daily programs. That is true. A newsroom functionary in New York once ignored a lady public-spirited enough to call him to correct a medical report she had just watched, of which her husband had the most expert knowledge in the country, because when he asked her to identify her relationship with the network she said she was in charge of the general research library. There was no such thing, he said, and hung up. Research comes to the newsroom from wire copy and the New York Times. Anything more comprehensive or subtle than that takes time and money. The result is that television news does perpetuate errors, but what has not been examined is whether, since television is ephemeral, it must bear more responsibility than print, which is on record and may be studied much later. There is, of course, the fact that television is now the major source of current information for most people. It is so

by default, not because it was designed to be so, but because its equivalent, the newspaper, is in decay. Like some others of our technologies, television—and television news—came to us not because it was wanted, but because it worked.

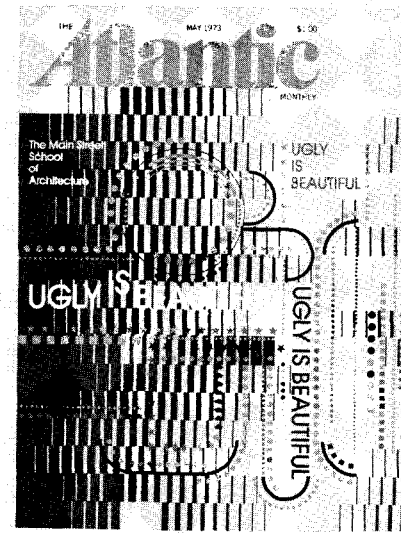
Mr. Epstein's second revelation is that there is no overall view of the nature and functions of television news, or of television itself, that has been impressed upon news staffs by an omniscient management. He quotes at length from a memorandum circulated in 1963 by Reuven Frank among the staff of the "Huntley-Brinkley Report" at NBC. It contained a couple of perceptions that Mr. Epstein wisely leaves alone, for they are uncomfortable.

One of Mr. Frank's observations was that "the highest power of television journalism is not in the transmission of information but in the transmission of experience . . . joy, sorrow, shock, fear, these are the stuff of news." Though this idea would be anathema to the high priests of orthodoxy, it might be demonstrated that most people's experience of extremes of joy, sorrow, shock, and fear are indeed vicarious, as is experience seen on television. But Mr. Frank's refreshing vision was received by his minions with nothing more than puzzlement and dropped into a safe drawer in the hope that it would go away.

Along with it slept the observation that "the picture is not a fact but a symbol." Within that simple, definitive sentence lies a menacing truth, a truth that Mr. Mickelson's precocious political managers have grasped, Democrats less firmly than Republicans. Once they understood that, they knew how to manipulate television news, for television deals with images, not with facts or reality.

Of course, the force of television is that many viewers do accept the image as fact, so limited is their real experience. To take an extreme example, in the ghetto it must be fact, for the actual facts of the ghetto are unacceptable. In the ghetto the facts are vermin, hunger, impotence, anonymity; without even the freedom to be aggressive, the ghetto dweller turns to more palatable facts that bring spurious relief—to drink and drugs and television. In the slums television is a means of escape, not

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of social change. The same is true in decreasing degree upward through the more fortunate strata of society, until at the top—the level of the intellectuals—television is seen *only* as an instrument of social commentary. That is a distinction not usually made by journalists or critics, but understood by politicians.

Coincident with this sudden expertise among our governors, this facility with images, comes the crude “carrot and stick” coercion practiced by Dr. Clay T. Whitehead, the White House communications overseer, a master of management nurtured at MIT and rightly placed by Mr. Barrett in a leading role (as by the sheer novelty of his proposals he deserves), whether as hero or villain depending on one’s political views. Between these upper and nether millstones, the electronic journalists might seem to have a poor option indeed. They can bend to the will of government and become its mouthpiece. Or they can exploit their medium consciously, matching image with image and losing all sense of morality. Beyond that is the awful conclusion that perhaps television is too imperfect a means of transmitting news, that because process has become so important, content cannot be conveyed undamaged; which is unthinkable.

It is a measure of the failure of Mr. Barrett’s book that it does not seem even to have suspected the presence of such grievous paradoxes, let alone suggest remedies. Mr. Epstein could not have been expected to. Both books ignore perhaps the most important consideration of all, easy to miss in the midst of all the heavy breathing bellowing between newsmen and politicians. Last year some two million people stopped watching television news altogether and those who stayed tuned watched only one out of four newscasts. There is more to this than the natural desire to behead the bearer of ill tidings, and it would be as well to find out what it is. It could be, after all, that the maligned and exploited silent majority out yonder is simply tired of mock heroics. It would be high comedy of the richest kind if, while the pundits and the pashas have been bickering, the people have quietly slipped away, back to their gardens.

THE CITY COPS OF SAINT DOMINIC

by John Brandi

I am not sure how they keep order here, from their flimsy canvas islands of wood and painted red wire, policia with wide beige hats and tan short-sleeved shirts tucked into black ammo belts without any bullets in their loops. I do not think they ever have occasion to make or “keep” order. There simply isn’t any.

The police are quaint fixtures, like lampposts with silver whistles chained to their thick necks. Once one showed me his five-shooter and said that every now and then he must tighten the trigger mechanism so that the gun will shoot properly when he wants it to. “Como te parece? The gobierno is very poor, no? Do you know, señor, that the jefes do not even pay me for the price of this little plastic screwdriver I had to buy just to keep my pistola in shape?”

But the cops and I are friends. From their wooden kiosks they eye sweet girls packed tight-assed into silk and saffron skirts. From my little niche of fronds, peeking over “El Telegrafo,” I do likewise. The girls’ legs shimmer in the warm sun. Their breasts heave lightly between the acacias. They walk by fast and full of sex-stimulating perfumes patted on the back sides of their ears. The cops look at the girls and look at me to see if I see, and I do, and I look back at the cops. And the police smile and blow their whistles.

Traffic stops. The ladies slither through intersections. Jacarandas wave. Passion flowers perk on their stems. Old men on sidewalks misplace their feet trying to board the trolleys and fall onto the curbs. Young boys lick their ice creams. Snow melts an inch or two on the nevados far far into the steamy distance behind the lowland city. Again the police blow into their silver whistles, and the autos proceed. The damas stroll off into decorated facades of pharmacy shops to purchase fragrant oils, pink soap, and sanitary pads. Even though they are not virgins, the girls still insist on the pads. They do not

want to give themselves away by buying tampons. The town is too small, smaller still when people like to gossip and play with petty talk about other persons’ private lives.

The calles here are all paved with dirt. Dust seems not to bother anybody. When insects pour down with sloshing rains in the “Season of Las Aguas,” no one could give a damn. The cops remain as trim as ever. Professionals. Their uniforms spick-and-span, buttons polished, creases sharp as knives starched permanently into shirts and trousers. Black boots with twirling spurs on a few; dull cream-polished oxfords ill-tied on most. Streets with oozing mud, yet the policemen have shoes that sparkle. How is this! Is it yoga, the way they maneuver the slimy pathways to their same old permanent kiosks in the middle of the road?

I seem never to be able to come out without a serious stain in the rain. I go about unsteady, red-faced, unsure of my steps in this sea of brown Jell-O slopped between

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Todd is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

John Lord is in charge of a TV workshop at Boston University’s School of Public Communication. He has worked in English commercial television as well as for NBC.

John Brandi lives in New Mexico and is the author of two novels.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams write regularly in these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Alan Dugan (page 49) is on the staff of the Fine Arts Center in Provincetown, Massachusetts.

Anne Sexton’s (page 55) latest collection of poetry and prose is *The Book of Folly*.

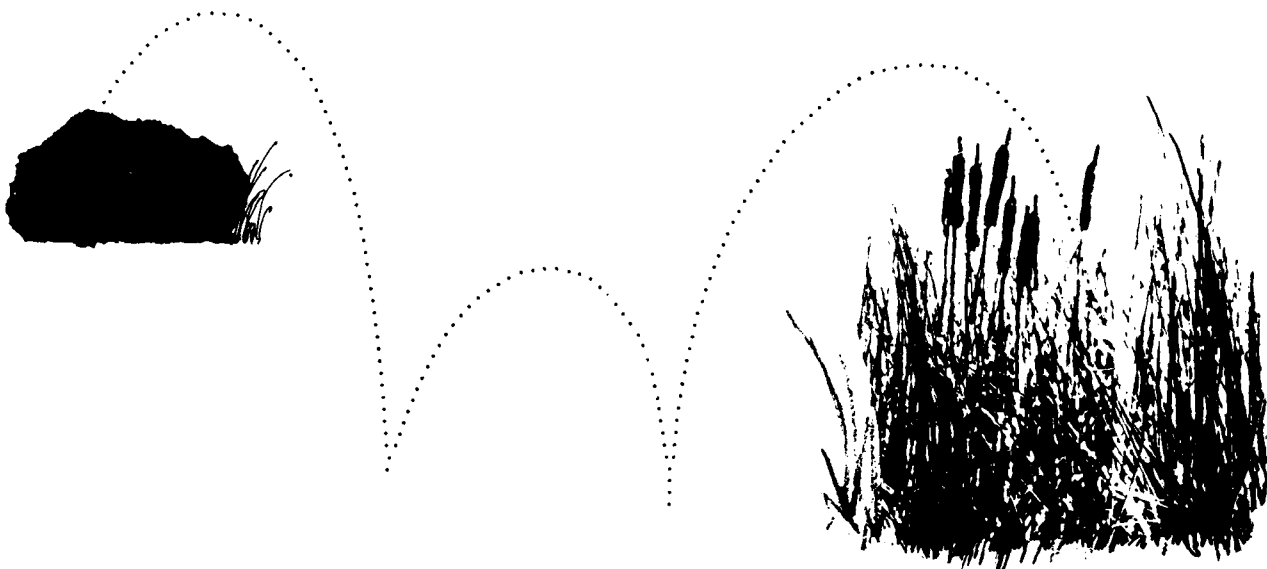
Barry Spacks (page 72) is a poet and novelist. *Something Human* is his most recent book of poems.

Where to find a frog. Two places—in a classroom using Rand McNally teaching materials, and in its natural habitat. You see, we supply live frogs, crickets, fish and other fascinating creatures for elementary school classrooms . . . and transparent tanks, sand, soil and food so that children can create homes for them . . . and observe and study their behavior. We also publish up-to-date road atlases, and guides on camping, trailering, recreation and travel (including the popular Mobil Travel Guide) . . . guides to help you find the most interesting places, the finest fishing waters—and the best way to get there. When was the last time you saw a frog?

RAND McNALLY



*and
you thought
we just made
maps*





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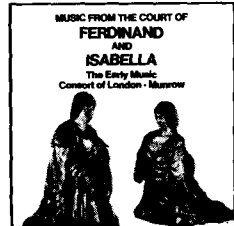
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tiendas and buildings. I have not the hidden powers of a Latin yogi. Nor the occult charm of machismo to assure me safe journey through the intersection. It must be a special trance. Eyes fixed through the blouse of a dama while crossing the calle, that is the secret. Yet, these cops, they can fall down *smack* on their asses and still come up shining, smiling, not a mark to show!

The rains stop. And again I am confident in my steps. A policeman named Fernando comes to drink lemonade and rum with me on his siesta break in the afternoon. "You know, señor, I hear of cops in America del Norte. Big overcoats, and files of fingerprints. And they

can track anybody. But we have nothing like that here. You know, the last great crime committed in this republic, it was serious. Muy grave. Sabotage. You see, the French gave us a warboat, a used submarine. But some guerrillas from across the border, they got aboard before it was to be inaugurated. And stuffed toilet paper in the controls. And the submarine went down, and we could not get it up again. And we lost that boat, our only vessel, señor. Imagine! Sabes, no? We need United States aid. To learn how to track those criminals and fingerprint them. So nothing like that will ever happen again. Sabes?"

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE CALL GIRLS
by Arthur Koestler
Random House, \$5.95

A Swiss bus is laboring through the tunnels and up the hairpin turns on its way to the little mountain village of Schneedorf. Within is a group of international celebrities, including three Nobel laureates and others likely to be, who have been invited to a week-long symposium in which they will read their papers and discuss the subject, "Approaches to Survival." The Kongresshaus where they will meet and sleep, cared for by an amusingly cynical staff, is the brainchild of a Swiss fortune hunter who, after his first coronary, set up the Foundation for Promoting Love among Nations, and to keep the place alive, his trustees rent the building to skiers in winter and in summer to conferences such as this. So begins this witty and provocative novel.

Mr. Koestler insists that the characters are fictitious, but it is fun to note their resemblance to certain men and women in the world of ideas. There are to be twelve papers, as well as some eighteen to twenty hours of discussion, and it is the job of Nikolai Solovief, the Harvard physicist, to center the argument and cull conclusions, while his

charming wife Claire preserves the domestic amenities. Except for the young Copertinian Brother, Tony Caspari, they are all veterans of the circuit, "academic call girls," as one of them puts it, familiar with and suspicious of each other's writings, but it is their chairman's hope that the mutual fear of annihilation which threatens us will this time bring them to a consensus.

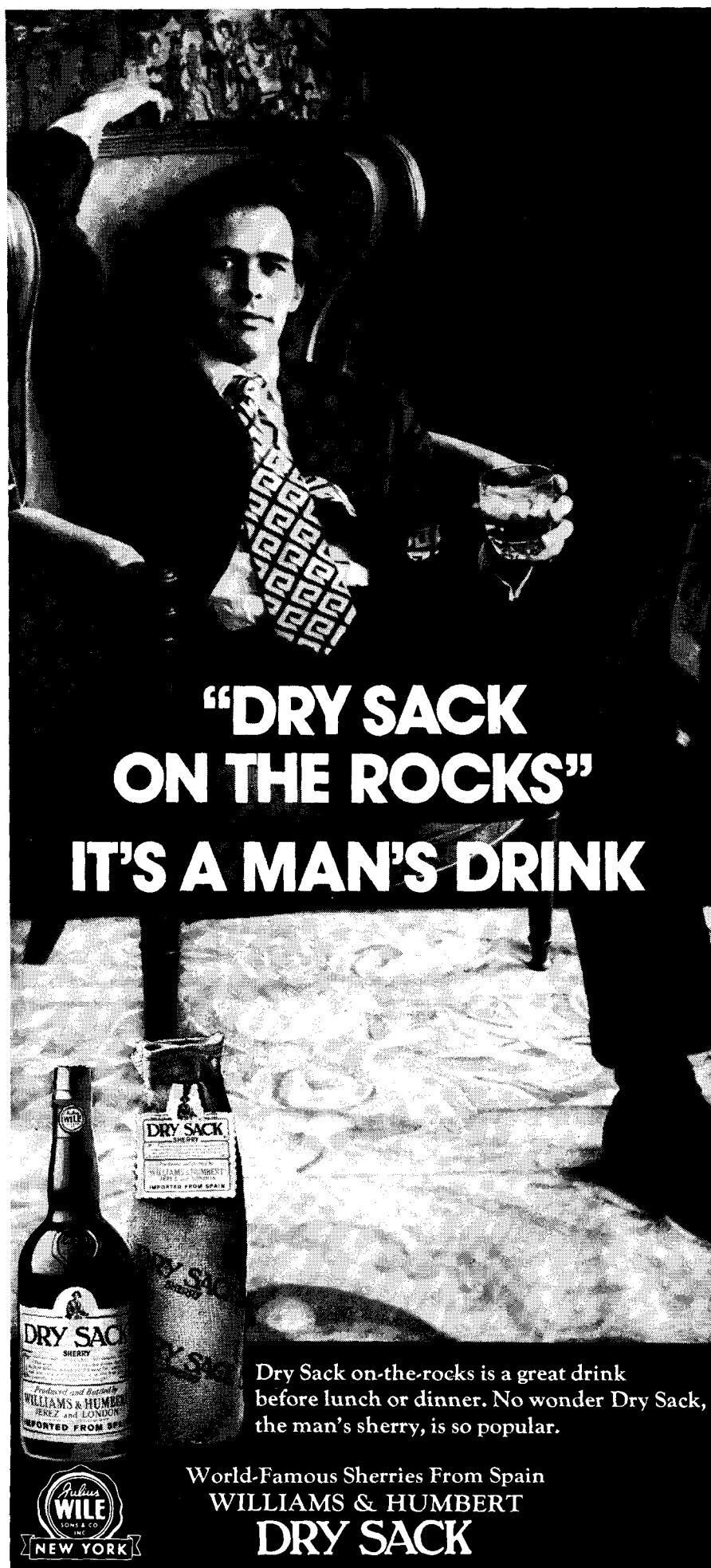
Monday morning at 9 A.M. on the dot they are all seated at the long conference table. There are two absentees, the Soviet geneticist who has cabled that unexpected circumstances have prevented his coming, and Bruno Kaletski, the previous year's winner of the Nobel Prize for Peace and spokesman for the United Nations, who has wired that he will be late. In his concise opening Solovief summarizes the more perilous crises of the past twenty-five years. He quotes the letter which Albert Einstein wrote in August, 1939, to FDR, which he calls "the most important letter in human history." What the Einstein letter achieved, he says, was "a miracle in black magic," and he wonders whether "a miracle in white magic of a similar magnitude is beyond the reach of science." When Kaletski does arrive, "speaking in my humble capacity as a social scientist," he talks for nearly an hour

and their only escape is for lunch. But he has brought with him a message from the President urging that their report be cabled to the White House; this instantly heightens the tempers and jealousies of the speakers to follow.

One wonders how many such symposia the author has sat through to have reproduced in such chilling satire the ideas which these savants propound. (In a foreword he avers that the authors, publications, and experiments quoted by them are authentic.) The ferocity of the question periods is glorious. "They looked upon themselves as a travelling team of professional wrestlers, who are familiar with one another's antics and go through their paces, each time pretending surprise and indignation at the base tricks of their opponents." Nikolai, the chairman, is the most patient; Sir Evelyn Blood, the corpulent English poet, the most caustic; Otto von Halder, the most given to belligerency; and Valenti, the Italian, the most concerned with experiments on the brain. When in his summing up Soloviev dares to propose the drastic measures which all governments should take after the last appeal for voluntary birth control has failed—the imposing of antifertility and of aggressivity-controls—even his allies back away. It is the seriousness which underlies Koestler's comedy and which surfaces time and again that gives this novel a cobra fascination.

THE LIFE & DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER
by Robert Payne
Praeger, \$12.95

A Cornishman, now living in New York City, Robert Payne was completing his education at the University of Munich, reading German literature, when he was introduced to Hitler by Rudolf Hess. It was his first impression of a dictator. Among the many books which he went on to write were his major studies of power: the biographies of Lenin, Stalin, Mao, and Gandhi. Part of the strength of this book, which I think his best, is its revelation of how a child of the German romantic tradition, thwarted and rejected, became a tyrant. In writing it, Payne has drawn on the reminiscences of those who befriended Hit-



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ler in his youth, in the army, and in the lost years before he had gained the self-mastery to proclaim himself Germany's messiah.

Adolf's father was a customs official, comfortably placed, assured of a good pension in the town of Linz, a stern parent from whom the boy inherited an authoritarian temper and a sense of purpose. Until he was twenty-three, Adolf lived in a world of fantasy. His boyish imagination was excited by illustrations of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and by thrillers about our Wild West written by a German, who had never been there and whose hero, Old Shatterhand, had a lust for butchering redskins. Moody and aloof, Adolf did not do well at school and was denounced when he told his father that he wanted to drop out and become an artist.

On his father's sudden death, Hitler, now with a small legacy, took himself to Vienna, and in his letters to his one friend, Gustl Kubizek, we see the teen-ager who idolized women, who loved the opera, particularly those by Wagner, who fancied himself an artist and went through the motions of preparing himself for the examinations at the Academy of Fine Arts. He failed the first test and his drawings were not good enough to admit him to a second. As his money ran out, his stomach empty, his hands covered with chilblains, he lost hope and finally took refuge in the Asylum for the Shelterless. During this, "the most miserable period of my life," he was rescued by Reinhold Hanisch, who persuaded Adolf that he could make money painting postcards. For three years it was his main source of income. He visited England, where he found no job but sponged on his older brother; he learned no English—he had no gift for languages—but returned to Vienna with a lifelong respect for the English, whom he saw at the height of their Empire.

Then in 1914 his luck turned. The previous year he had moved to Munich to avoid Austrian military service, but at the outbreak of war he became caught up in the general emotion and in the prospect of Germany becoming a world power that would absorb Austria, where he had suffered so much, and he obtained permission to enlist in a Bavarian

regiment. As a dispatch runner at the front, he led a charmed life; he read Schopenhauer, studied the propaganda in the leaflets the English dropped from their airplanes, and such drawings as he had time for have a jauntiness and vitality. He was wounded, twice decorated, and at the war's end half blinded in a gas attack. After the Armistice he remained in the regimental barracks, an undercover man, spying on the Communists and their mostly Jewish leaders, who were striving to take over Bavaria, and it is at this point that his anti-Semitism and his hatred of Communism were fused.

In clear, forthright prose the biographer points up the circumstances which presented the emerging Führer with his opportunities. Sent to observe a meeting of the German Workers' Party in a Munich beer hall, Hitler was provoked to speak out and surprised by the whiplash effect of his oratory, and when he became a card-carrying member of the organization, it was with the intention of recreating it under his leadership. His recruitment of Rudolf Hess, a former officer in his regiment, of fawning little Goebbels, so adroit in propaganda, of Göring, the flying ace who would set fire to the Reichstag, and of Ernst Röhm, the head-buster, whom he put in charge of the SA bully boys, led to the putsch of 1923, and, on its failure, to the featherbed imprisonment in the course of which, well fed and unmolested, Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*. The quotations from that seminal book, which other heads of state might have read to their advantage, are revelatory.

"I was obliged to lie," wrote Hitler about his seizure of power, "and what saved us was my unshakable obstinacy and my amazing aplomb." In depicting Hitler's evil domination of the Third Reich, the biographer quotes Goebbels' official account and then tells what actually happened. Hitler had many mistresses before and after Eva Braun, and his strangest affair was with his niece, the beautiful Geli Raubal. The guilt, says Payne, of having caused her suicide was never to be washed away. "Henceforth, he was free from all the conventional ties of morality and could be as hard and ruthless as he pleased." Hitler

and those who upheld him were a brutal regression to the worst of the Dark Ages. There were some Americans who thought Hitler invincible, and not a few who believed we would be safer dealing with the Nazis than with the Soviets, but from the blazing indictment in this book we can see how much more difficult our troubled world would have been had he triumphed.

PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS BE KIND
by Wilfrid Sheed
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95

Wilfrid Sheed, in this strong, sensitive novel, is drawing on his own experience as he depicts the punishment of the polio victim. The story is not pain-ridden; it is too alive and witty for that. It begins with Brian Casey, a boy of sixteen, whose thin, mocking Irish face comes easily to mind. His father is a New York architect, his mother a protective and devout Catholic, and when he is impatient with them, Brian thinks of them as "bog Irish." To his gang he is "a wise guy" with a sharp tongue, a great kidder, a hard one to stop when he has the football. This is the sympathy they try to express to his parents when it is known that Brian is delirious with polio.

Brian is determined to recover, and his jokes with the nurses and his expectation torment his parents, who know the truth and are divided as to what they should do. Kevin Casey is all for telling his son but Beatrice believes in miracles, and both of them remain evasive while Brian pins his hopes on the hearsay cures, a trip to Lourdes—his father ducks his head at the thought of the expense—well, then, the cure at Salt Rock because it is nearer. And it is there in that dreadful wheelchair world with the horny veterans that he abandons hope and takes refuge in a cynical fortitude.

As a student at Columbia, carrying on a quizzical monologue with himself, he begins to adjust: he dates and fumbles with the campus queen, torments his mother with his skepticism, dreams of making a cleanup in the stock market, thinks "it would be nice to escape the world of bodies somehow, of clumsiness and sympathy," has a drab run-in with a prostitute, and gets

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Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?
A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me?
A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child?
A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct

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Q. How long has CCF been helping children?
A. Since 1938.

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Q. Are all the children in orphanages?
A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF?
A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF co-operates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas?
A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

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himself elected president of the Turn Left Society. The bull sessions are never ending, but in his disillusion Brian is still dauntless.

In the second part of the novel Brian has surmounted his paralysis as FDR did. As the magnetic Senator Casey, he is running for the presidential nomination, and we see him appraised through the eyes of Sam Perkins, a serious young speechwriter from Harvard, admiring and baffled by turns. Sam is often at the point of quitting; after one squall he is assigned to write "the campaign biography," and in so doing we understand what time has done to Brian and his parents. A remarkable portrait of an Irish chameleon and Mr. Sheed at his best.

TROLLEY TO THE MOON:

An Autobiography

by Eric Hodgins

Simon and Schuster, \$10.00

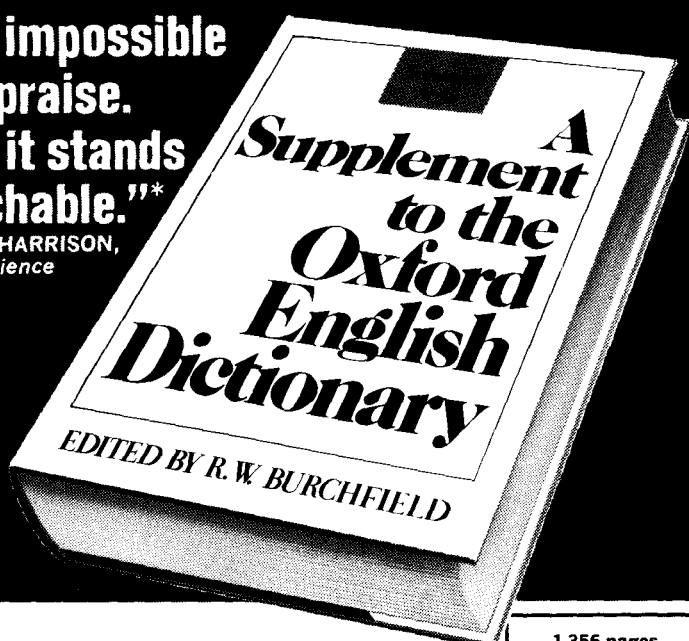
Eric Hodgins was one of the ablest journalists I have ever known. A graduate of MIT, he had a grasp of facts, and he wrote with a wallop and irreverent humor. He started on the ground floor by editing *The Technology Review*, made a spirited effort to save *The Youth's Companion*, sold space for *McCall's*, and came into his own as Henry Luce's top man on *Fortune*. It was a job he was made for and he did it supremely well, aided by Archibald MacLeish, Russell Davenport, Charles Wertenbaker, Dwight Macdonald, and James Agee. Hard-driving and hard-drinking, Eric somehow found time to write his two books about Mr. Blandings; *Episode*, a story about himself after he had had his stroke; and, burned out, he died before he could finish what would have been his best book, his autobiography.

Trolley to the Moon carries him only as far as the mid-thirties, far enough to hear his explosive laughter, to see and be moved by his beautiful portrait of Catherine, his first wife, who died in childbirth when he was thirty-one and from whose loss he never recovered, far enough for him to record his friendship with and admiration for Henry Luce, a portrait of that powerful, difficult man more appreciative than I have read elsewhere.

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Taste/the bird

THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR 11/08/72



What makes a newspaper great?

Every Wednesday, thousands of Minneapolis-St. Paul housewives grab their closest pair of scissors and cut the evening newspaper to shreds.

And what has The Minneapolis Star done to deserve this kind of treatment? An award-winning, very out-of-the-ordinary weekly food section called Taste.

Each week when Taste Editor Beverly Kees and her staff finish testing and researching and reading — and finally put out the latest edition, the readers happily cut it up. They clip the recipes, the cooking secrets, Party ideas, Nutritional information, Grocery shopping tips, Restaurant hints, The wine column, Coupons. Ads. Even the bold poster-style covers (like the one above, but in full color every week) are becoming collectors' items.

A few months ago, because readers were starting to complain about their unwieldy stacks of yellowed clip-

pings, Taste decided to help them out. With an honest-to-goodness 135-page cookbook featuring the 500 best Taste recipes. Within a month the book was on the best-seller list at the area's largest department store.

And these loyal housewives aren't the only ones who know a good thing when they see it. The American Meat Institute declared Taste the co-winner of a 1972 Vesta Award for "excellence in the reporting of news about food." Taste also won the 1972 Editor & Publisher Color Award for "best creative use of editorial color."



Beverly Kees

Taste. A food section great enough to win awards and be cut to shreds by readers, too. It's one more reason why The Minneapolis Star is one of the two most influential media in the Upper Midwest. (The other one is the Minneapolis Tribune.)

The Minneapolis Star / Minneapolis Tribune

THE HERITAGE OF THE PAST



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Compiled and Edited by JOHN R.
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Foreword by HENRY STEELE
COMMAGER

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE HOTHOUSE BY THE EAST RIVER by Muriel Spark. Viking, \$5.95. Miss Spark describes the misadventures, in present-day New York, of a group of people who, with one possible exception, died under a London buzz bomb in the tag end of the Second World War. The writing is clever, which is to be expected, and there are several effective scenes of satirical social comedy, but on the whole, it is a long-winded way to paraphrase "where we are is hell, And where hell is there must we ever be."

BIGFOOT by John Napier. Dutton, \$8.95. Mr. Napier, a humorous and charming writer as well as a scientist, examines the evidence for the existence of the whole Abominable Snowman tribe with professional knowledge and proper skepticism. Since he has gone to great trouble to arrange his investigation like a detective story, maintaining suspense about his conclusions until the final chapter, it would be unfair to reveal exactly what those conclusions are. It is not unfair to report that anyone with the slightest interest in the Bigfoot business will find the book stimulating.

EVENING IN BYZANTIUM by Irwin Shaw. Delacorte, \$7.95. Mr. Shaw is an expert teller of tales, and if his latest is a bit reminiscent of *Two Weeks in Another Town*, no matter. It entertains.

THE HARPOON GUN by Vassilis Vassilikos. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95. A great deal goes on in these short stories but, by intention, nothing much ever happens, because Mr. Vassilikos is describing the life of Greek political refugees in northern Europe. That life is a succession of hand-to-mouth financial crises, contretemps with unfamiliar law and climate, inconclusive political arguments, ineffectual conspiracies, stillborn plots. Superficially an artless compilation of one thing after another, the stories lock together into a mosaic which portrays,

sharply and movingly, people without a country drifting farther and farther into a sort of social limbo. Translated by Barbara Bray.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS by Vassilis Vassilikos. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95. In the factual companion piece to his short stories, Mr. Vassilikos reports on conditions in Greece during the years that preceded the colonels' coup. Most of the book is devoted simply to people—the very poor, the dispossessed, the overworked and underpaid—they range from city slum dwellers to remote mountain farmers, and Greece was thick with them. The author believes it still is. A sad, angry, disturbing book. Translated by Mike Edwards.

W. B. YEATS: MEMOIRS edited by Denis Donoghue. Macmillan, \$7.95. Part of the material included in this volume was published by Yeats himself, but what he called "the amusing part" was not. What now appears for the first time will hardly alter anyone's established conception of the poet, but it does add detail, flashes of a quite malicious wit, backstairs political and theatrical gossip, all of it going to broaden and elaborate the portrait. Indispensable for the Yeats scholar, and of great interest to any reader dubious about the Irish renaissance.

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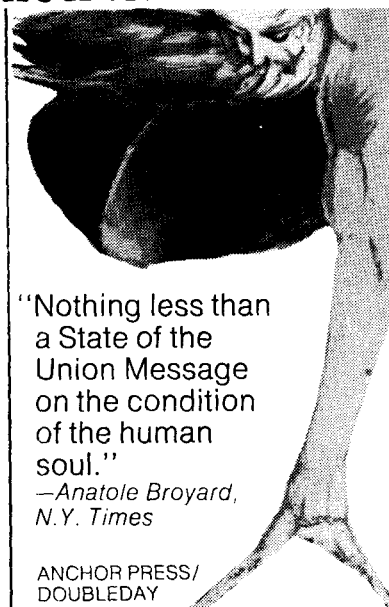
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CERAMIC MUGS. 16oz. high quality with official crest in permanent color. Major League Baseball, NFL, I&NHL, A&ABA, Sports Car Clubs, most Colleges & Universities. Ideal gifts. 1 mug for \$5.00, 4 mugs for \$17.50 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. Print name of teams or schools desired. Send check or M.O. to Neo-Ceramics Mugs, P.O. Box 95, Washington Crossing, Pa. 18977.

"SWIM ON LAND" with EXER-COR! Remarkable scientific exercise device conditions muscular, cardiovascular-respiratory, neuromuscular systems simultaneously. 10 minutes at 80 cycles per minute equivalent to swimming 600 yards in 15 minutes or jogging a mile in 8 minutes. Adaptable to all ages. Safe. Stores easily. Backed by laboratory research. Free color brochure. CISCO, Dept. J-3, Box 403, Lincoln, Illinois 62656.

LEARN CARTOONING AT HOME. Veteran approved. Free bulletin. Cartooning, Box 7069AM, Colorado Springs, CO. 80933.

PERSONALIZED SCRATCH PADS. Free catalog. 46 different pads for gifts, business. L&M, P.O. Box 24785, Los Angeles 90024.

KENNEDY FOR PRESIDENT IN '76. Extra large picture-button. Send \$1.00 to: Camelot 1976, 16436 Norell Avenue, Marine, Minnesota 55047.

ARMAGEDDON "BATTLE" not biblical. Brochure free. Research, Box 42, Suncity, California 92381.

THE ANTI-SMOKING ADVOCATES TOLD YOU THEIR STORY. Ready for a dissenting view? Send for free booklet, "The Cigarette Controversy," Dept. AM, The Tobacco Institute, 1776 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

WINE LOG AND DIARY, Large Capacity. Bargain at \$7.95 postpaid. Wine, P.O. Box 1065, Miami, Kendall, Fla. 33156.

PHOTOGRAPHER OFFERS ORIGINAL 5x7 print of his travels—\$1. David Ryan, 616½ N. 5th St., Phoenix, Arizona 85004.

MISCELLANY

BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES TAPE LIBRARY—Leading psychiatrists and psychologists discuss psychotherapy, adolescents, schizophrenia, drugs, human sexuality, etc., on cassettes. Free catalogue. B.S.T.L., Dept. 231, 485 Main St., Ft. Lee, NJ 07024.

CAN'T SLEEP? Mack's pillow soft Earplugs. The moldable noise silencer recommended by doctors. Guaranteed! Send \$1.10 ppd. to McKeon Products, Dept. A, 23220 Ithaca, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

WANTED: OLD COMIC BOOKS: 1933-1955. High price paid. Send list: Comic books, Captain Publications, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, NY. Call: (212) 684-7193.

TOYS FROM THE LAND OF IMAGINATION. No nails, no screws, but hand-pegged in the old fashion Vermont manner. 25¢ catalog from Mr. A. Chips, Vermont Wooden Toy Co., Waitsfield, VT 05673.

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PLEASURE AND PROFIT collecting First Day Postage Stamp Covers. Circular free. Ray Brown, B. R., Williamsburg, VA 23185.

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SOLID STATE & HOBBY CIRCUITS MANUAL. \$1.95 postpaid to your door. The new manual, HM 91, offers over 400 pages of circuits for the hobbyist, engineer, experimenter and do-it-yourself kit builder. **HURRY**—Supply limited. Free catalog. Frazer & Associates, 3809 Surfwood Rd., Malibu, Cal. 90265.

PERIODICALS

THE ALIEN CRITIC—Informal journal of science-fiction professionals & aficionados. Quarterly. \$4 yr., Dept. A, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.

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WORLDWIDE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS. Weekly mailing. Samplers: 12 newspapers/12 countries: \$4.98; or 7/7: \$2.98. **FREE BROCHURE.** **MULTI-NEWSPAPERS,** Box DE, Dana Point, California 92629.

SERVICES

ANY QUESTION ANSWERED for \$1.00 and stamped envelope. Fact Finder, Box 84E, Brooklyn, NY 11212.

VACATIONS

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES! Sail the Maine coast aboard a schooner! Food, fun, accommodations for six carefree days: \$135-\$150 complete! Box 617AM, Camden, Maine 04843.

TRAVEL

WINE AND GOURMET TOUR of Bordeaux. Write for Brochure AW. Explorers "A", Ltd., Box 136, Watertown, Mass. 02172. 617-923-0520.

TRAVELER's Metric Converter. 6" slide-rule quickly makes 10 different weight, fluid, distance, area Metric/U.S. & U.S./Metric conversions, plus Celsius to Fahrenheit. European/U.S. clothing & shoe size conversions included. \$2.00 postpaid (6 for \$10.00). Guaranteed. Fischer/Robinson Instruments, Dept. AM89F-305, Box 711, Worthington, Ohio 43085.

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WRITER'S HIDEAWAY. Northern Michigan, 140-acre lakefront farm. Sleeps 12. \$250 weekly. Art Poineau, 222 South Lake, Boyne City, Michigan 49712.

MONTANA WILDERNESS CABIN by Glacier Park. Box 1089, Menlo Park, California 94025.

CAMPS

1 CYCLE: Biking, Hiking Tours. Peter Otten, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673. 802-496-2237.

PHOTO WORKSHOPS

Twenty 5-day summer photography workshops on Maine Coast. Basic to advanced. Seven master classes with famous photographers. School has 34-ft sloop. Maine Photo Workshops, Box 755, Camden, Maine 04843.

CHINACRAFT

These fine china and crystal specialists have in their seven centrally located London stores, the finest selection to be found anywhere. You'll find such famous names as Wedgwood, Doulton, Worcester, Aynsley, Crown Derby, Minton, Coalport, Waterford and Stuart. If you can't visit us on your next trip, we'll be happy to send you our full colour catalogue, together with information on ordering by mail and our export delivery service. **Chinacraft Ltd., Dept. TA, 499 Oxford Street, London, England.**

NOTICE

Because of rising printing costs, The Atlantic will raise the price of its classified ads by 10¢ per word beginning with the July, 1973 issue. The new rates will be as follows:

1-time rate.....\$1.00 per word
6-time rate.....\$.90 per word
12-time rate.....\$.80 per word

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion)..... 90¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year..... 80¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year..... 70¢
10 word minimum. Post Office Box Number count as two words.
No charge for Zip Code.

Copy should be received by the 15th of the second month prior to issue.
Payment for initial insertion must accompany copy. Adjustments on word count will be made if necessary. We do not accept Atlantic box numbers at this time.

For additional information and rates for Classified Display advertising write:
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, Classified Department,
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116, (617) 536-9500.

Where to find THE ATLANTIC on the other side of the Atlantic

LONDON

W. H. Smith's newsstands

London Airport
Victoria Station
Waterloo Station
Charing Cross Station
Kings Cross Station

John Menzies' newsstands

Euston Station
Paddington Station
Villiers House

London Hilton Hotel

Savoy Hotel

Grosvenor Hotel

Churchill Hotel

Connaught Hotel

Royal Garden Hotel

Carleton Towers Hotel

Harrods

Selfridge's

And other newsstands all over London

PARIS

Agence de Nice

S.E.C. à Monaco

Banon à Cannes

B.B. Aérocare le Bourget

Mme Marin

Mme Bastien

B.B. Aérocare l'Orly

Mme Chureau

Mme Villervalle

Mme Moulin

Mme Schumacher

Côte Nord - Mme Beziel

Côte Sud - Mme Crepiat

Ambassade Américaine

Drugstore Opéra

Interdrugstore - Rue de Rome

133, avenue Champs Elysées

Publicis Matignon

Brentano's

Continente

UNESCO

Hall de Vente Reaumur

Dépôts Légaux

ROME

Gigli - Via Veneto

Pieroni - Via Veneto

**Nino - Piazza Esedra (Corner of
Via Nazionale)**

Liboli - Piazza dei Cinquecento

Gramsci - Via Gramsci

Fao - Via Aventino

Liva - Piazza di Spagna

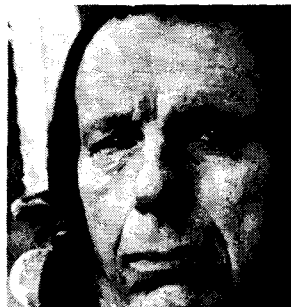
Zara - Piazza Navona

And six newsstands at Fiumicino Airport



Pollution: It's a crying shame

But it won't be, if we start doing something about the problems. Things as easy as using a hand mower if your lawn is small. Or not overtaxing sewage systems by running water needlessly. Or actively supporting programs to clean up our rivers, lakes and streams. Let's restore the natural beauty that was once this country.



**People start pollution.
People can stop it.**

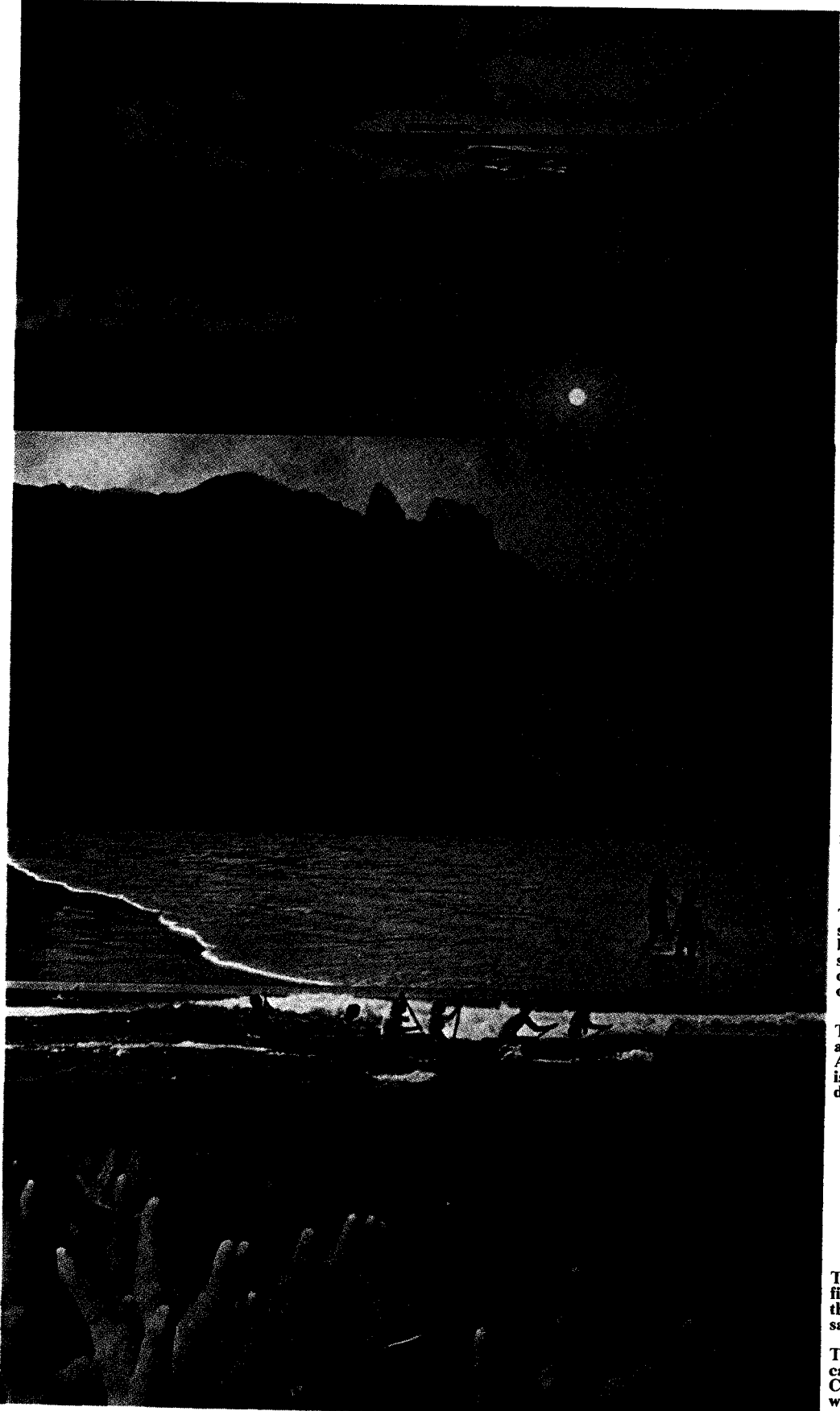
Keep America Beautiful



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The Hawaiian Parfait.



The way to get there. Continental Airlines — combining pride in serving you with a special aloha spirit. There's food by Don the Beachcomber and exotic island drinks.

The Hawaiian sun. It's warm. It's gentle. And two days after you arrive you look like you were born here.

The volcanoes. Climb to the rim of a crater. The sound is like the surf, but the breakers are waves of melted rock.

The greenery. It's thick, leafy, and very, very green, which is, after all, one of the best colors for greenery to be.

The beaches. There are swimming beaches, surfing beaches, snorkeling beaches, sunning beaches — and every one comes complete with ocean.

The ocean. It's blue and green, and white when it folds over. And the nice thing about islands is finding ocean any direction you go.

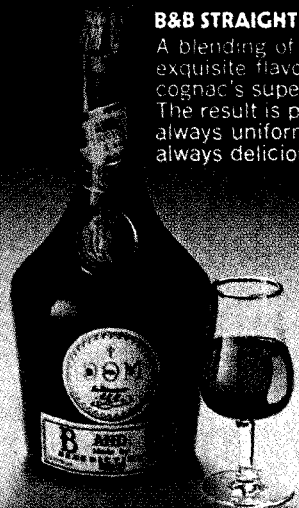
The underwater life. Fish like fish you'll see nowhere else in the world swim right up and say "hello," or at least "o."

To sample the Hawaiian parfait call your travel agent or Continental. We'll show you what we mean when we say pride gets things done.

CONTINENTAL  **TO HAWAII**

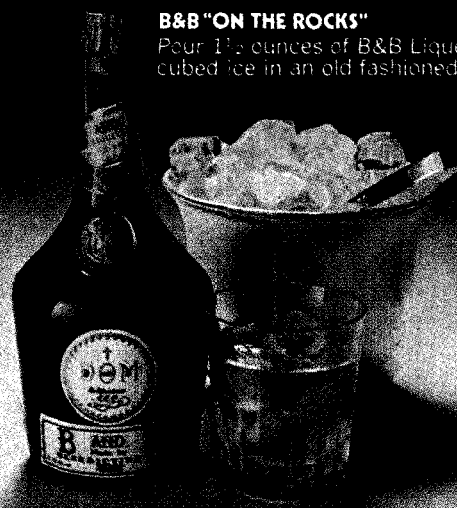
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B&B STRAIGHT

A blending of Benedictine's exquisite flavor with cognac's superb dryness. The result is perfection . . . always uniform, always delicious!



B&B "ON THE ROCKS"

Pour 1½ ounces of B&B Liqueur over cubed ice in an old fashioned glass.

The drier liqueur



B&B STINGER

3 parts B&B Liqueur,
1 part White Creme
de Menthe.
Shake with ice,
strain and serve in
cocktail glass or
on-the-rocks.



B&B FRAPPE

Fill cocktail glass
with crushed ice
and B&B Liqueur,
serve with short straws.



B&B DEMI-TASSE

To hot coffee,
add a ½ ounce of B&B Liqueur.

After coffee enjoy . . .

B DOM B.
BENEDICTINE BRANDY

